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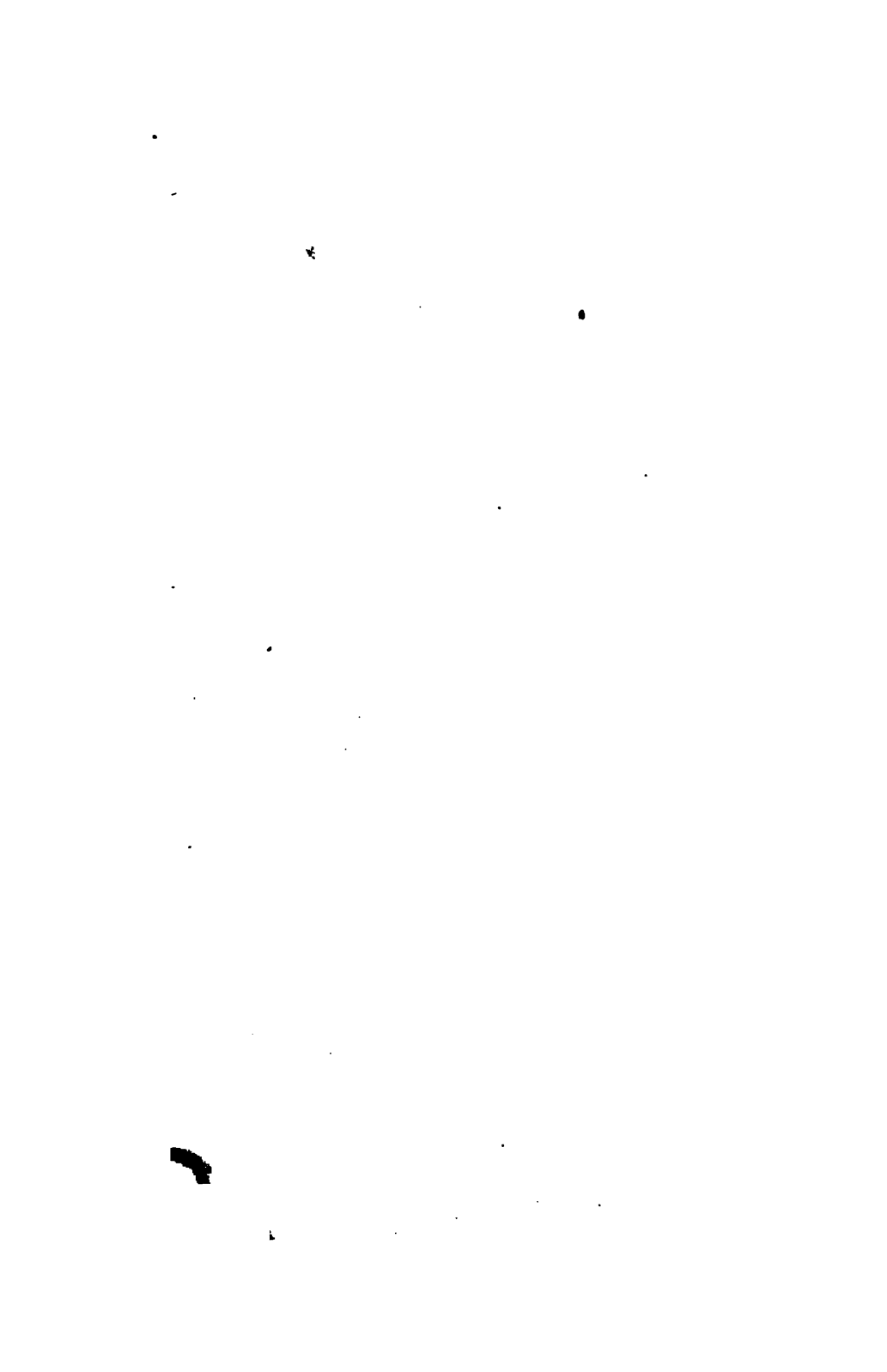
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Cleveland



**STUDIES**  
**IN**  
**POETRY AND PROSE:**

**CONSISTING OF SELECTIONS**

**PRINCIPALLY FROM**

**AMERICAN WRITERS,**

**AND DESIGNED FOR**

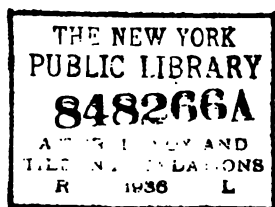
**THE HIGHEST CLASS IN SCHOOLS.**

**BY A. B. CLEVELAND, M. D.**

**BALTIMORE:**  
**WILLIAM AND JOSEPH NEAL.**

**1832.**

**C. B.**



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## PREFACE.

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IN collecting the materials for the present volume, it was the design of the editor to cull the choicest pieces from the highest walks of American literature; where the gifted Poet, touched with the love of nature and of song, breathes his purest strains in celebrating the goodness of the great Author of our existence, and in the description of the grand and beautiful manifestations of his love and power, as they are spread abroad in his handy work; where Piety speaks, as one having authority, to kindle in the soul a quickening love of virtue and religion, and to awaken and make strong the kinder affections of our nature; and where Patriotism teaches the lessons of wisdom, offers sage counsel, and swells, with deep solicitude, the note of warning,—in a word, to make a selec-

tion, calculated to imbue the minds of youth with those great truths and elevated sentiments, which form the basis of individual happiness, of civilization and the prosperity and glory of the republic.

Not calculated with a distinct reference to the purposes of elocution, it is not intended, as intimated in the title, merely for a reading book,—according to the technical acceptance of the phrase—but as a text book, to be analytically studied. There are many passages which the intelligent instructor will gladly embrace for commentary and remark, and there are others, which will require at his hands, amplification and familiar illustration. It is not intended to supercede any of the class books with which the editor is acquainted, but, in the course of reading and study, it is to succeed them, and invite the student to the joys of higher attainments. Those compiled by Mr. Pierpont, to whom we are indebted for the modern improvement of school books in this department, are here more particularly alluded to. Accordingly it was the aim of the editor, that no article found in these books, should be inserted in the present volume.

It is proper, apologetically, to state, that the usual liberties, some of which indeed are unavoidable in a work of this kind, have been taken with the writings of many of the authors, the beautiful and deeply instructive emanations of whose minds, appear in these pages.

Without 'seeking any farther its merits to disclose,' it is dismissed with the hope that it may subserve the purposes for which it is designed. It is cheerfully submitted to the public; and to the judgment of an enlightened profession.

BALTIMORE, *August*, 1832.



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# STUDIES

IN

## POETRY AND PROSE.

---

### EARLY EDUCATION.

THE education of man, commences under the most sacred and benign auspices; in confiding it to the heart of a mother, Providence seems to have taken it upon itself. Blessed are the mothers who understand their noble prerogative; blessed the children who can longest reap the benefits of watchfulness and love!

Many individuals have hardly any other education than the maternal: and by the influence, which a virtuous mother exerts over the mind, it is prolonged over many into the years of maturity. All ages ought to find in the education of the cradle the model of self-cultivation: but even in those cases, where it has been such as to be fit for a model, has it been attentively studied?

In this early education the pupil learns the use of his senses, and how to exercise his faculties. He is taught also two things, which are necessary to initiate him into all things else. He acquires language, and he learns how to love.

Afterwards comes the artificial or school education, which should be a continuation of the preceding; but which seldom preserves its spirit. At this time there comes together with the direct instruction which the pupil receives from masters, the less perceptible, but perhaps more powerful and lasting impressions received from daily intercourse with companions and circumstances. This second period of education is profitable in proportion as it trains the pupil to act for himself, and this favors the progressive developments of the gifts of nature. So far as it prepares him to study and improve, it educates him; but it does not give him science

and virtue; it only puts him in the situation to discover the one and to love the other. It calls, therefore, for his own co-operation, which becomes more important from day to day, in proportion as his strength increases and his experience is enlarged.

The fundamental truth, which may direct and regulate every thing in our earthly career, is this;—*The life of man is in reality, but one continued education, the end of which is, to make himself perfect.* Man is always called, not only to govern himself, but to provide for the time to come. Every action exerts an inevitable influence over all that follow. Every step advances him a degree in his career. He must be enlightened by experience, and strengthened by exercise. Some men are not morally adult, until their maturity. Some in old age grow young for virtue. All can improve even at these periods of life. There is an education, as long as there is a future.

---

**'THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME.'**

Come, while the blossoms of thy years are brightest,  
 Thou youthful wanderer in a flowery maze;  
 Come, while the restless heart is bounding lightest,  
 And joy's pure sunbeams tremble in thy ways;  
 Come, while sweet thoughts, like summer buds unfolding,  
 Waken rich feelings in the careless breast,  
 While yet thy hand the ephemeral wreath is holding,  
 Come, and secure interminable rest.

Soon will the freshness of thy days be over,  
 And thy free buoyancy of soul be flown;  
 Pleasure will fold her wing, and friend and lover  
 Will to the embraces of the worm have gone;  
 Those who now bless thee will have passed for ever,  
 Their looks of kindness will be lost to thee;  
 Thou wilt need balm to heal thy spirit's fever,  
 As thy sick heart broods over years to be!

Come, while the morning of thy life is glowing,  
 Ere the dim phantoms thou art chasing die;  
 Ere the gay spell, which earth is round thee throwing,  
 Fades like the crimson from a sunset sky.

Life is but shadows, save a promise given,  
Which lights up sorrow with a fadeless ray:  
O, touch the sceptre!—with a hope in heaven:  
Come, turn thy spirit from the world away.

Then will the crosses of this brief existence  
Seem airy nothings to thine ardent soul,  
And, shining brightly in the forward distance,  
Will of thy patient race appear the goal.  
Home of the weary! where, in peace reposing,  
The spirit lingers in unclouded bliss:  
Though o'er its dust the curtained grave is closing,  
Who would not early choose a lot like this?

## TO A CHILD.

'The memory of thy name, dear one,  
Lives in my inmost heart,  
Linked with a thousand hopes and fears,  
That will not thence depart.'

THINGS of high import sound I in thine ears,  
Dear child, though now thou may'st not feel their power,  
But hoard them up, and in thy coming years  
Forget them not; and when earth's tempests lower,  
A talisman unto thee shall they be,  
To give thy weak arm strength, to make thy dim eye see.

Seek TRUTH—that pure, celestial Truth, whose birth  
Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined  
In reason's light. Not oft she visits earth;  
But her majestic port the willing mind,  
Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,  
Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be FREE—not chiefly from the iron chain,  
But from the one which passion forges; be  
The master of thyself! If lost, regain  
The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free.  
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,  
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek VIRTUE. Wear her armor to the fight;  
Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,

Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might

By each contending, turbulent ill of life.

Seek Virtue; she alone is all divine;

And, having found, be strong in God's own strength and thine.

TRUTH—FREEDOM—VIRTUE—these, dear child, have power,

If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,

And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour;

Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain—

In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled;

Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

---

EXTRACT

*From a Poem delivered at the Departure of the Senior Class of  
Yale College, in 1826.*

We shall go forth together. There will come

Alike the day of trial unto all,

And the rude world will buffet us alike.

Temptation hath a music for all ears;

And mad ambition trumpeteth to all;

And the ungovernable thought within

Will be in every bosom eloquent;—

But, when the silence and the calm come on,

And the high seal of character is set,

We shall not all be similar. The scale

Of being is a graduated thing;

And deeper than the vanities of power,

Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ

Gradation, in its hidden characters.

The pathway to the grave may be the same,

And the proud man shall tread it, and the low,

With his bowed head, shall bear him company.

Decay will make no difference, and death,

With his cold hand, shall make no difference;

And there will be no precedence of power,

In waking at the coming trump of God;

But in the temper of the invisible mind;

The godlike and undying intellect,

There are distinctions that will live in heaven,

When time is a forgotten circumstance!

The elevated brow of kings will lose

The impress of regalia, and the slave  
 Will wear his immortality as free,  
 Beside the crystal waters; but the depth  
 Of glory in the attributes of God,  
 Will measure the capacities of mind;  
 And as the angels differ, will the ken  
 Of gifted spirits glorify him more.  
 It is life's mystery. The soul of man  
 Createth its own destiny of power;  
 And, as the trial is intenser here,  
 His being hath a nobler strength in heaven.

What is its earthly victory? Press on!  
 For it hath tempted angels. Yet press on!  
 For it shall make you mighty among men;  
 And from the eyrie of your eagle thought,  
 Ye shall look down on monarchs. O, press on!  
 For the high ones and powerful shall come  
 To do you reverence; and the beautiful  
 Will know the purer language of your brow,  
 And read it like a talisman of love!  
 Press on! for it is godlike to unloose  
 The spirit, and forget yourself in thought;  
 Bending a pinion for the deeper sky,  
 And, in the very fetters of your flesh,  
 Mating with the pure essences of heaven!  
 Press on!—'for in the grave there is no work,  
 And no device.'—Press on! while yet ye may!

So lives the soul of man. It is the thirst  
 Of his immortal nature; and he rends  
 The rock for secret fountains, and pursues  
 The path of the illimitable wind  
 For mysteries—and this is human pride!  
 There is a gentler element, and man  
 May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,  
 And drink its living waters till his heart  
 Is pure—and this is human happiness!  
 Its secret and its evidence are writ  
 In the broad book of nature. 'Tis to have  
 Attentive and believing faculties;  
 To go abroad rejoicing in the joy  
 Of beautiful and well created things;  
 To love the voice of waters, and the sheen

Of silver fountains leaping to the sea;  
To thrill with the rich melody of birds,  
Living their life of music; to be glad  
In the gay sunshine, reverent in the storm;  
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,  
And find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree:  
To see, and hear, and breathe the evidence  
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world!  
It is to linger on 'the magic face  
Of human beauty,' and from light and shade  
Alike to draw a lesson; 'tis to love  
The cadences of voices that are tuned  
By majesty and purity of thought;  
To gaze on woman's beauty, as a star  
Whose purity and distance make it fair;  
And in the gush of music to be still,  
And feel that it has purified the heart!  
It is to love all virtue for itself,  
All nature for its breathing evidence;  
And, when the eye hath seen, and when the ear  
Hath drunk the beautiful harmony of the world,  
It is to humble the imperfect mind,  
And lean the broken spirit upon God!

Thus would I, at this parting hour, be true  
To the great moral of a passing world.  
Thus would I—like a just departing child,  
Who lingers on the threshold of his home—  
Remember the best lesson of the lips  
Whose accents shall be with us now, no more!  
It is the gift of sorrow to be pure;  
And I would press the lesson; that, when life  
Hath half become a weariness, and hope  
Thirsts for serener waters, go abroad  
Upon the paths of nature, and, when all  
Its voices whisper, and its silent things  
Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,  
Kneel at its simple altar, and the God  
Who hath the living waters shall be there!

## SELF-EDUCATION.

EDUCATION, in the broadest and most comprehensive sense of the term, is the just and harmonious development of all the faculties and powers, by which each is prepared to fulfil its appropriate purpose, and all are made to advance the highest improvement of the individual. In fewer words, man's whole nature is the subject upon which education should be made to operate, and the perfection of his whole nature is its end.

But as man's whole nature is made up of various parts, each requiring a culture, in some respects, peculiar to itself; it is expedient, and, indeed, necessary, in considering the subject, to divide and subdivide it, and to examine it under distinct points of view.

Thus, education, considered in reference to the grand divisions of man's intellectual and moral nature, is of two kinds:—that which teaches him to know, and that which induces him to be; that which instructs him, and that which improves him; that which makes him a wiser being, and that which makes him a better being; that which fills his mind with light, and that which fills his heart with love; that which opens to him a fuller communion with the intelligence of the Deity, and that which brings him into an ever-increasing conformity to his moral perfections.

Education, farther, viewed in reference to the modes in which it is conducted, is of three kinds.

First, there is that which consists of direct instruction, and is communicated by parents, teachers, and in seminaries prepared for this purpose.

Secondly, there is that instruction which is indirect, and consists of the insensible influence of events, and of the condition in which, in providence, we are placed. It is that, for example, which a child sees, when we perceive not him; what he hears, when we are unmindful that he is a listener; what he thinks of us and of our conduct, when we do not think of him; his silent inferences from our modes of life, habits, opinions, likings, and prejudices; the unsuspected influences of our associates and of his own; in a word, all the influence of all the circumstances wherein he is placed, which, though quiet and unsuspected in their operation, are very palpable and decisive in their effects.

And, thirdly, there is that education which the individual accomplishes in and for himself, that self-education, which is the result of voluntary effort and self-discipline.

Of these three modes of education, the first, namely, direct instruction, which is commonly thought to be of the greatest importance, has least influence in the formation of character; the second, or the silent education of events and circumstances, exerts a more decisive influence; and the third Self-Education, is, on all accounts, the most essential.

It is on this, that we propose to offer some remarks. We shall, first, attempt to establish and illustrate the position, that knowledge and virtue, or, in other words, intellectual and moral improvement, are mainly the mind's own work; and we shall next advert to some practical uses of this truth.

In the first place, it is a plain fact, that without this self-labor, self-discipline, self-education, all direct instruction must be unavailing and useless. And is not this obvious? For what is the nature and extent of all the ordinary processes of direct instruction? They are, at best, but means, facilities, and aids, which pre-suppose in the mind to which they are applied an active, self-moving co-operation. Without this, they can effect nothing. They are efficacious just so far as the individual by his own energies seconds their application, and no further. They cannot advance him a single step, unless he makes corresponding efforts to go. As means, facilities, and aids, they are of immense importance. They may put us in a condition for improvement; they may afford us the light of experience to direct our efforts; they may remove unnecessary obstacles from our path; they may point out defects, and show us the method of correcting them; they may enable us to strengthen what is weak, and to use well what is strong; they may instruct us in the best employment of our faculties; they may teach us how to study, when to study, what to study, and wherefore to study;—but, after all, study we must, and study is self-work, and incomparably the hardest work that is accomplished beneath the sun. For study, be it remembered, is not dreaming awake, though we sit, through the live-long day, in the student's posture, with our eyes fixed upon a book. It is not much preparation and bustle about the means of knowledge. But it is, and it is nothing less than the intense concentration of all our intellectual powers upon a given train of thought, to the temporary annihilation of all things else, to the forgetfulness even.

of our own existence. It is the grappling of the entire mind with a subject, as if for life, until it yields the blessing we seek. It is an effort, compared with which, the hardest toil of the day-laborer is play and pastime. And this, we need not say, is *self-work*. None can do it for another. None can carry us up the hill of learning. It must be done, if done, by the strain upon our own sinews; by the wrenching of our own muscles; by the 'blood of toil from our own feet;' by the indomitable resolution of our own wills. Without this effort on our parts, all the means of instruction which this, and all other ages have devised, are vain, worse than vain; they are wasted, thrown away, and might as well be heaped upon a dead man or a statue.

All this, thus stated, is very plain, and will be readily admitted. And yet there is nothing, in point of fact, more frequently forgotten. There is a vague notion, as has been justly remarked, widely prevalent, that schools, and ampler seminaries, are able, by a power inherent in themselves, to fill the mind with learning; or that it is to be received inertly, like the influences of the atmosphere, by a mere residence at the places of instruction. But this is a sad mistake. Something, in this way, doubtless, may be effected. Something may be thus insensibly imbibed. A young person cannot pass his time, for years, in scenes like these, without catching something from the inspiration of the place. Intercourse, conversation, sympathy with his companions, will, without much voluntary effort on his part, convey some information, and mould, in some degree, the habits of his mind. But this, admitting it in its full extent, amounts to but very little. It is, moreover, too vague to be of any practical value. The truth, after all, is, that the most elaborate and manifold apparatus of instruction can impart nothing of importance to the passive and inert mind. It is almost as unavailing as the warmth and light of the sun, and all the sweet influences of the heavens, shed upon the desert sands. 'The schoolmaster,' we are told by one, who, be it observed, is himself a prodigy of self-education, 'the schoolmaster is abroad.' The word has been caught up by the nations as prophetic of mighty changes. But the schoolmaster is abroad to little purpose, unless his pupils stand ready in their places to receive him with open and active minds, and to labor with him for their own benefit. And it would be a happier auspice still, for the great cause of human improvement, if it could be said, that men were bent on becoming, each in his several station,

their own instructors. If all the means of education which are scattered over the world, and if all the philosophers and teachers of ancient and modern times, were to be collected together, and made to bring their combined efforts to bear upon an individual; all they could do would be to afford the opportunity of improvement. They could not give him a single valuable thought independently of his own exertion. All that could be accomplished, must still be done within the little compass of his own mind; and they could not approach this, by a hair's breadth nearer, than access was made for them by his own co-operation. Nothing short of a miracle can teach a man any thing independently of this. All that he learns is effected by self-discipline, and self-discipline is the mind's own work. We all are, under God, intellectually, the makers of ourselves.

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#### SELF-EDUCATION.

##### *Concluded.*

OUR remarks, thus far, have had reference to intellectual improvement. But the spirit of them, with equal force, applies to moral and religious improvement. Virtue, religion, as well as knowledge, must also be, mainly, the mind's own work. Here, as in the former case, something may be insensibly imbibed from the circumstances in which we are placed; from the conversation and example of those around us; from the tone of the society in which we live; from prevailing opinions, manners, habits. But all this is of a negative character. It restrains, rather than aids. It serves rather to withhold us from gross vice, than to help us on to elevated virtue. It may correct the outward deportment, but takes little cognizance of principles and motives. It may prevent the outright and palpable development of the sin, but blights not the swelling germ of iniquity in the heart. It may spread a decorum and decency over the surface of the character, but does little to alter, and still less to purify and advance, and carry into effect the essential principles of virtue.

A similar remark, it is obvious, may be made of the external means of moral and religious improvement. These, like all the processes of direct instruction, in the education of the mind, are useless without the earnest co-operation of the in-

dividual. You can no more make him a christian by sending him to church, than you can make him a scholar by sending him to school. The usual means of religious improvement, public religious instruction, public worship, the solemn and tender rites of our religion, seasons of abstraction from ordinary cares for self-intercourse, and for communion of the soul with God, are valuable, most valuable; valuable very far beyond the common estimate that is made of them; so valuable, that they are the principal head-springs of public morals and possess a preventive and sanative influence over public sentiment, which is more effective in preserving good order, good institutions, civil rights, and private welfare, than any other influences which are brought to bear upon the community. But how and why are they thus valuable? Simply and only as means and aids of personal exertion; simply and only by being brought into contact with the minds and hearts of men. Unless this is done, nothing is done. Our religious meetings and services, and rites are vain; nay, worse than vain. They are a mockery. Worse, even, than this;—they are a perversion of those overtures of mercy, and those means of improvement, which a gracious God has vouchsafed, to raise us from a mere earthly life and make us partakers of a divine nature. What is prayer to him who does not pray? What is religious instruction to the vain, the frivolous, the indifferent, the pre-occupied and foreclosed mind? What is the keeping of holy time to him, who, while he is ostensibly present at places of social worship, has yet left his thoughts and affections behind, to hold companionship with his business or his pleasures? Alas! nothing. It is but as the vain oblations, the pageantry, and sacrifices of a darker age, without the excuse of ignorance to be pleaded in palliation. It is obvious, that all the means of religious instruction must be unavailing and profitless to him, who will not co-operate in them and with them for his own benefit. Religious improvement, then, is essentially and necessarily the mind's own work, And it is as true, that, under God, and by the aids of that good Spirit, which are ever vouchsafed,—how gracious and glorious is this truth!—which are ever vouchsafed in exact proportion to our endeavours to obtain them, we are morally, as intellectually, the makers of ourselves.

We have thus attempted to show, that all the means of instruction are of little value without the co-operation of the individual who is the subject of them. It is still more clear,

in the next place, that all advances in literature, all discoveries in science, all inventions in the arts, in one word, all that is at any time original in human knowledge, must be referred to this self-work of the human mind. If it is plain that we can enrich ourselves with the thoughts of others, only when our own faculties are awake and active, it is much more plain that, to originate any thing, we must depend on our own resources. This is involved in the very idea of originality. It implies that we are something more than recipients of the thoughts of others; that we are the originators, the creators, so to speak, of new thoughts, or new combinations of old thoughts; that we strike out new trains of inquiry, and that we add to the vast stores of knowledge a new and hitherto undiscovered treasure of valuable truth. This must, obviously, be the self-work of the mind. Whence come those wonderful inventions in the operative arts, which seem to render matter instinct with life, and motion, and mind; which extend the field of exertion; quicken industry; do the work of myriads of hands; make the elements the servants of our wills, and put the material universe at our disposal? Whence, but from the patient, often baffled, but constantly renewed and finally triumphant perseverance of a few insulated, self-working minds? Whence, again, come those models of perfection in the arts of imitation and design, which embody in wood and stone the creations of the poet's dream, and 'fill the air around with beauty?' Is it not from the solitary labor of a few individuals, who give themselves up,—'the world well lost,'—in unbroken, in passionate devotion, to their chosen work. Whence, again, come those discoveries in science, which enable us to look with new admiration on the works of God, and have identified the stupendous and before mysterious operations of nature, with the simplest movements of things around us? The leader and the prince of scientific research has told us;—it is from patient labor of the mind. Whence, again, come those maxims of wisdom, those golden sayings, those luminous views of important subjects, which the condition of the age requires, which mould and fashion it, and give it its distinctive character? Or whence, in fine, come 'those thoughts that breathe, those words that burn,' which have an immortality on earth; which are handed down from age to age as things held consecrate? They are furnished by those gifted sages, and scholars, and poets, whose souls are touched with diviner impulses, who

devote their highest powers to retired thought and earnest contemplation, and over whose solitary labors God's better inspiration has passed. Thus it is, that the mind, excited to self-action, self-discipline, self-improvement, assumes a more clear, bright, apprehensive, and creative state; sees every thing under new relations; catches at the most trifling hints and suggestions as the embryo principles of grand discoveries; and connects the most common and apparently accidental circumstances, with all but miraculous manifestations of important truth.

We have but one suggestion more to make on this part of the subject. Not only must the mind lend its own free co-operation to render instruction effectual; not only must it act in and of itself to produce new results; but farther, if it will so act, none may place a limit to its progress and improvement. Nothing is more profoundly true, than that 'to him who hath,' that is, to him who well uses what he hath, 'more shall be given.' This is universally true. The seed, duly planted, yields a thousand fold. Wealth, wisely used, produces greater wealth. Influence multiplies itself. And this is especially true of the intellect. Knowledge, in every department of human inquiry, is the germ of indefinite knowledge. Every thought is connected with every other thought, every discovery with every other discovery. All that we gain therefore, gives us facilities of gaining more. The farther we advance, the more easily will farther advance be made. Meanwhile, the intellect is strengthened by every proper use of it; every degree of progress gives new ability for higher attainments; and every single faculty is more and more strengthened by the harmonious and energetic development of all the rest. Thus while any degree of knowledge, regarded merely as an acquisition, opens a wider and a wider field of view, the mind also at the same time, by the very act of making the acquisition, is strengthened and prepared for new conquests. None then may place a limit to intellectual progress. None may say to that intellect which acts up regularly and resolutely to the full extent of its powers, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' There are, in all our minds, capacities, which are unknown and unsuspected even by ourselves. They are sometimes dimly revealed to our view, and the glimpse opens to us, as it were, a new internal being. Most persons, we suppose, who have observed the operations of their own minds, can call to remembrance

certain periods, occurring, it may be, they scarcely know how or why, when the perceptions of the mind are peculiarly keen; its relish for beauty more than ordinarily strong and discriminating; when difficulties, which have before stood in the way of inquiry, vanish; when confusion is looked into order; when prominent and decisive principles stand out in strongly marked relief; when subjects, hitherto impracticable and unyielding, unfold to us their different parts and capabilities; when rich and before undiscovered veins of thought are opened to us, as by an enchanter's wand; when striking and apt illustrations present themselves on every side; when memory lays before us all her stores; when, in a word, all the mental operations are freer, bolder, more effective, than they ordinarily are; when, by a sort of instinctive impulse, the best access to other minds is seized upon; when meek but strong anticipations of success make labor light, and fervid mental effort a chosen work, a high and distinctive privilege. At such moments we gain intimations of what the human intellect is, and what it can do. We stand amazed at this new revelation of ourselves to ourselves. We resolve, it may be, that we will henceforth be faithful to these glorious capacities, and would we but be true to these resolves,—who or what could place a limit to intellectual progress!

If these remarks on self-education are just, then it is necessary, in the first place, to give efficacy to all those instructions which come from without; it is, in the second place, in point of fact, the very source of all human improvement; and in the third place, when duly carried into effect, leads to an indefinite advancement towards perfection. It would be easy to illustrate these positions by referring to examples of those self-taught men, who, without the ordinary aids of education, have risen to eminence in every department of human pursuit. But this, however interesting it might prove, as well as a consideration of the means and processes of self-instruction, which would be a fitting sequel to these remarks, must be omitted.


We shall only farther observe, that the doctrine we have endeavored to support, is fraught with instruction of the most practical kind, and with motives for improvement the most encouraging.

And, in the first place, let us make a proper estimate of the means of intellectual and moral improvement. Valuable as these certainly are, they are valuable to us, as individuals,

so far, and only so far, as we do actually and faithfully use them as aids in self-discipline. And this simple truth seems to be particularly worthy of attention, at the present day, in reference to prevailing modes of popular instruction. The present is flatteringly called a practical age, by which, if we understand the term—but of this we are by no means confident,—is meant an age, wherein all intellectual processes are as much as possible abridged, and are brought to bear, as directly as possible, upon the familiar concerns of life. Hence, countless expedients are proposed for shortening the path to knowledge, and for making it accessible to all. These objects, so far as they can, in reality, and without the sacrifice of higher interests, be effected, are doubtless worthy of regard. But in the pursuit of them, there are some important considerations, which should not be forgotten. Is there not danger that these popular modes of teaching will be apt to render the learners superficial, ignorant, in consequence, of the extent of their ignorance? Is there not reason to fear, that instead of these summary methods of instruction being available to smooth the ascent to the ‘summit and absolute principle of any one important subject,’ the real thing done, is to keep such subjects out of sight; so that if our progress is apparently rendered easier, it is because our aims are humbler? And above all, should it not be ever kept in view, that, valuable as the results of learning are, even if they could thus cheaply be gained, there is one thing far more valuable, and this is the improvement of the mind itself, that all-comprehending, incomprehensible principle within, which is to outlive all its present necessities, and whose condition, considered in itself alone, is of more importance, in every individual case, than all things else? Any process that serves directly or indirectly to damp its energies, to lap it in indolence, or, in any way, to check its full and perfect development, is greatly to be deprecated.

We conclude these remarks with one farther suggestion. Is intellectual and moral improvement, under God, mainly the mind’s own work? Then let none despair under the pressure of adverse circumstances. Nothing can keep down the spirit that is truly alive to its own high interests. As each human soul is of more value in the sight of God than the whole external universe, so has He endowed it with capacities of improvement, that nothing external, if it be just to itself, can destroy. It possesses, in itself, the means of its

own advancement; and nothing but its own self-desertion can stop its onward course. Embarrassments, difficulties, distresses, though they may seem, for the time, appalling, are yet but the means and aids of its progress towards perfection. They nerve its powers as nothing else can. They throw it upon its own resources. They develop its hitherto unknown and unsuspected energies. They bring its metal and temper to the proof. They strengthen and improve all its faculties. It is not the hard conflict of opposing circumstances that we have most reason to fear; but the seductive and debasing influences of prosperity and ease. The history of the world is one continued illustration of this. In the achievements of intellect we shall find the worthiest trophies have been won by the sons of poverty, obscurity, and restricted opportunities. We see them, as it were, by an instinctive principle of their natures, selecting from circumstances, apparently the most unfriendly, the elements of their future greatness. And the same is familiarly true of moral and religious excellence. It is often born in adversity; it is often nurtured upon tears, and learns to win its crown in heaven, by bearing its cross here below. And if there is any exhibition of the human character vouchsafed to the view of mortals, more sublime than all others; any trait, which, in a peculiar manner, authenticates its divine original; it is the example of a man placed by Providence amidst adverse and depressing circumstances, yet faithful to the wants and calls of the heaven-born and heaven-directed spirit within him;—beset with disheartening evils in his outward lot, and almost sinking under the more dreadful heart-sickness of despondency, yet contending still; borne down and kept down by poverty, alone and unfriended, yet struggling on; meeting, it may be, with cold unconcern, or the half derisive pity of the favorites and fools of fortune, yet undismayed; called to encounter real obstacles in his path, and the more fearful ones of his own imagination, yet pressing onward; watching and waiting on through the utter darkness of the night, yet sustained by a meek self-trust, by a prophetic hope, and, above all, by an unshaken confidence in the Father of his spirit; until, at length, he catches glimpses of an auspicious dawn, unseen by the common eye, that dawn which is to 'brighten and brighten into the perfect day;' now encouraged more and more by favoring tokens; now redoubling his exertions with his strengthening hopes; now mounting upwards from step to step in the



path-ways of usefulness and honor; until, at last, he reaps the full rewards of his noble efforts in triumphant success; this, to our mind, is a spectacle of moral greatness, compared with which the splendor of all other earthly distinctions grows pale.

We here close these remarks. Is it true, that the intellectual and moral education of man is mainly committed to himself?—Then it remains for every man, under God alone, to say, what he will know, and what he will be. Nothing external, as we have seen, can ultimately stop his progress; so nothing external, beyond a certain point, can help him onwards. His trust must be in himself; and if he be faithful to this trust, he will aim high, he will aspire nobly. Let him be deeply smitten with the love of excellence. Let habitual self-improvement be the grand object of his life. Let self-discipline be never intermitted even for a moment. Progress, continual progress, progress on earth, and progress in heaven, is the law of his being. His destiny ever beckons him forward, and still farther forward, and let this be the only signal that he obeys.

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#### NOTHING TRULY VALUABLE GAINED WITHOUT LABOR.

WHEN our fathers were children, they learned nothing, without paying for it a full price, in labor; our children have all sorts of expedients and facilities contrived, by which they may play and learn too, and perhaps the result will be, that their children will refuse to be cheated into learning, and so play all. In these days, every science and every art is made a plaything. One child is putting together dissected maps, and thereby learns geography; another is diverting himself with a musical game, very scientific in its principles, and no doubt equally amusing and instructive; and another is set to work upon the royal game of Goose, by way of becoming an expert arithmetician. Now there is some danger perhaps, lest the children should carry the sport too far, and when their instructors turn the things they would teach into games, the children may possibly make game of the things they should learn.

Man must work; he cannot earn physical or intellectual sustenance or wealth, but by physical or intellectual labor. All the concerns of this world must undergo a great change,

and stand in very different relations to each other, before this decree will be revoked; at all events it stands now, and is not to be evaded; and therefore, a knowledge of the elements of the sciences,—that is, a superficial, indistinct, indigested knowledge of certain desultory and very general elements of a few sciences,—is hardly recompense enough for the abandonment of a habit of prompt, willing, and earnest exertion, which a boy may and should acquire while his character is growing. But it may be asked, since children must and ought to play, why not make their amusements edifying and useful, in such measure and manner as may be possible? We have no objections to this, so long as their amusements are known and regarded as what they really are. It is only when they are considered important vehicles of instruction, that they become worse than useless by favoring the prevalent mistake, that the principal object of education is not to invigorate but replenish the mind, and the yet more injurious notion, that a good thing may be acquired without toil. Set your child at work upon a task, suited to his age and capacity; make him work as hard as you can without doing him harm, and compel him to learn and feel that labor, the necessary evil of life, must be borne, and if borne patiently, diminishes, till in the end it disappears. A distinct practical conviction of this truth is worth a hundred times over, all the music, or geography, or history, or mathematics that a child ever learned from his playthings, since the fashion of this day came in.

The same principle has been applied to literary amusements which are calculated for children of a larger growth, and perhaps with more good. Learning has thrown aside her stilts and has come down from the study into the parlor. She no longer loves only the light of the midnight lamp or the solitary toil of the student, but gathers much homage in warm summer afternoons, and often exhibits her charms to some joyous circle round a cheerful fire. True it is, that the intense respect and admiration which were formerly paid her, have become rather scarce, and the sincerity and entire devotion of most of her worshippers may well be doubted. But perhaps this is compensated by their increased number, and the wide extension of her empire. Many who would have fled from a book, between whose covers learning was suspected to lie, are tolerably willing to meet her, when she comes only as an additional charm and ornament to something they like better.

If there is no royal road to learning, there is at least a fashionable one, and many walk therein, who would not have followed the old paths. Now out of this state of things much blue stockingism, male and female, has no doubt arisen, and this is a sore evil. But evil and good generally keep close to each other in this world of compensation, and the good caused by the easy access to literature, is indubitable and important; the tone of small talk—the great cement of society, is much elevated; better and higher things are made the subject of conversation; a lady or a gentleman must know more and think more than formerly; and this is all extremely well, for it is much better to discuss the last books than the latest scandals, however the change be effected.

## POWER OF MATERNAL PIETY.

‘When I was a little child,—said a good old man,—my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand upon my head. When a young man, I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, a voice that must be obeyed—‘O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God.’

WHY gaze ye on my hoary hairs,  
Ye children, young and gay?  
Your locks, beneath the blast of cares,  
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,  
Who o’er my pillow hung,  
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,  
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,  
Would bow my infant knee,  
And place her hand upon my head,  
And, kneeling, pray for me.

But, then, there came a fearful day;  
I sought my mother’s bed,

Till harsh hands tore me thence away,  
And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole  
To lay it by her side,  
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul  
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in wo,  
And said a lonely prayer;  
Yet still my temples seemed to glow  
As if that hand were there.

Years fled, and left me childhood's joy,  
Gay sports and pastimes dear;  
I rose a wild and wayward boy,  
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed;  
Yet, ere at night I slept,  
That soft hand made my bosom bleed  
And down I fell, and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled;  
But oft, at day's decline,  
A marble touch my brow congealed—  
Blest mother, was it thine?

In foreign lands I traveled wide,  
My pulse was bounding high,  
Vice spread her meshes at my side,  
And pleasure lured my eye;—

Yet still *that hand*, so soft and cold,  
Maintained its mystic sway,  
As when, amid my curls of gold,  
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,  
As from the lowly sod,  
'My son—my only one—beware!  
Nor sin against thy God.'

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole  
My kindly warmth away,  
And dimmed the tablet of the soul;—  
Yet when, with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed,  
 That guides the warrior throng,  
 Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed  
 These manly locks among,—

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!—  
 And now, though time hath set  
 His frosty seal upon my lot,  
 These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,  
 A mother's holy prayer,  
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,  
 That pointed to a Saviour dear,  
 Have led the wanderer there.

#### THE WINGED WORSHIPPERS.\*

GAY, guiltless pair,  
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?  
 Ye have no need of prayer,  
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,  
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?  
 Can your pure spirits fear  
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew  
 The crimes for which we come to weep:  
 Penance is not for you,  
 Blessed wanderers of the upper deep.

To you 'tis given  
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays;  
 Beneath the arch of heaven  
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,  
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,  
 And join the choirs that sing  
 In yon blue dome not reared with hands.

\* During the church service, two little birds flew in and perched upon the cornices.

Or, if ye stay,  
To note the consecrated hour,  
Teach me the airy way,  
And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,  
On upward wings could I but fly,  
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,  
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,  
Through fields of trackless light to soar,  
On nature's charms to feed,  
And nature's own great God adore.

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#### EXTRACTS

*From an oration delivered at Cambridge, Mass. August 26, 1824, in the presence of Lafayette. 'On the peculiar motives to intellectual exertion in America.'*

THE first of the circumstances which are acting and will continue to act, with a strong peculiarity among us, and which must prove one of the most powerful influences, in exciting and directing the intellect of the country, is the new form of civil society, which has here been devised and established. I shall not wander so far from the *literary* limits of this occasion, nor into a field so oft trodden, as the praises of free political institutions. But the direct and appropriate influence on mental effort of institutions like ours, has not yet, perhaps, received the attention, which, from every American scholar, it richly deserves. I have ventured to say, that a new form of civil society has here been devised and established. The ancient Grecian republics, indeed, were free enough within the walls of the single city, of which most of them were wholly or chiefly composed; but to these single cities the freedom, as well as the power, was confined. Toward the confederated or tributary states, the government was generally a despotism, more capricious and not less stern, than that of a single tyrant. Rome as a state was never free; in every period of her history, authentic and dubious, royal, republican, and imperial, her proud citizens were the slaves of an artful, accomplished, wealthy aristocracy; and nothing

but the hard fought battles of her stern tribunes can redeem her memory to the friends of liberty. In ancient and modern history there is no example, before our own, of a purely elective and representative system. It is therefore, on an entirely novel plan, that, in this country, the whole direction and influence of affairs; all the trusts and honors of society; the power of making, abrogating, and administering the laws; the whole civil authority and sway, from the highest post in the government to the smallest village trust, are put directly into the market of merit. Whatsoever efficacy there is in high station and exalted honors, to call out and exercise the powers, either by awaking the emulation of the aspirants or exciting the efforts of the incumbents, is here directly exerted on the largest mass of men, with the smallest possible deductions. Nothing is bestowed on the chance of birth, nothing depends on proximity to the fountain of honor, nothing is to be acquired by espousing hereditary family interests; but whatever is desired must be sought in the way of a broad, fair, personal competition. It requires little argument to show, that such a system must most widely and most powerfully have the effect of appealing to whatever of energy the land contains; of searching out, with magnetic instinct, in the remotest quarters, the latent abilities of its children.

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FROM THE SAME.

It will be urged perhaps, that, though the effect of our institutions is to excite the intellect of the nation, they excite it too much in a political direction; that the division and subdivision of the country into states and districts, and the equal diffusion throughout them of political privileges and powers, whatever favorable effect in other ways they may produce, are attended by this evil,—that they kindle a political ambition, where it would not and ought not be felt; and particularly that they are unfriendly in their operation on literature, as they call the aspiring youth, from the patient and laborious vigils of the student, to plunge prematurely into the conflicts of the forum. It may, however, be doubted, whether there is any foundation whatever for a charge like this; and whether the fact, so far as it is one, that the talent and ambition of the country incline, at present, to a political course, is not owing to causes wholly unconnected, with the free

character of our institutions. It need not be said that the administration of the government of a country, whether it is liberal or despotic, is the first thing to be provided for. Some persons must be employed in making and administering the laws, before any other interest can receive attention. Our fathers, the pilgrims, before they left the vessel, in which for five months they had been tossed on the ocean, before setting foot on the new world of their desire, drew up a simple constitution of government. As this is the first care in the order of nature, it ever retains its paramount importance. Society must be preserved in its constituted forms, or there is no safety for life, no security for property, no permanence for any institution, civil, moral, or religious. The first efforts then of social men are of necessity political. Apart from every call of ambition, honorable or selfish, of interest enlarged or mercenary, the care of the government is the first care of a civilized community. In the early stages of social progress, where there is little property and a scanty population, the whole strength of the society must be employed in its support and defence. Though *we* are constantly receding from these stages we have not wholly left them. Even our rapidly increasing population is and will for some time remain small, compared with the space over which it is diffused; and this, with the total absence of large hereditary fortunes, will create a demand for political services, on the one hand, and a necessity of rendering them on the other. There is then no ground for ascribing the political tendency of the talent and activity of this country, to an imagined incompatibility of popular institutions with the profound cultivation of letters. Suppose our government were changed to-morrow; that the five points of a stronger government were introduced, a hereditary sovereign, an order of nobility, an established church, a standing army, and a vigilant police; and that these should take place of that admirable system, which now, like the genial air, pervades all, supports all, cheers all, and is nowhere seen. Suppose this change made, and other circumstances to remain the same; our population no more dense, our boundaries as wide, and the accumulation of private wealth no more abundant. Would there, in the new state of things, be less interest in politics? By the terms of the supposition, the leading class of the community, the nobles, are to be politicians by birth. By the nature of the case, a large portion of the remainder, who gain their livelihood by their

industry and talents, would be engrossed, not indeed in the free political competition, which now prevails, but in pursuing the interests of rival court factions. One class only, the peasantry, would remain, which would take less interest in politics than the corresponding class in a free state; or rather, this is a new class, which invariably comes in with a strong government; and no one can seriously think the cause of science and literature would be promoted, by substituting an European peasantry, in the place of, perhaps, the most substantial uncorrupted population on earth, the American yeomanry. Moreover the evil in question is with us a self-correcting evil. If the career of politics is more open, and the temptation to crowd it stronger, competition will spring up, numbers will engage in the pursuit; the less able, the less industrious, the less ambitious must retire, and leave the race to the swift and the battle to the strong. But in hereditary governments no such remedy exists. One class of society, by the nature of its position, must be rulers, magistrates, or politicians. Weak or strong, willing or unwilling, they must play the game, though they as well as the people pay the bitter forfeit. The obnoxious king can seldom shake off the empoisoned purple; he must wear the crown of thorns, till it is struck off at the scaffold; and the same artificial necessity has obliged generations of nobles, in all the old states of Europe, to toil and bleed for a

Power too great to keep or to resign.

Where the compulsion stops short of these afflicting extremities, still, under the governments in question, a large portion of the community is unavoidably destined to the calling of the courtier, the soldier, the party retainer; to a life of service, intrigue, and court attendance; and thousands, and those the prominent individuals in society, are brought up to look on a livelihood gained by private industry as base; on study as the pedant's trade, on labor as the badge of slavery. I look in vain in institutions like these, for any thing essentially favorable to intellectual progress. On the contrary, while they must draw away the talent and ambition of the country, quite as much as popular institutions can do it, into pursuits foreign from the culture of the intellect, they necessarily doom to obscurity no small part of the mental energy of the land. For that mental energy has been equally diffused by sterner

levelers than ever marched in the van of a revolution; the nature of man and the Providence of God. Native character, strength and quickness of mind, are not of the number of distinctions and accomplishments, that human institutions can monopolize within a city's walls. In quiet times, they remain and perish in the obscurity, to which a false organization of society consigns them. In dangerous, convulsed, and trying times, they spring up in the fields, in the village hamlets, and on the mountain tops, and teach the surprised favorites of human law, that bright eyes, skilful hands, quick perceptions, firm purpose, and brave hearts, are not the exclusive *appanage* of courts. Our popular institutions are favorable to intellectual improvement because their foundation is in dear nature. They do not consign the greater part of the social frame to torpidity and mortification. They send out a vital nerve to every member of the community, by which its talent and power, great or small, are brought into living conjunction and strong sympathy with the kindred intellect of the nation; and every impression on every part vibrates with electric rapidity through the whole. They encourage nature to perfect her work, they make education the soul's nutriment, cheap; they bring up remote and shrinking talent into the cheerful field of competition; in a thousand ways they provide an audience for lips, which nature has touched with persuasion; they put a lyre into the hands of genius; they bestow on all who deserve it or seek it, the only patronage worth having, the only patronage that ever struck out a spark of 'celestial fire,'—the patronage of fair opportunity. This is a day of improved education; new systems of teaching are devised; modes of instruction, choice of studies, adaptation of text books, the whole machinery of means, have been brought in our day under severe revision. But were I to attempt to point out the most efficacious and comprehensive improvement in education, the engine, by which the greatest portion of mind could be brought and kept under cultivation, the discipline which would reach farthest, sink deepest, and cause the word of instruction, not to spread over the surface like an artificial hue, carefully laid on, but to penetrate to the heart and soul of its objects, it would be popular institutions. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the best methods will infallibly be suggested by that instinctive ingenuity of our nature, which

provides means for great and precious ends. Give the people an object in promoting education, and the worn hand of labor will be opened to the last farthing, that its children may enjoy means denied to itself.

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## FROM THE SAME.

A CHARM, which nothing can borrow, nothing counterfeit, nothing dispense with, resides in the simple sound of our mother tongue. Not analyzed, nor reasoned upon, it unites the earliest associations of life with the maturest conceptions of the understanding. The heart is willing to open all its avenues to the language, in which its infantile caprices were soothed; and by the curious efficacy of the principal association, it is this echo from the feeble dawn of life, which gives to eloquence much of its manly power, and to poetry much of its divine charm. This feeling of the music of our native language is the first intellectual capacity that is developed in children, and when by age or misfortune,

'The ear is all unstrung,  
Still, still, it loves the lowland tongue.'

What a noble prospect is opened in this connection for the circulation of thought and sentiment in our country! Instead of that multiplicity of dialect, by which mental communication and sympathy are cut off in the old world, a continually expanding realm is opened and opening to American intellect, in the community of our language, throughout the wide spread settlements of this continent. The enginery of the press will here, for the first time, be brought to bear, with all its mighty power, on the minds and hearts of men, in exchanging intelligence, and circulating opinions, unchecked by the diversity of language, over an empire more extensive than the whole of Europe.

And this community of language, all important as it is, is but a part of the manifold brotherhood, which unites and will unite the growing millions of America. In Europe, the work of international alienation, which begins in diversity of language, is carried on and consummated by diversity of government, institutions, national descent, and national prejudices. In crossing the principal rivers, channels, and mountains, in *that quarter of the world, you are met, not*

only by new tongues, but by new forms of government, new associations of ancestry, new and generally hostile objects of national boast and gratulation. While on the other hand, throughout the vast regions included within the limits of our republic, not only the same language, but the same laws, the same national government, the same republican institutions, and a common ancestral association prevail, and will diffuse themselves. Mankind will here exist, move, and act in a kindred mass, such as was never before congregated on the earth's surface. The necessary consequences of such a cause overpower the imagination. What would be the effect on the intellectual state of Europe, at the present day, were all her nations and tribes amalgamated into one vast empire, speaking the same tongue, united into one political system, and that a free one, and opening one broad unobstructed pathway for the interchange of thought and feeling, from Lisbon to Archangel. If effects are to bear a constant proportion to their causes; if the energy of thought is to be commensurate with the masses which prompt it, and the masses it must penetrate; if eloquence is to grow in fervor with the weight of the interests it is to plead, and the grandeur of the assemblies it addresses; if efforts rise with the glory that is to crown them; in a word, if the faculties of the human mind, as we firmly believe, are capable of tension and achievement altogether indefinite;

*Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum,*

then it is not too much to say, that a new era will open on the intellectual world, in the fulfilment of our country's prospects. By the sovereign efficacy of the partition of powers between the national and state governments, in virtue of which the national government is relieved from all the odium of internal administration, and the state governments are spared the conflicts of foreign politics, all bounds seem removed from the possible extension of our country, but the geographical limits of the continent. Instead of growing cumbrous, as it increases in size, there never was a moment since the first settlement in Virginia, when the political system of America moved with so firm and bold a step as at the present day. If there is any faith in our country's auspices, this great continent, in no remote futurity, will be filled up with a homogeneous population; with the mightiest kindred people known in history; our language will acquire an extension,

which no other ever possessed; and the empire of the mind, with nothing to resist its sway, will attain an expansion, of which as yet we can but partly conceive. The vision is too magnificent to be fully borne;—a mass of two or three hundred millions, not chained to the oar like the same number in China, by a brutalizing despotism, but held in their several orbits of nation and state, by the grand representative attraction; bringing to bear on every point the concentrated energy of such a host; calling into competition so many minds; uniting into one great national feeling the hearts of so many freemen; all to be guided, persuaded, moved, and swayed, by the master spirits of the time!

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FROM THE SAME.

THIS, then, is the theatre, on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion; such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the glory to crown its success. If I err in this happy vision of my country's fortunes, I thank God for an error so animating. If this is false, may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be under any other feeling, than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services. The name and character of our Alma Mater have already been carried by some of our brethren thousands of miles from her venerable walls; and thousands of miles still farther westward, the communities of kindred men are fast gathering, whose minds and hearts will act in sympathy with yours.

The most powerful motives call on us as scholars for those efforts, which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe every thing to those means of education, which are equally open to all. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the old world afforded no

longer any hope, it pleased heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant auspices; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and mused among the prostrate columns of their senate houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages; from sepulchres of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations, they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully.

Yes, my friends, such is the exhortation which calls on us to exert our powers, to employ our time, and consecrate our labors in the cause of our native land. When we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race, when we survey the progress of man; from his cradle in the east to these last limits of his wandering; when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise, to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we cannot but exclaim with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate of

England, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings,  
on our country.

Westward the star of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

In that high romance, if romance it is, in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come, they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards surveyed it in the Hyperborean regions; the sage of the academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit of Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity, in distant regions then unknown. We look back upon these uninspired predictions, and almost recoil from the obligation they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized, by us must be fulfilled these high promises, which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed; Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean, the farthest Thule is reached, there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here then a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never, by the race of mortals. The *man*, who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times; the *descendant* of the pilgrims, who cherishes the memory of his fathers; the *patriot*, who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system of which he is a member; the *scholar*, who beholds with rapture the long sealed book of unprejudiced truth expanded to all to read; these are they, by whom these auspices are to be accomplished. Yes, brethren, it is by the intellect of the country, that the mighty mass is to be inspired; that its parts are to communicate and sympathize, its bright progress to be adorned with becoming refinements, its strong sense uttered, its character reflected, its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions, and to after ages.

Meantime the years are rapidly passing away and gathering importance in their course. With the present year will be completed the half century from that most important era in human history, the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand.

The space of time, that has elapsed from that momentous date, has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labors and sufferings; and one has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age, to receive the gratitude of the nation, to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should despatch to America, they were obliged to answer him, so low and abject was then our dear native land, that they possessed not the means nor the credit sufficient for providing a single vessel, in all the ports of France. Then, exclaimed the youthful hero, 'I will provide my own;' and it is a literal fact, that when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes that behold those venerable features. Enjoy a triumph, such as never conqueror or monarch enjoyed, the assurance that throughout America, there is not a bosom, which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name. You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen, before the only foe they could not meet. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac, he lies in glory and peace. You will revisit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the Austrian dungeons, cannot now break its silence, to bid you welcome

to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome, in his name. Welcome, thrice welcome to our shores; and withersoever throughout the limits of the continent your course shall take you, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall bear witness to you, and every tongue exclaim, with heartfelt joy, welcome, welcome Lafayette!

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## EXTRACTS

*From a Discourse, delivered before the Constituted Authorities of Massachusetts, May, 1816.*

THE thoughts, wishes and prayers of a good man, are directed to the *civil government* of his country. Without government there can be no society.

The government of every collective body of men is its blessing or its scourge, sometimes both by turns, or both with deductions and mitigations. Who shall be the depositaries of power, and how they shall discharge their trust, are questions which may involve every social benefit and external religious privilege. Whether the possessor of authority, the monarch, elective chief magistrate, or popular leader, is wise or weak, devoted to a part or considerate of the whole, guided by principle or swayed by passion, decides much of the good or evil of a state or nation. Thanks be to God, who though he tries and visits, does not any where wholly forsake the children of men, nor leave them without check or remedy, entirely to the passions of one another, that the worst government is better than anarchy; that amidst all the flagrant defects and abuses of civil institutions, arising from the excess of resistance or restraint, from faction or despotism, so many of the sources of human subsistence and enjoyment remain unaffected; that men are able to accommodate themselves with greater or less contentment to evils resulting from established modes, and that so much of the happiness of every individual is derived rather from his feelings and character than the precise circumstances in which he is placed.

The specific form of the government is commonly determined for us by the order of Providence; authority being variously distributed, in hereditary or elective rulers, in a few or in many, by the operation of permanent and uncon-

trollable causes. Our business in this respect, is seldom to change or abolish, but only to preserve, amend or improve the existing arrangement. The fortunes of *our* country are, under heaven, staked on the issue of popular constitutions. The Supreme disposer has assigned to these American states, the solemn, the interesting destination of being the subjects of an experiment, on an extensive scale, on the capacity of men in society for self-government.

Happy for the result, if those who are to feel the restraint of laws, have integrity and wisdom for their enactment and administration;—happy if the sovereign, the popular majority, have the magnanimity and uprightness to bind himself to his duty, and refrain from all oppression of the minor part, overcoming the temptation to ‘feel power and forget right.’ It is included in our love of country to be attached to this republican form of civil polity, for its intrinsic advantages, and its adaptation to our character and habits and state of society, not because we think it absolutely best for every people under all circumstances; and that those who are not governed upon our model, are, of course, objects of our pity. Events of late years have brought just discredit upon political doctrines derived from metaphysical abstractions, in contempt of simple matters of fact. The project of applying a form of polity to a nation, without regard to circumstances, has been tried; and for a series of years, it produced scenes which surpassed description, at which humanity recoiled; till at length, after dreadful agitations, it subsided in a government so essentially military and despotic, that neither the actors in it nor the world could bear it. We are attached to our republican constitutions, because they are best for us; because, after all deductions, they have accomplished much good, and proved better than the fears of some of their truest friends; because they have cost the painful consultations of our wisest and best men to frame, and their strenuous exertions in successive periods to maintain.—We prize them for the dangers they have passed, and the storms they have had strength to outride.—Who will not wish and labor to preserve us a republic as long as possible, knowing that we cannot cease to be so without fearful convulsions, and the hazard of evils of immeasurable extent and indefinite duration?—Shall we not pray to the God of our fathers to secure to us the benefit of their councils and toils, and for this end to direct us in the proper methods of making our forms of

government adequate to their purposes; to establish in the hearts of all, a sacred respect for those fundamental laws and compacts, the constitutions, designed to restrain the majority in the exercise of their power; and a disposition to amend and improve them in the spirit, which presided in their formation? May he vouchsafe to incline us always to 'seek of him a right way for us, for our little ones, and for all our substance.'

Not only *government*, but *liberty* is comprised in the wishes and prayers of a good man for his country. National independence, civil and religious freedom, are precious gifts of the Author of good. The love of liberty is the impulse of nature; and the love of regulated liberty, the effect of love to mankind. We of this country may surely hold independence dear, whose fathers preferred a wilderness to bondage, and afterwards breasted the hazards of revolution, and met the perils and toils of a long and doubtful war, to bequeath the blessing to their children. We of this age may well prize the possession, who have seen the fate of nations, bowing to a haughty and inexorable master, bound to a foreign will, their spirit crushed under the yoke of a relentless conqueror, their treasures exhausted to satiate the rapacity of invading armies, and their sons compelled to fight the battles of a stranger.—Patriotism exalts the blessing of freedom as friendly to the exercise and improvement of all the respectable faculties of man, and auspicious to the discovery and communication of truth. It gives dignity to character, and interest to existence.

Whilst the lover of his country and his race covets their rights for his fellow men and fellow countrymen, he intends real not spurious freedom, the substance, and not merely the form. He wishes that civil liberty may be understood; that it may be known to consist not so much in the power as in the security of every citizen; and in his power so far only as requisite or useful for his security. He prays that it may be esteemed the fruit of civil establishments and laws, and the cause, not of the poor against the rich, and of the humble against the eminent, but the protection of the weak from the strong, of the simple from the cunning, and the innocent from the guilty.—It is 'equal rights, but not to equal things.' It secures to every one his honestly acquired condition, however peculiar and distinguished, and is the guardian alike of the riches of the opulent, and the pittance of the necessitous.

The desire of the end implies regard to the means. The friend of his country wishes and prays that the virtues on which liberty depends may mark the character of the people; that the constitutional barriers, designed for its safeguard, may remain inviolate; that in the state and in the nation it may be always under the patronage of a *legislature*, actuated by a regard to the public welfare, and if not exempt from attachment to party, not blinded nor corrupted by it—sacrificing private views and passions to justice, and integrity; of a *judiciary*, skilled in jurisprudence, with an equal concern for the rights of all parties, unawed by the fear of encroachment from the other departments of the government; of an *executive*, employing its authority and influence, not with an anxious view to the prolongation of its power, or for the indulgence of its resentments, but to promote justice and union at home—safety and respectability abroad.

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#### THE IMPORTANCE

*Of the diffusion of Knowledge, and the cause of Education.—Ibid.*

SCIENCES and arts belong to the unrestrained progress of society. Knowledge may be abused. Yet light should be better than darkness. In an enlightened and inquisitive period, undoubtedly some will be found, with half learned twilight views, that serve rather to minister to presumption than to render the possessors of them more useful; and seem to justify a wish that they knew less or more. They may be prone to misapply their smatterings of science and shreds of learning, and set up for teachers and reformers of the world without qualifications. Yet the diffused cultivation of the mind and the taste should seem to be attended with a great over balance of good. It exalts the character of the individual; it strengthens and multiplies the social ties, and adds value to intercourse; it gives a higher enjoyment of the gifts of nature, and what is beautiful and orderly in the frame and course of the world. Inquiry should be friendly to true religion; morals should be promoted by the study of the nature and the relations of man. Public opinion has a subtle and mighty influence. Must we not desire and endeavor to have it intelligent? What will be the consequence in the political body, of the wide diffusion of the right of political delibera-

tion and function among a people very imperfectly instructed, or extremely ignorant? It is true that private persons are not called on to prescribe remedies for the public disorders; but they are obliged to exercise a choice about the physician; and in judging of men have occasion for a degree of light on the utility of measures. Will not a knowledge of the mechanism of society and of the principles and preservatives of social order, fit and dispose men for their civil duties? In a country and form of society in which, by the exertion of talents and industry, any individual, born in the obscure walks of life, may raise himself above his present condition, it is a duty of patriotism and benevolence to provide for every one so much education, as, in the event of an advantageous change in his circumstances, may enable him to make his advancement a good, and avoid the inconvenience and mortification of gross illiterateness.

The interests of *education* awaken the solicitude of every considerate and benevolent man. Education was a chosen care of our fathers. It has engaged the frequent and earnest attention of their descendants, both in a private and public capacity. It lies with you, guardians of the state, charged with the patronage of good institutions, it lies with all the teachers and guides of the young, and with us, especially, who are intrusted with the public seminaries, to feel the greatness of this concern. It is indeed a solemn and affecting inquiry, what man can do, by early culture, to assist the powers, to model, to control the thoughts, principles, affections, actions, habits, character of man. By what methods shall we seek to preserve the succession of young and helpless generations from the waste of talents, the perversion of feelings and the ruin of hopes, to which they are exposed; how insure the progress of their minds and the development of their virtues; how make their existence a blessing to society, to themselves and to those from whom they sprung; in what manner shall we best do, what can be done but once; and seize the fugitive moments of uncertainty and contest, on which their character and destinies are suspended?

THE MORALS AND RELIGION OF A PEOPLE.—*Ibid.*

THE *morals* and *religion* of a people are primary objects of solicitude to a lover of his country, and of mankind.

The other interests of individuals, or of the public, which I have considered, are subservient to these; and of little or no value without them. Every plan of escaping evil, or obtaining good, that depends on external things, is either impracticable in its nature, or of temporary duration. We rely in vain on peace and freedom, riches and territory, letters and arts, without virtuous principles and habits to direct their use and secure their continuance. Could a corrupt nation be prosperous they would not be happy. Happiness is suspended on disposition and character; and refuses to dwell in disordered hearts, or be the portion of those who are slaves to their evil passions. Virtue is more than well conducted selfishness, more than prudence; it is a principle, sentiment, affection, operating in actions; it is the love and practice of what is right. Yet individuals and a people have abundant reason to look for the greatest aggregate of good in adherence to rectitude. Virtue is wisdom, and includes prudence and discretion. Vice is a canker, a poison, tainting the sources of enjoyment. A curse hangs upon the steps of wickedness; and criminal passions, in one form or another, react, in bitter consequences, upon those who indulge them, while good intentions, integrity, and beneficent conduct, have a sure reward. Instructors and monitors, with more or less light and power to engage us to the practice of virtue, present themselves in our frame and situation, in reason, and the sentiment of order and fitness, in natural conscience, in the desire of personal well being, in the social affections, and the sense of reputation, in positive laws, in the lessons derived from the experience of life, and from the observation of a moral Providence. Here are valuable sources of morals. So many inducements and restraints must have some effect. But after all that they can do, more is wanting to withstand the powerful tendencies to evil. Dwarfish virtues, gigantic vices, dissatisfied hearts, furnish melancholy proof that more is necessary to resist the tyranny of appetites and passions—to overcome the moral lethargy to which we are liable, and produce a genuine rectitude of temper and conduct. Human tribunals have but a limited jurisdiction. The law of honor

fails to include some of the most essential virtues; is capricious, and in some things hostile to reason and humanity. How often is natural conscience overborne or misguided? Natural affections are vague and uncertain guides. Motives drawn from enlarged self interest are subject to many defects. The profitable and the right appear here and there disjoined, and we are compelled to witness prosperous crimes and defeated virtues; the discomfiture of a good cause, and sufferings and losses incurred by integrity. We are tempted to sacrifice a principle to an end, and pursue the expedient in violation of the right.

In these exigencies of our moral relations, our way obscured, our strength insufficient, shall we not look beyond this narrow world, this limited sphere; and hear the call, invoke the aid of heaven-born religion? Let us ally ourselves to the power that made us. Virtue is God's law. It is under the patronage and protection of a rewarding and avenging Deity. By his unalterable will, virtue and happiness are, in the ultimate result, bound together in an indissoluble chain. Think not, short sighted presumptuous mortal, to make a computation about the possible advantage of doing wrong in a single instance. Never imagine that you have an inducement to attempt to serve or deliver yourself by a departure from right, or any reason to be discouraged from duty by a doubt of final support and reward. Say you that natural religion leaves these truths open to question? We have the articulate voice of God, an extraordinary light from heaven to dispel every doubt, to make them clear and certain.

The christian revelation establishes the doctrine of the universal and absolute safety and final benefit of virtue; of the inevitable ruin of vice. It also corrects our misapprehensions of the nature of goodness. It contains discoveries, facts and influences, to make virtue not only a principle, but an affection. It is designed indeed to qualify us for a higher happiness than the world can give. We are acting and suffering for eternity. But it forms a character adapted to the best use of the present life. The christian is to live soberly, righteously and godly in the present world. The principles and motives of his conduct are chiefly drawn from distant objects; but he is taught that his business lies near at hand. His religion blends itself in one system with the common rules of behavior, and makes his duties to men duties to God. He is not taken out of society to live in inactive seclusion, but en-

joined to be diligent in business, as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. No useful principle or propensity of his nature is eradicated or suspended by religion—but all are controlled and chastised. In whatsoever state he is, he is instructed to be content, whilst he uses opportunities to improve his condition. The gospel is a well-spring of charity. Kind affections, disinterestedness, mutual deference, respect to the rights and feelings of our fellow men in great and in small concerns, mark the temper and demeanor of every disciple of Christ.

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ACTIVE CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE,  
*The Source of sublime and lasting Happiness.*

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
 Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
 Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?  
 Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.  
 'Tis when the rose is wrapt in many a fold  
 Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
 Its life and beauty; not when, all unrolled,  
 Leaf after leaf, its bosom, rich and fair,  
 Breathes freely its perfumes throughout the ambient air.

Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,  
 Lest these lost years should haunt thee, on the night  
 When death is waiting for thy numbered hours,  
 To take their swift and everlasting flight;  
 Wake, ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,  
 And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed;  
 Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;  
 An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,  
 And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

Some high or humble enterprise of good  
 Contemplate, till it shall possess thy mind,  
 Become thy study, pastime, rest, and food,  
 And kindle in thy heart a flame refined.  
 Pray heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind  
 To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue,  
 With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind;  
 Strength to complete, and with delight review,  
 And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

No good of worth sublime, will heaven permit  
 To light on man as from the passing air;  
 The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,  
 If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,  
 Soon dies, or runs to waste with fitful glare;  
 And learning is a plant that spreads and towers  
 Slow as Columbia's aloe, proudly rare,  
 That, 'mid gay thousands, with the suns and showers  
 Of half a century, grows alone before it flowers.

Has immortality of name been given  
 To them that idly worship hills and groves,  
 And burn sweet incense to the queen of heaven?  
 Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,  
 To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?  
 Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,  
 By wanderings wild that nature's pilgrim loves?  
 Or did Paul gain heaven's glory and its peace,  
 By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?

Beware lest thou, from sloth, that would appear  
 But lowliness of mind, with joy proclaim  
 Thy want of worth; a charge thou couldst not hear  
 From other lips, without a blush of shame,  
 Or pride indignant: then be thine the blame,  
 And make thyself of worth; and thus enlist  
 The smiles of all the good, the dear to fame;  
 'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,  
 Or let all soon forget that thou didst e'er exist.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,  
 And thou an angel's happiness shalt know,—  
 Shalt bless the earth while in the world above;  
 The good begun by thee shall onward flow  
 In many a branching stream, and wider grow;  
 The seed that, in these few and fleeting hours,  
 Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,  
 Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
 And yield thee fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers.

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EXTRACT FROM THE AIRS OF PALESTINE.

WHERE lies our path?—Though many a vista call,  
 We may *admire*, but cannot tread them all.

Where lies our path?—A poet, and inquire  
What hills, what vales, what streams become the lyre?  
See, there Parnassus lifts his head of snow;  
See at his foot the cool Cephissus flow;  
There Ossa rises; there Olympus towers;  
Between them, Tempe breathes in beds of flowers,  
Forever verdant; and there Peneus glides  
Through laurels, whispering on his shady sides.  
Your theme is Music;—Yonder rolls the wave,  
Where dolphins snatched Arion from his grave,  
Enchanted by his lyre:—Cithæron's shade  
Is yonder seen, where first Amphion played  
Those potent airs, that, from the yielding earth,  
Charmed stones around him, and gave cities birth.  
And fast by Hæmus, Thracian Hebrus creeps  
O'er golden sands, and still for Orpheus weeps,  
Whose gory head, borne by the stream along,  
Was still melodious, and expired in song.  
There Nereids sing, and Triton winds his shell;  
There be thy path—for there the muses dwell.

No, no—a lonelier, lovelier path be mine;  
Greece and her charms I leave for Palestine.  
There purer streams through happier valleys flow,  
And sweeter flowers on holier mountains blow.  
I love to breathe where Gilead sheds her balm;  
I love to walk on Jordan's banks of palm;  
I love to wet my foot in Hermon's dews;  
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse:  
In Carmel's holy grotts I'll court repose,  
And deck my mossy couch with Sharon's deathless rose.

Here arching vines their leafy banner spread,  
Shake their green shields, and purple odors shed,  
At once repelling Syria's burning ray,  
And breathing freshness on the sultry day.  
Here the wild bee suspends her murmuring wing,  
Pants on the rock, or sips the silver spring;  
And here,—as musing on my theme divine,—  
I gather flowers to bloom along my line,  
And hang my garlands in festoons around,  
Inwreathed with clusters, and with tendrils bound;  
And fondly, warmly, humbly hope the power,  
That gave perfumes and beauty to the flower,  
Drew living water from this rocky shrine,

Purpled the clustering honors of the vine,  
 And led me, lost in devious mazes, hither,  
 To weave a garland, will not let it wither;—  
 Wond'ring, I listen to the strain sublime,  
 That flows, all freshly, down the stream of time,  
 Wafted in grand simplicity along,  
 The undying breath, the very soul of song.

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SCENE AFTER A SUMMER SHOWER.

THE rain is o'er. How dense and bright  
 Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!  
 Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,  
 Contrasting with the dark blue sky!

In grateful silence, earth receives  
 The general blessing; fresh and fair,  
 Each flower expands its little leaves,  
 As glad the common joy to share.

The softened sunbeams pour around  
 A fairy light, uncertain, pale;  
 The wind flows cool; the scented ground  
 Is breathing odors on the gale.

'Mid yon rich clouds' voluptuous pile,  
 Methinks some spirit of the air  
 Might rest, to gaze below awhile,  
 Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth; from off the scene  
 Its floating veil of mist is flung;  
 And all the wilderness of green  
 With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—  
 Glowing with life, by breezes fanned,  
 Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,  
 Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,  
 Which sounds from all below, above,  
 She calls her children to rejoice,  
 And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence; low-born care,  
 And all the train of mean desire,  
 Refuse to breathe this holy air,  
 And 'mid this living light expire.

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## GOODNESS

*Of the Deity displayed in the Beauty of Creation.*

WERE all the interesting diversities of colour and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome, would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures, conveyed to us by the endless varieties, with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But, were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an *Arabian* desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendour and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, wearisome, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks, and rivers, the living lustre of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars, enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind, than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendour of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness peculiarly affecting.

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## MORAL SUBLIMITY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILOSOPHERS have speculated much concerning a process of sensation, which has commonly been denominated

the emotion of sublimity. Aware that, like any other simple feeling, it must be incapable of definition, they have seldom attempted to define it; but, content with remarking the occasions on which it is excited, have told us that it arises in general from the contemplation of whatever is vast in nature, splendid in intellect, or lofty in morals: or, to express the same idea somewhat varied, in the language of a critic of antiquity, 'That alone is truly sublime, of which the conception is vast, the effect irresistible, and the remembrance scarcely, if ever, to be erased.'

But, although philosophers alone have written about this emotion, they are far from being the only men who have felt it. The untutored peasant, when he has seen the autumnal tempest collecting between the hills, and, as it advanced, enveloping in misty obscurity village and hamlet, forest and meadow, has tasted the sublime in all its reality; and, whilst the thunder has rolled and the lightning flashed around him, has exulted in the view of nature moving forth in her majesty. The untaught sailor-boy, listlessly harkening to the idle ripple of the moonlight wave, when on a sudden he has thought upon the unfathomable abyss beneath him, and the wide waste of waters around him, and the infinite expanse above him, has enjoyed to the full the emotion of sublimity, whilst his inmost soul has trembled at the vastness of its own conceptions. But why need I multiply illustrations from nature? Who does not recollect the emotion he has felt while surveying aught, in the material world, of terror or of vastness?

And this sensation is not produced by grandeur in material objects alone. It is also excited on most of those occasions in which we see man tasking to the uttermost the energies of his intellectual or moral nature. Through the long lapse of centuries, who, without emotion, has read of Leonidas and his three hundreds throwing themselves as a barrier before the myriads of Xerxes, and contending unto death for the liberties of Greece?

But we need not turn to classic story to find all that is great in human action; we find it in our own times, and in the history of our own country. Who is there of us that, even in the nursery, has not felt his spirit stir within him, when, with child-like wonder, he has listened to the story of Washington? And although the terms of the narrative were scarcely intelligible, yet the young soul kindled at the thought

of one man's working out the delivery of a nation. And as our understanding, strengthened by age, was at last able to grasp the detail of this transaction, we saw that our infantile conceptions had fallen far short of its grandeur. Oh! if an American citizen ever exults in the contemplation of all that is sublime in human enterprise, it is when, bringing to mind the men who first conceived the idea of this nation's independence, he beholds them estimating the power of her oppressor, the resources of her citizens, deciding in their collected might that this nation should be free, and, through the long years of trial that ensued, never blenching from their purpose, but freely redeeming the pledge they had given, to consecrate to it 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.'

'Patriots have toiled, and, in their country's cause,  
Bled nobly, and their deeds, as they deserve,  
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge  
Their names to the sweet lyre. The historic muse,  
Proud of her treasure, marches with it down  
To latest times: and sculpture in her turn  
Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,  
To guard them, and immortalize her trust.'

It is not in the field of patriotism alone that deeds have been achieved, to which history has awarded the palm of moral sublimity. There have lived men, in whom the name of patriot has been merged in that of philanthropist; who, looking with an eye of compassion over the face of the earth, have felt for the miseries of our race, and have put forth their calm might to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature, to strike off one form of suffering from the catalogue of human wo. Such a man was Howard. Surveying our world like a spirit of the blessed, he beheld the misery of the captive—he heard the groaning of the prisoner. His determination was fixed. He resolved, single-handed, to gauge and to measure one form of unpitied, unheeded wretchedness, and, bringing it out to the sunshine of public observation, to work its utter extermination. And he well knew what this undertaking would cost him. He knew what he had to hazard from the infection of dungeons, to endure from the fatigues of inhospitable travel, and to brook from the insolence of legalized oppression. He knew that he was devoting himself to the altar of philanthropy, and he willingly devoted himself. He had marked

out his destiny, and he hasted forward to its accomplishment, with an intensity, 'which the nature of the human mind forbade to be more, and the character of the individual forbade to be less.' Thus he commenced a new era in the history of benevolence. And hence, the name of Howard will be associated with all that is sublime in mercy, until the final consummation of all things.

Such a man is Clarkson, who, looking abroad, beheld the miseries of Africa, and, looking at home, saw his country stained with her blood. We have seen him, laying aside the vestments of the priesthood, consecrate himself to the holy purpose of rescuing a continent from rapine and murder, and of erasing this one sin from the book of his nation's iniquities. We have seen him and his fellow philanthropists, for twenty years, never waver from their purpose. We have seen them persevere amidst neglect and obloquy, and contempt, and persecution, until, the cry of the oppressed having roused the sensibilities of the nation, the 'island empress' rose in her might, and said to this foul traffic in human flesh, thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.

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#### MORALITY AND RELIGION.

As religious sentiments lead to virtue, so virtue leads to religion; and this less familiar consideration is perhaps very advantageous to religion itself. It is doubtless a lawful triumph for religion to see how much man improves under its influence; but it is also a noble testimony in its favor, that pure and honest hearts naturally tend towards it. In sound logic, moral truths are very necessary premises of religious truths. All moral sentiments, also, call upon religious sentiments to purify and bring them to perfection. Under this double relation, morality is, then, a true religious initiation. Even as civilization bears witness to the existence of a political, so morality proves that of a Divine legislator; what the former certifies in society, the latter attests in the sanctuary of nature. The political legislator has not created public and private morality; he has found it pre-existing; he rests upon it, and it serves him as an instrument. But who inspired—whence came this genius of morality? Who traced that primitive code which has served as an archetype and pattern for the particular codes of every nation? If the order which is

manifested in the outward universe, shows plainly to all men the agency of Supreme Providence, does not the order of the phenomena of moral nature indicate an author? Moral order, considered as the universal legislation of mankind, gives beauty to the general system of the universe, completes its harmony, and quickens it with a new and sublime life.

Is it not a circumstance worthy of attention, that so many imperious inclinations have been placed in the heart of man, and so many circumstances around him, to conduct him to that state of society, in which alone his faculties can be fully developed? Plants obtain air, light, and soil, necessary for their growth; the animal who must seek his nourishment, receives the instinct necessary to find it, and organs suitable to obtain and secure it. Man, who expects every thing from uniting with his fellow creatures, and from the combination of forces, receives affections, thought, and language—that is, precisely what may put him in relation with his fellow beings: besides, he is born more weak and dependent than other animals, while at the same time he alone is born capable of perfection. The social principle explains this apparent contradiction which disappears in society. Now society, in its turn, calls upon and requires morality, as a condition essential to its existence, and as the chief means of its progress. In the relation of all these things to each other, there is, then, a plan and design, of which human nature is the theatre; the Supreme Legislator has been the architect, and virtue is the fundamental condition. In this plan, the same wisdom which called man to the social state for the education of his faculties, instituted the code of moral duties to serve as a bond to the social state; and this great thought has presided in all ages over the destinies of the human race.

Is there any thing better adapted to show divine wisdom and goodness, than this harmony between what is moral and what is really useful, useful to all, and to each;—this dispensation, by virtue of which the sacrifice required of the individual, is found to be for the general interest: and that other dispensation, which makes the individual find, in another and better form, what duty leads him to sacrifice for the advantage of others?

Thus, the moral code is a vast and beneficent foresight extending over mankind; it is a tutelary protection instituted for our weakness; it resembles the recommendations of paternal tenderness. Does it not then reveal the solicitude of

an invisible and Supreme Father? Providence does not rely upon our prudence alone, to provide for our happiness; and, just as it has given instinct to the animal, from interest for his preservation, it has given to man the sublime instinct of virtue, from interest for his felicity. In bestowing free will and intellect upon his creature, the Creator has given us a guide in the form of duty.

Thus morality is an eloquent witness of the divine nature, and the more deeply virtue is felt, the better Providence is understood. Besides, if moral truths were not indisputably acknowledged as self-evident, it would become impossible for reason to demonstrate the attributes of God. No demonstration of this kind has ever been attempted, except by setting out from principles of natural morality, as from so many indisputable axioms. If there were not an essential difference between good and evil, how could reason form any idea whatever of a being of sovereign goodness? By what right should we attach notions of justice, truth, wisdom, and excellence, to the divine essence, if these attributes were not already acknowledged as real perfections, and if there were not consequently a principle determining their moral character? No revelation could make up for this; for the certainty of all revelation depends, before-hand, upon the supposition that the Infinite Being cannot deceive; consequently, upon this moral principle, that falsehood is an imperfection and a stain.

The belief in a future beyond the tomb, is doubtless founded upon powerful inferences drawn from the ordinary course of nature. For nothing perishes in the elements which compose nature; they only change their form, by passing into various combinations. Now reason and analogy equally show that the principle of individuality, in the intelligent and sensible being, is necessarily one, and cannot suffer dissolution, since it is elementary. But these inferences would still leave a thick veil over the destinies which compose the important futurity. It is reserved for moral truths to raise this veil, by showing us, on the one hand, an equitable judge in the Supreme Dispenser; and by showing us, on the other, merit or demerit in human actions. Excellence would not be excellence because it is rewarded; and evil evil because it is punished. It is just the contrary; as the terms of rewards and punishments declare. It is then necessary that virtue itself should be something real, and worthy of great price, that we may apply to it the consequences deduced from the notion of

an infinite justice and of a supreme judge, associated with that of a sovereign remunerator.

Thus virtue bears witness to immortality. And the more deeply virtue is felt, the better the hopes of this great future are understood. We find in these hopes our proper destiny; explaining our earthly condition. A spectator, placed at the foot of a vast and regular edifice, cannot embrace all the parts in one glance; but those which are presented to his eye, give him a conception of the design of the architect; he completes in his mind what he has not yet been able to perceive; he prolongs the lines, and sees the point where they must unite; he penetrates beforehand into the secret depths. Such is the inference which morality authorizes us to form, about the as yet invisible portion of our destiny. Virtue upon earth is the peristyle of a great future. It is so regularly, so harmoniously and wisely concerted, it makes us foresee exactly how its plans are accomplished and consummated. The whole moral nature is a grand prelude, a magnificent promise. It is a relation whose first terms only we hold. It is a triangle whose base we occupy, and the summit of which is as yet veiled in a cloud. This new progression, of which the present and terrestrial man occupies the first steps, seems to be exhibited, already, as an image or sketch, on the bosom of human nature, by means of the scale of moral superiorities. So far as the good man is superior to the wicked, so far he feels that there is something much superior to himself. This presentiment of a better world, increases with the degree of his progress. Who has not, in certain moments of his life, obtained a foreknowledge of it? Must we then always cast our eyes downward, and never raise them towards the summits which tower above our weak nature? I have seen a family assembled in a domestic oratory; the mother offering to God those to whom she gave existence; the father blessing his children; youthful hearts rendering thanks to the heavenly parent, whose tutelary providence they well understood, accustomed as they were to meet it in the interpreters it has chosen here below. O how beautiful is religion, since it can heighten the loveliness of a family picture! I have seen a confused multitude united in a temple; every soul was concentrated, every mind mingled in the same thought; and hearts were blended in song; the poor man, by the side of the rich without being jealous, had forgotten his miseries: the rich man learnt his own indigence; brotherly love, which seems

to banish all social distinctions in the world, awoke free and pure: all had obtained intelligence of their destiny; all prepared for it, rejoicing together; all advanced with an equal step. How human nature is ennobled, when in this attitude! how many dark mysteries are cleared away! how much discord is hushed! The whole earth seems to pride itself in the dignity which the most noble of mortal creatures has just acquired. The whole system of the universe is explained. Of all the kinds of worship, that which has obtained the most general and lasting success among mankind, and the only one which has owed its success entirely to free and individual conviction, and which has triumphed by the mere force of this conviction, over all the resistance of prejudice and force, is that which has the rare privilege of fully satisfying the wishes and wants of morality. It is through this character, which so eminently distinguishes it, that its first defenders made their most eloquent vindications; they well knew that by calling virtue as a witness, it would not deceive their expectations. Its first conquests, also, were either among good and simple men who had resisted the corruption of the age, or among the sages who had deeply meditated upon the eternal laws of morality, such as Justin, Theophilus, Athenagoras, and Clement of Alexandria. What a magnificent homage rendered to Christianity, that it has been able to cause desertion from the school of Plato!

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#### EXTRACTS

*From a Discourse delivered at Schenectady, July 22, 1823.*

THE necessity of counteracting the tendency of all human institutions to debasement—of guarding with efficacious circumspection against the advances of anarchy and tyranny, and of preventing the evils to which we are peculiarly exposed, from expanded territory and geographical prejudices, must be obvious; and for this purpose, it is essential to attend, with increased zeal, to the great interests of education, and to promote, with unrelaxed fervor, the sacred cause of science. Education includes moral as well as intellectual culture—the georgics of the heart as well of the head; and we must emphatically look up to a general diffusion of knowledge as the palladium of a free government—the guarantee of the representative system, and the ægis of our federative existence.

Is it necessary, on this occasion, to show the important connection between science and all the arts, which contribute to the sustenance, the accommodation, and the embellishment of human life? The analytic researches of chemistry have opened to us a knowledge of the constituent parts of soils, minerals, vegetables, and other substances, and have developed their useful application. From the first conception of the propulsion of vessels by steam, by the Marquis of Worcester, to its consummation by Fulton, how slow was the progress—how difficult the accomplishment! And this could never have been effected, had it not received the aids of chemical discovery, of mathematical calculation, and of mechanical philosophy. All that relates to the economy of labor by machinery—to the facilitation of intercourse by canals and bridges—to naval, civil, and military architecture—to the improvement of agriculture—to the advancement of the mechanic arts—must be derived directly, or indirectly, from scientific research.

It is an ordinance of heaven, that man must be employed, or be unhappy. Mental or corporeal labor is the destination of his nature; and when he ceases to be active, he ceases to be useful, and descends to the level of vegetable life. And certainly those pursuits which call into activity his intellectual powers, must contribute most to his felicity, his dignity and his usefulness. The vigorous direction of an active mind to the accomplishment of good objects, forms its most extatic delights. *Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, perergrinantur, rusticantur.\**

The honor and glory of a nation consists in the illustrious achievements of its sons in the cabinet and in the field—in the science and learning which compose the knowledge of man—in the arts and inventions which administer to his accommodation, and in the virtues which exalt his character. Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since the settlement of these United States, and in that period we have seen a WASHINGTON, a HENRY, a FRANKLIN, a RITTENHOUSE, and a FULTON—the most splendid names in war, in eloquence, in philosophy, in astronomy, and in mechanics, which the world has ever witnessed. The congress of patriots who

\*Cicero.

proclaimed our independence in the face of an admiring world, and in the view of approving heaven, have descended, with three exceptions, to the grave; and in this illustrious band were comprised more virtue, and wisdom, and patriotism and energy, than in any association of ancient or modern times. I might proceed, and pronounce an eulogium on our savans who have illustrated philosophy and the exact sciences—on our literati, who have explored the depths and ascended the heights of knowledge—on our poets who have strung the lyre of Apollo—on our painters, who have combined the sublime and the beautiful in the graphic art—on our statesmen, who have taught the ways and means of establishing the greatest happiness of the greatest number—and on our theologians, who have vindicated the ways of God to man. But I forbear. The task of selection is at all times invidious; and most of the distinguished men to whom I allude, are still living, and probably some of them are now present. And I ought certainly neither to offend their modesty, nor violate my sense of self-respect, by the obtrusion of praise which is not required by the occasion, and which will be more suitably, and unquestionably most liberally, dispensed by future times.

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ALIMENT FOR THE MIND.—*Ibid.*

THERE is nothing ‘under heaven’s wide hollowness’ which does not furnish aliment for the mind. . All that we observe by the organs of sense, and all that we perceive by the operations of the understanding—all that we contemplate in retrospect, at the present or in the future, may be compounded or decomposed in the intellectual laboratory, for beneficial purposes. The active mind is always vigilant, always observing. The original images which are created by a vivid imagination—the useful ideas which are called up by memory, and the vigorous advances of the reasoning power into the regions of disquisition and investigation, furnish full employment for the most powerful mind; and after it is fully stored with all the productions of knowledge, then the intellect has to employ its most important functions in digesting and arranging the vast and splendid materials. And if there be any thing in this world which can administer pure delight, it is when we summon our intellectual resources, rally our mental

powers, and proceed to the investigation of a subject distinguished for its importance and complexity, and its influence on the destinies of man.

If science were to assume a visible form, like the fabled muses of the ancient mythology, all men would be ready to exclaim with the poet—

———Her angel's face,  
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,  
And made a sunshine in a shady place;  
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

But alas! it is a blessing not without its alloy. Its sedentary occupations, and its severe exercises of the mind, impair the health: and hypochondria, the Promethean vulture of the student, poisons for a time all the sources of enjoyment. Add to this, the tortures of hope deferred, and of expectation disappointed. After nights without sleep, and days without repose, in the pursuit of a favorite investigation—after tasking the mind, and stretching all its faculties to the utmost extent of exertion, when the golden vision of approaching fame dazzles the eye in the distance, and the hand is extended to taste the fruit and to reap the harvest, the airy castles, the gorgeous palaces of the imagination, vanish like enchanted ground, and disappear like the baseless fabric of a vision.

From such perversities of fortune, the sunshine of comfort may, however be extracted. In the failure of a scientific investigation, collateral discoveries of great moment have been made. And as an eminent philosopher has well remarked, 'What succeeds pleaseth more, but what succeeds not, many times informs no less.' And in the worst position, the mind is improved, sharpened, expanded, brightened, and strengthened, by the processes which it has undergone, and the elaborations which it has experienced.

We must not then expect  
A perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

But we may confidently pronounce, that a cornucopia of blessings will attend the diffusion of knowledge—that it will have an electrifying effect on all sources of individual happiness and public prosperity—that glory will follow in the train of its felicitous cultivation, and that the public esteem, in perennial dispensation, will crown its votaries.

## SOLITUDE.

FEAR, and a disgust with the world, often seek solitude. The most diverse, even the most contrary causes, inspire the want of it; but the expectation which leads to it, is not always satisfied. The timid seek in it, a refuge against dangers they cannot face; the tender and delicate, against the arrows that wound them; those deceived by cruel misunderstandings, try to forget society; inexperience shuts itself up as in a haven from storms; grief buries itself as in a tomb; melancholy imagination hopes to find solace or liberty: the wicked and the innocent alike seek solitude; the former to expiate their crimes, when tormented by remorse—the latter to taste more freely celestial and pure happiness. In consequence of the storms caused by violent passions, dejection, prudence, the reaction of violent will, bring to solitary life characters which seem least fitted for it. Not only ambition and vanity, when disappointed, are driven into solitude, egotistical misanthropy, all unsocial humors, demand less what it can give than mere isolation. They are dragged into it, perhaps, to be punished. Wisdom also sighs after solitude, seeking retreat as the sanctuary of meditation, and finding in it the calmness and independence necessary to regulate the moral faculties. Lofty souls love retirement, because all their elevated thoughts and sentiments may be developed there, and they can better enjoy themselves.

But the influence which solitude exercises, depends upon the motives which lead to it, the dispositions which are carried into it, and the manner in which we use it.

Feebleness, in seeking solitude, destroys its resources, by losing every opportunity of exercising courage. We often find within, more terrible enemies than those without, with less means to escape or combat them. These enemies still pursue their victim, and, taking him captive, fall upon him. We hope for repose, but fall into exhaustion, or wander in delirium. We hope for consolation, but we have deprived ourselves of activity and of beneficence, the truest consolations; we flatter ourselves that we shall gather instruction; but we see ourselves plunged into darkness, and soon the darkness is peopled with a thousand phantoms. Solitude is useful only to him, who has a sincere desire of becoming better: miserable is he, who imprisons himself with his passions, without being resolved to subdue them.

But it is not sufficient to enter retirement, even with the right disposition of soul; it is necessary to be provided with aliment for the mind and the heart; otherwise we run the risk of finding ourselves in a desert, where we shall perish with inanition. In order to draw from retirement the advantages which it promises, the moral faculties must have acquired a certain degree of energy. Otherwise we shall soon be fatigued with the monotony of the objects and continuity of situation, and we shall fall into lethargy. We must be mild and amiable, in order to make the best use of solitude. We must be serene, we must be to ourselves an easy host, not a ferocious jailer. We must have a constant and well-ordered activity and a wise self-distrust, in order to prevent illusions, idle speculations, blind presumption, and pride. Without rules, limitations, and vigilance, the liberty of solitude will become a peril; dogmatism and the exaggeration of a false enthusiasm will germinate; the virtues will be mixed with the passions, and imbibe their vehemence. We shall grow excessively severe, both towards others and ourselves; we shall pursue a chimerical perfection, and at the same time unconsciously become accomplices of enterprizes the most fatal to mankind: thus solitude may become either a severe school, in which the moral education is finished, or an abyss, in which happiness, reason and virtue are swallowed up. There have not only sprung from it the greatest discoveries of genius and the most beneficent displays of eminent character, but it has nourished also those terrible passions whose excesses have astonished mankind.\*

Solitude is therefore not only useful but difficult; it requires proper preparation and precautions; and, although indispensable, is not a complete and sufficient education. Doubtless it alone can give to the love of excellence all its energy, to reflection all the profoundness of which our nature is capable; to the internal virtues relating to self-communion, the

\* Estimable philosophers have conceived the idea of employing absolute retreat as a means of correction for great criminals, and of employing it also as a means of chastisement. This is a noble thought—to make the punishment the means of correcting crime. In the application of this means, however, we should consider to what characters this regimen is applied, and modify the discipline according to circumstances. We should take care that absolute solicitude do not become a fatal idleness, and that there be a proper proportion of bodily labor, and a course of reading favorable to salutary reflections.

highest degree of development; to self-government all the authority which it may receive from contemplation and self-knowledge; and to the heroism of virtue its most substantial aliment. But protracted solitude will deprive us of the aids of experience, of virtuous activity, and of the useful influence which self-government draws from the shock of external obstacles. We shall arrive more promptly and easily to a partial perfection, very well, doubtless, for those whose duties lie in a confined sphere; but we shall not so well attain to that general perfection, which, embracing all applications, is the destination of those whose duties call them to spread themselves abroad. A regimen of continued solitude may be useful, but it is an exception. Occasional solitude is the rule for most men. Alternate retirement and society is for moral progress what the mixture of theory and observation is for the progress of the sciences. Solitude has its exaggerations, as theory its hypotheses. Solitude and theory may gather fruits for themselves; but their true and legitimate employment should be to prepare for the intercourse of the world and the arts of observation; deprived of the instrument of elaboration, the latter are only dissipation of heart and empiricism of intellect.

Do you fear solitude? This is an infallible sign that it is necessary to you: you have not learnt to know yourself; and this again is a sign that you have a malady of soul, which solitude may discover to you, and perhaps will cure. With a reason strong, and a heart burning to do good, is life before you? Then go into solitude, and prepare the means of usefulness. Are you called upon to take some important resolution? Are you placed in unexpected and difficult circumstances? Go into solitude, and consult your strength, foresee and combine your plans of conduct. Have you seen much of life? In solitude you can put in order your painful experiences, and returning to the world you may apply and prove the labors of retirement. Solitude suits especially both youth and old age. But the serious drama of middle life must have its intervals. There must be resting places in the career. Go into solitude on the evening and the morning of every great event of your life.

Do you wish to receive all the utility both of solitude and of society? Endeavor, when in society, to preserve an inward solitude, and in solitude, to create a world such as you

will one day live in. Live also in society as if you would quit it to-morrow, and in retirement as if to-morrow you were to communicate with men, and to serve them.

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## SOLITUDE.

DEEP solitude I sought. There was a dell  
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,  
While, towering near, the rugged mountains made  
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky. Thither I went,  
And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught,  
For which it long had languished 'mid the strife  
And fever of the world. I thought to be  
There without witness. But the violet's eye  
Looked up upon me,—the fresh wild-rose smiled,  
And the young pendent vine-flower kissed my cheek  
And there were voices too. The garrulous brook,  
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told  
Its history;—up came the singing breeze,  
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake  
Responsive, every one. Even busy life  
Woke in that dell. The tireless spider threw  
From spray to spray her silver-tissued snare.  
The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced  
The treasured grain, toiled toward her citadel.  
To the sweet hive went forth the loaded bee,  
And from the wind-rocked nest, the mother-bird  
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought  
To be *alone, and silent in thy realm,*  
*Spirit of life and love!* It might not be!  
There is no solitude in thy domains,  
Save what man makes, when, in his selfish breast,  
He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.  
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round  
Without a witness. Trees, and flowers, and streams,  
Are social and benevolent; and he  
Who oft communeth in their language pure,  
Roaming among them at the cool of day,  
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,  
His Maker there, to teach his listening heart.

## IMMORTALITY.

ALAS! what would mean that secret but insatiable emotion of our soul, which incessantly directs towards a higher perfection all those sighs, which constantly call for a better state and all those glances, turned upward, which are the expectation of the accomplishment of a great mystery? What would mean that idea of infinity, which becomes the most cruel poison if it is not a just and glorious hope, that tendency to higher states;—those desires which call upon all that is capable of elevating us;—that inward sentiment which declares that we are the neophytes of a better life;—that natural dignity and pride which is so unjustifiable, when we consider only what we really are;—those purer and warm affections, which would otherwise have so transient an object;—that faculty of loving, which would only find such imperfect and limited objects; and that virtue, so true in all which we can control by experience, and which would be baffled in its dearest interests in what we cannot yet verify? What would earth be, the orphan of God? What would be humanity, disinherited of immortal life? O does not all morality invoke and proclaim with unanimous voice this last relation of man with his Author, of the present with the future, which alone solves all the problems of existence! Religion, doubtless, is a sign of weakness; but it is, above all, a wish and want of virtue, which alone nourishes those noble instincts which religion is to satisfy. Virtue thrills at the sight of religion, with the same joy a son feels when he flies into the arms of his mother. And what voice would be raised within men to answer to the Creator's voice, if not that of conscience? What powers would greet and receive religion, when presenting itself upon earth, and would bring to it the reverence of men, if not those moral powers by which humanity is animated, elevated, and directed? What principle could germinate religious truths, in a soul deprived of the sense of what is just and good? What intelligible language could piety address to a heart dear to virtue? Of what use is it to seek laboriously, whether or not, in some corner of the globe, some ignorant colony may be found, which, sunk into stupidity by the want of the chief necessities of life, has only confused ideas of the Supreme Benefactor, and the worship due to him? What is the importance we attach to the vague narrations of travellers? Yes, religious ideas enlarge and develope with civilization, be-

cause they can only spring up with moral habits; and this is what proves their affinity with moral sentiment. They acquire grandeur and truth in proportion to the purity and energy of this sentiment. Of what use is it to accumulate so many wretched examples of blind or cruel superstitions, which have sullied the worship of God upon earth? It is true that man will carry into his worship his passions and his errors and necessarily corrupt by adopting it. But it is no longer, the worship of the divine nature: it is profanation; and nothing proves better than this, how natural a preparation are purity of heart and innocence of life, for true religious sentiment. Let us seek for facts more adapted to instruct us, in the aspirations of mankind. The experience of a good man is that which I consult, and upon which I rest. Religious sentiment in him will be, as it were, but the continuation and consequence of those sentiments which already filled his soul, taking a wider range. He will be religious, for he deserves to be so. All there is in him pure, laudable and generous, will be satisfied. He thirsted for justice, and the streams of an eternal, infinite, universal justice will flow before him, and all the wrongs of the earth will be repaired. He delights in the emotion of gratitude; he will have discovered the Author of all blessings. An ideal wandered in his thoughts; he will find it realized. He placed his happiness in devotedness; he will be able to consecrate all the faculties of his being to a boundless love, and to make a tribute to God himself, of the good he does to other men.

By the practice of excellence, then, the virtuous man is already the neophyte of religion: he desires it, he calls for it; he is prepared to understand it; he makes ready a temple for it within himself: and what temple is more worthy of it than the heart of the good man? He will not be false to its teachings; he will not pervert its august character; he will not corrupt it by the mixture of impure passions. Religion will not be to him an instrument, but an end. He will profess it, not to show, but to enjoy it; he will enjoy it, not as a vain allegory which amuses his imagination, but as a profound truth which fills his heart; not as a peculiar privilege which flatters his vanity, but as the patrimony of all mankind; not as a distinction which insulates him, but as a bond which unites him more closely to his brethren. He will not seek in it the right of condemning others, but the duty of judging himself more severely; he will not seek in it a means of encouraging him-

self in his errors, of dispensing with active obligations, but a light which may guard him from erring, a power to triumph over obstacles, an encouragement to do better. In a word, he will enter into the true spirit of religion, because he will be inspired by the uprightness of his heart.

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IMMORTALITY.

O, listen, man!  
 A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
 'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices  
 Hymn it unto our souls: according harps,  
 By angel fingers touched when the mild stars  
 Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
 The song of our great immortality:  
 Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
 The tall, dark mountains, and the deep-toned seas,  
 Join in this solemn, universal song.  
 O, listen, ye, our spirits; drink it in  
 From all the air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;  
 'Tis floating 'midst day's setting glories; Night,  
 Wrapped in her sable robe, with silent step  
 Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears:  
 Night, and the dawn, bright day, and thoughtful eve,  
 All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
 As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
 By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
 Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
 The dying hear it; and as sounds of earth  
 Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
 To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

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RECTITUDE OF INTENTION.

WHEN deeply investigating our hearts, we often discover secret inclinations, of whose existence we were hardly aware, and which mingle with our resolutions and corrupt their principle. To their hiding place within us, the love of excellence has not penetrated and carried its vivifying light.

Then let this love of excellence resume the rank which naturally belongs to it; let it triumph without hesitation; let

it reign unlimitedly; let it take undivided possession of the soul; let it become our deep, sincere and exclusive passion; and then clouds will be dispersed, doubts will be cleared away, discords will cease, every thing will be simplified; and man, understanding himself, will truly know how to act. It is the love of excellence which assigns to every thing its true and fixed value: it is this which re-establishes subordination, and consequently harmony, among motives; this alone gives a plan and general design to life; it connects together all events, and all circumstances, even the least actions, enabling man to go on to the end without inconstancy, and to approach it with the ease and freedom of one who walks in broad daylight through a known country. Advancing in a wide and straight path, he will meet at every step those divisions of by-ways, which cause hesitation about the directions to be pursued; but he is guided by a law which has foreseen everything; and he has only the care of employing the means of execution. There is nothing more constantly animated than a life which flows on under such an influence; for an incessantly renewing interest gives value to every thing; nothing is lost; he goes step by step, and always looks onward; the motion is therefore ascending, and carries him every day into a freer atmosphere; satisfaction and security increase as he advances: for our souls find content only in what puts us on good terms with ourselves; we repose in certainty alone; there is no peace for him, who doubts of and about himself. Then no after thought comes to agitate and disturb resolution, to paralyse energy and belie evident desires; the whole heart is borne along unconditionally and unreservedly towards the noble object to which it has consecrated itself with absolute devotedness. Every thing is consistent in our motives, decided in our ideas, frank in expression, and consequently easy, rapid, and opportune in execution. The laborer, embarrassed and perplexed in his work, does not clearly perceive the relation of the parts to the whole. What an abundance of life seems to circulate and diffuse itself in the conduct of those who have accomplished this great consecration! How full are their days! How finished are their actions! How well designed is the form, how clearly marked out is the destination of all their productions! How faithful is their character to itself, constant without effort, in the most varied circumstances! What ease they have in difficult things! What elasticity of soul even in the presence of sacrifices! The

consideration which they did not desire, or at least, only aspired to deserve, naturally comes to meet them; for it is necessarily attached to consistent, complete, and decided characters. Besides, in the language of virtue there are certain accents of truth, certain distinctive tones which naturally escape from the upright, who alone can find them, whether they seek them or not, and precisely because they have used no art in their language.

Veracity is a part of justice; for as truth is the only true guide of activity, we ought to give it to our fellow creatures. We owe it to them also for another reason; it is a blessing, which belongs to all in common, and in which each one is particularly called to make others participate, because, by communication, so far from weakening the part which has fallen to his lot, he strengthens it in a thousand ways. But such a duty can only be understood by a man, who has begun to be sincere with himself; he who truly preserves a good intention, will, naturally, without effort or reflection, be true in social intercourse. The love of truth and the love of goodness are, besides, the same love under different forms and in different applications. Inspired therefore by love of goodness, we render public worship to truth, because we render inward homage to it; we respect it in the relations of society, not only for the benefits which flow from it, and the rights which claim it, but because we venerate it in itself. It is easy to find subtle sophisms to persuade ourselves, that such and such truths are not useful to men; but there is not one, by the help of which we can dispute, that truth is, in itself, a sacred thing.

Frankness when observed as a duty is always constrained and uneasy, and therefore imperfect; but the love of goodness and truth naturally disposes one to openness, because it leaves no interest in disguising any thing.

Good intentions are a kind of probity towards one's self; imparting to our relations with others that sustained integrity, which, inspiring perfect security, commands from the most frivolous a respectful confidence.

Men of complicated and double intentions believe themselves sincere, when they promise; and think they are not wanting in faith, when they forget what they have promised. Do they really know what engagement they intend to form? Men, whom the love of excellence animates, have no need of pledging themselves; their character is a pledge, their in-

tention is as valuable as a promise, and they will be faithful to it, because it is upright, enlightened and entire. Let the crafty boast of their success in a career, the plan of which they have concerted with finished art, and in which they have sported the most learned observations upon the means of conquering opinion and surprising confidence. It may be that they attain fortune and honors, and leave far behind them the modest and the peaceable, who confine themselves to the exact fulfilment of their duties. Yet when we have long and attentively observed the world, we discover, that, if not the most brilliant, at least the most certain, stable, easy, and the only desirable success attends men whose intentions are pure, upright and constant. By degrees they are discovered and made known, and they make immutable and advantageous connections with society, guarded by a peaceful but deep founded esteem, which increases and is confirmed every day. Naturally occupying their place, it becomes so much their own, that people hardly dream of taking it from them. But if the cunning man fails, and how many times he will fail! how will he be consoled and indemnified? The man of good intentions may fail without feeling regret, for his intentions still remain to him; but reverse destroys every thing for the crafty, and at the same time brings, to him confusion and shame. The honest man seeks his duty, and he has fulfilled it; what can he lose?

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#### FALSE SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, led astray by the imagination, sometimes transfers to outward signs what it should give to the objects themselves. Signs are intended to quicken the affections, by awakening the idea of their objects, or the relations which exist between these objects and ourselves; but the sign too often takes the place of the thing signified, in vivid and exalted imaginations. Such is the origin of all superstitions, and sensibility has its share in them. We tremble at the sight of blood, and shudder at hearing groans and cries; we wander around tombs, and think and call ourselves full of sensibility; yet we do not penetrate into the secret of silent troubles, which are always deepest; we do not recognize grief, except in the robes of mourning. We carefully collect every thing which calls back the remembrance of absent friends, and we are cold and neglect them when they are present.

We lavish our compassion upon physical sufferings, and hardly suspect those sufferings of the soul, which have a right to a more generous sympathy.

The virtue which goes directly on to its end, disperses vain shadows; attaches itself to persons; penetrates reality; examines wants, and determines results. The sensibility, which it nourishes, dwells in the soul; it, therefore, knows all its secrets; is interested in it, and brings it assistance. To the virtuous, sentiment is not recreation, but the voice of humanity itself; and in their opinion the value of affection lies in the manner in which it exercises itself; and they are only satisfied by the proofs it can give of sincerity.

An illusion arises from the influence which every thing that is surrounded with splendor, exerts over the imagination. We then confound the liveliness of impression received from such pictures, with the emotions that belong to those benevolent affections, which the sentiment of esteem so profitably cherishes. This factitious sensibility sympathizes with the joys and sorrows of those who occupy the first rank: it is excited by success, and moved in the cause of favor and powers; carrying its affections as a tribute to the idols of fame; disdaining the humble and obscure. Flatterers are more honest than we suppose; they have a real affection for power. Nothing is more reasonable than to enjoy the honors with which a friend is invested, especially if he has deserved them; we enjoy them, because we cherish his person, and are happy at his prosperity. But, if we sound the depths of our hearts, shall we not sometimes discover, that we love a friend more, when he is favored by fortune and glory? It is the decoration, which enhances his value, and seems to make us discover in him new qualities. We require illustrious misfortunes, no less in the world, than in tragedy, to move us. Yet what talisman can those employ, whom the chances of life, and the cruel injustice of opinion have affected, and who have the most sacred rights over our hearts, if our attention is so absorbed by outward splendour? What will become of the domestic affections, whose exercise must be constant and unnoticed? Theatrical decorations have disappeared; there are no more historical personages; we have come down to vulgar realities.

Is nothing brilliant or attractive, unless it is out of the common course? If exaltation of mind can only be produced by what is extraordinary, it is natural that it should be

slight in common situations, and entirely pass away by continued experience. Now, it is when there is no excitement, that virtue appears in all its power. It gently lifts the veil of obscurity and modesty; it teaches us to love our fellow beings for their own sakes, and to cherish them most when they have most need of us; when they are humble and discontented, and when our love can indemnify them for the inattention of others.

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#### SIMPLICITY OF CHARACTER.

THE same assistance, which simplicity lends to genius in the arts, it lends to virtue in the moral education of man. It adorns a great and beautiful character, by preserving to the heart its virginity, to the powers their soundness, to motives their purity. In character, it is truth of sentiment and faithful action; and in mind, truth of thought and adequate expression. It is to virtue what good sense is to reason.

Simplicity of manners and language is approved by the worldly as the natural accompaniment of what is noble and distinguished; yet simplicity of character, of which this is the image, is rarely appreciated. This is because it is difficult for the worldly to understand it. How can the man who only seeks the end prescribed by duty, be understood, by those, who, while they act, are thinking of the opinion of others? While the worldly live for spectators, the simple man lives for reality; he passes along unperceived, and rejoices in this obscurity, because by it he remains more free. But when he executes great things, naturally, and with ease—having lived unremarked, and perhaps disdained—what surprise he excites! Being compelled to admire him, men ask whence he derived such miraculous powers? And they find it was from that very simplicity, which made him overlooked, but which allowed him silently to collect all the energies of his nature. While the worldly have wasted the gifts of nature, he has preserved them entire; while they have wandered by chance, he has gone towards the goal assigned to him; while they have grown old, he has preserved the freshness of youth; while they have sunk under the chains they have imposed upon themselves, he has remained obedient to primitive inspirations. They had classed him with the vulgar; but now they are the vulgar in comparison with him.

If we are doubtful of our own intentions, if we are deceived about our own views, it is because we admit a plurality of motives: ambiguity arises from complication. Simplicity is a habit of candor and honesty; which the soul forms in its dealings with itself. We may have mental reservation in self-intercourse as well as in our intercourse with others: simplicity banishes both. There is nothing in it, which may not be confessed and seen. From this inward sincerity springs a naïve and frank integrity of manner. Simplicity does not secretly take back a portion of what it gives; it does not secretly retract what it says; it neither has reservation nor concealment; it is not lost in interpretation, and commentaries, and subtle distinctions; it says *yes* or *no*. A few words are sufficient for it; its glance alone is language; it has expressions exclusively its own, which stamp as with an inimitable seal, carrying certain conviction. Its negligences are charmingly graceful, because they evidence disinterested self-forgetfulness; they are like those waving draperies, which the hand of art suffers to flow like a light veil over the most beautiful forms. How easy and sure simplicity renders every thing! What liberty of motion! What rapidity of progress! What perseverance of purpose! What cordiality in affection! What self-forgetfulness in friendship! What exchanges of confidence! What peaceful relations with others!

Simplicity of character, by freeing us from a thousand shackles, protects self-government, as it protects the love of excellence, because we escape, by it, all unnatural situations of the heart. It is always strong, because it uses its powers with economy; reserving them for the decisive moment, and bringing them forth in view of a clearly perceived end. It is not fatigued by the efforts, which the necessity of taking a part requires, and by the affectation and over refinement, which are its consequences; it does not waste itself in a vain labor, which would have for its object merely the art of appearing. It acts with the freshness of the morning, and enjoys all the vigor of youth.

Simplicity procures a healthful repose for the mind and heart. It prevents us from being tormented, in a thousand ways, by vain and trifling solicitudes. It guards us from the excess of an inquietude, which wants to foresee, and to be, every thing. It accustoms us to see and to take things as they are. And why, after all, should we be disturbed! What do we seek, and what shall we gain, by so much toil? What

is this fruitless torture, which we impose upon ourselves? Why do we not allow ourselves to breathe? The good that we pursue, is nearer to our soul than we think; it would come to it, if we only consented to be more calm. Let us not be deceived: if we are so much interested in finding outward supports, it is because we feel our own weakness; we run to meet the yoke, in order to dispense with having a will of our own, and consequently, with making an effort. Let us be simple, and we shall dare more; we shall rely less on foreign aid; we shall have fewer difficulties to conquer; we shall judge of our strength better, and exert it more calmly.

The world imagines, that in simplicity there is a want of sagacity; and laughs at what it supposes its ignorance. Yes, it is ignorant, but it is a happy ignorance of useless things. Besides, it is full of true knowledge, such as springs from the power of knowing one's self. If there is a multitude of details, which it does not understand, yet what a rapid and sure understanding it has of all that is noble, generous and great!

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#### GOOD HABITS.

We repeat incessantly, that we ought to form good habits. Nothing is more true, but this is not saying enough; these habits should be founded on a good principle;—that is to say, upon an enlightened conviction, upon a reflective sentiment, without which they would only constitute a kind of external regularity, and would not contribute to moral improvement. But this is not enough: even when the best habits have been contracted, it is also necessary to refer frequently to the principle, which has presided over their formation; and, as knowledge once acquired by memory, would become barren and dead, if it were not frequently restored to its primitive vigor by generating theorems, so also laudable qualities would grow dim by degrees, if they were not frequently reanimated by the vital warmth of moral sentiment.

In short, it would be renouncing the principal benefit to be expected from habits, to repose upon them and dispense with that internal activity, which should aspire incessantly to new acquisitions. The cultivation of intellect is checked, if we turn perpetually in the same circle of ideas: ideas obtained, ought to be unceasingly subjected to new developments which call forth from them new relations. This con-

tinued internal labor adds to the clearness of the notions we possess, by rendering them fruitful, in proportion as it multiplies their number, it makes them more easily understood, establishing a more perfect consistency between them: as we know more, we know better. Moral cultivation is checked, also, if we neglect to offer to the love of excellence new aliment, and to self-government matter for new triumphs.

When we repose upon the consciousness of good habits, we allow the inward powers, by which the soul acts and displays itself, to languish and become extinct. We keep up the appearance of action in the external world, but the internal life ceases; thus, this pretended fatal repose, is, in reality, going backward. On the contrary, when the love of excellence, and self-government, the active faculties of the soul, maintain their footing by successive conquests, all acquired qualities receive from them new force and purity. For all rules, all motives of excellence, preserve strict analogy to each other, and are derived from a common source; and the farther we advance, the more completely we seize the intimate relations which unite them.

Thus when we recommend exercise as the principal means of progress, it must be understood, that we are not only to exercise ourselves in acting, but in feeling and seeing also; that we are not only to repeat mechanically the same things, but to preserve the motives also, and to grow in strength and free will. In a word, it is the soul itself, which must be exercised in its most inward faculties.

Let us beware then of breaking up the natural harmony, which should exist between good habits and the impulse of progressive activity. Let us beware of wishing to subsist all our lives upon the acquisitions of a few years, and, after having begun as men, to live on as automata. He who would neglect to accept the assistance of habit, would fill incessantly the cask of the Danaïd: he would be, with regard to the practice of virtue, what a man without memory would be in regard to knowledge. Losing constantly what he acquires, having no past, binding nothing together by the spirit of connection, he would be the sport of continued change; always beginning and never finishing. Shut up in his habits, as in a sort of fortress, and condemning himself to unfold nothing more of all that is hidden within, he would cease to relish, or even understand excellence. He would no longer *live*, in the true sense of the word; he would be a sort of moral

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petrification; he would preserve only the form of what he was. While every thing around him would be renewing itself, he alone would stand still. Astonished to see himself surpassed by those, who do not share his lethargy, he would condemn progress itself, as a sort of rash innovation; he would be scandalized at improvements; we should see him deny the possibility of making ourselves better, smile disdainfully at the most just and noble hopes, and think himself exempt from illusions, when he is in reality only the slave of his prejudices. We should see him systematically impose upon others the limits he has imposed upon himself; like a paralytic, who should pretend to deny men the faculty of motion. He might even attribute to himself a marked superiority over others; for we think ourselves great, when we do not perceive our limits.

Habit lends special aid to all the virtues, which imply fidelity and constancy. The exercise of the active faculties prepares an aid, not less powerful, to the virtues which demand a spontaneous effort, a kind of transport of soul. Moreover, all the virtues unite these two conditions, but in unequal proportions. Moral education will enable us to satisfy the demands of both.

There is a great, perpetual, and universal combat in society, as well as in each individual. It is the combat between the old and the new. It embraces ideas and sentiments, arts and institutions. It is the combat between habits and efforts, between repose and motion. We might say, that these two great forces, always present, play, in the moral world, the same part which is assigned by astronomers, in the planetary system, to gravitation and impulsion; but in the planetary system they produce a perfect equilibrium; therefore its order is never broken. Or we might say, that, as in external nature, there are two principles, one permanent, matter and its properties; the other always new and productive, motion;—principles which are combined in wonderful harmony: so in the combat between the old and the new, one of the two forces is armed for resistance, the other for attack; one invokes authority, the other enthusiasm; the former seems more faithful, the latter more generous; the one, guardian of stability, preserves; the other, mother of improvements, wishes to produce; the former, by repelling all change, would stop all progress; the latter, by hastening progress, would create all dangers; the first is as immovable as the second is

presumptuous; the first is occupied only in maintaining, as if nothing had begun; the second only in creating, as if nothing had existed. Let them be united, instead of being hostile to each other. Do we not feel the need of their mutual aid? By their union, what is old will unceasingly renew its youth, which is the only preservative against destruction; what is new will be engrafted upon this only solid foundation; every thing will go on together in harmony. This great alliance will produce progress: in social order, it will be the union of customs and freedom: in science and the arts, it will be the union of experience with the spirit of invention: in morality, that of constancy and generosity. Behold, with what art, nature, in the first education of man, has combined these two rival powers! Hardly is he born, before habits are contracted; they go on multiplying daily; but, daily, new objects modify, bend and extend them, awakening and preserving internal activity. Let us continue the work of nature upon the same plan: let us watch over the origin of our habits, in order to contract salutary ones, and to form them only from mature reflection; let us watch over them also, when acquired, that they may not degenerate. But let us also turn to the future, and never cease to be young for truth and virtue. Borne upon a vast ocean, exposed to tempests, but called into port, memory shall be our anchor, hope our sail.

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#### MEDITATION.

MEDITATION is the great and universal teacher of man. Alone imparting the light of theory; it presides over all the creations of genius, discovering science, and guiding all the applications in art. But meditation performs a still more important part in our moral education; for in this last function, it sheds the fullest light, putting man in possession of all his faculties, and elevating him to all the dignity of his nature. In the arts and sciences, meditation can only elaborate the elementary facts furnished by observation. In the work of our moral education, its end is also to make us explore our own nature, in order to gather from it the elementary facts, which will reveal to us the laws of duty and initiate us into the knowledge of ourselves. In the arts and sciences, meditation operates only on the ideas of the intellect. In the work of our moral education, meditation is also called upon

to excite the feelings, which should be associated with the idea of excellence, or rather which flow from it; and animates us to put it into execution. Meditation is the soul of wisdom; but if meditation presents many difficulties in study, and is familiar only to so small a number of minds, access to it, is, on some accounts, less easy and still less common in morals. For the exercises of study are supported by different orders of sensible signs, or nomenclatures; but in the sphere of morals, this external aid is wanting. Thought remains entirely abandoned to itself, can only feed upon its own fruits, and sustain itself by its own strength.

There is, as we have said, in morality; both an idea and feeling: the idea enlightens the intellect, the feeling governs the will; but the feeling flows from the idea clearly conceived. Such is the imposing authority with which God has invested the law of duty, that in proportion as it is offered to our minds simple, and free from all that is factitious, it exercises over us certain and absolute authority. But this idea of duty we may seek in vain, in the world without; we can only find its reflection there. It resides in ourselves, in the deep sanctuary of consciousness. But it is not enough, that the idea of duty shows itself; we should take pains to discover and observe it. Ignorance and inattention cover it with a veil. When we are unfaithful to the law of duty, it is not, that we have an intention of violating it, but that we have neglected to study it. And far from doing evil for evil's sake, it would be almost impossible for us to resist the attraction of excellence, if we saw it in all its resplendence.

It is not enough, however, to glance upon this model. We must dwell upon it a long time. It is necessary, that its influence should be gradually shed upon the soul, penetrate its deep recesses, take possession of and occupy it entirely. Such is the end which the art of meditation proposes. It is therefore the first and most powerful of arts, since it alone can give man the enjoyment of the highest faculties with which the creator has endowed him, and since it alone gives to intellect the character of a cause.

Struck with the importance and fruitfulness of this great art, philosophic and ascetic writers have vied with each other, in their endeavours to trace its precepts; and we are indebted to them for a great number of useful counsels upon a subject, on which such counsels are necessary. Yet the art of meditation has shared the fate of all other arts, when over-

whelmed by the weight of didactic rules; it has been embarrassed by recommendations equally useless, both to those who are capable of acting for themselves, and to those who are not. For these recommendations tell the first of what they would do themselves, and advise the second to what they are incapable of doing. It has been loaded with almost mechanical processes, which, by endeavoring to render its operations more easy, take from them the true principle of action.

Thus, it has been thought necessary to choose a subject, determine it, circumscribe it, divide it. Time and place have been assigned for action and repose, for considerations and sentiments. The very moments for reflection and emotion have been pointed out. Maps have been drawn, methods prescribed, formulas composed. Thus the exercise of the moral and intellectual faculties has been rigorously subjected to a routine in which every thing has been arranged beforehand. It has not been considered, that these faculties, in order to fulfill their functions well, must preserve a certain degree of independence. It has been too much forgotten, that the first and most useful counsel for meditation consists in recommending that energy and freedom of mind, which permits the soul to appropriate to itself the truths it meditates upon, having drawn them from its own depths.

It is in the very sanctuary of thought, that the law of silence must be especially observed. There, all objects should be disposed in regular harmony; there, freedom should be entire; there, meditation should be protected, at once by the most serious and the most gentle images. If we have once succeeded, by these precautions and this care, in becoming capable of this noble exercise, we shall know enough of the art of meditation, or rather we shall learn the rest ourselves. Perhaps we shall feel unexpected inspirations, and much more luminous than all foreign counsels. Let us trust them, and afterwards consult our own experience.

The first thing which this experience will teach, is, that it is not necessary to fruitful meditations, to torment or harass the mind by too multiplied efforts. Meditation is the mother of strong thought and profound sentiment; but both must spring from our souls naturally. We must favor their spring, which agitation and constraint would arrest. The more spontaneous, the more energetic they will be. The art of governing our understanding does not consist in oppression

and violence, but in a wise and calm direction. Moral meditation is the soul communing with itself. It questions itself, and then must await and ponder the answer. In questioning itself, it must preserve perfect good faith; it must avoid imposing upon itself a false answer. We only understand what we have a sincere desire to know. All men have in themselves nearly the same fund of primitive ideas. They have, especially, the same moral fund. The difference, which arises between them, comes from the fact, that some know how to improve, while others neglect that fund. Those uneasy convulsions of mind, interrupting meditation while endeavouring to aid it, more usually take possession of those who are beginning. There is nothing more difficult to comprehend, than what it is which constitutes a calm activity, because there is nothing more rare than to know how to restrain one's self in the midst of emotion. We pass from sleep to agitation, and fall back from agitation to sleep. Impatience to succeed, makes us fail in the right means of success.

If we reflect upon the nature of the obstacles, which remove so great a number of men from moral meditation, we shall perceive, that these obstacles do not proceed, as in scientific and philosophical meditations, from the nature of things; but from their own negligence and frivolity. Moral notions are not like the speculations of science, composed of those abstract deductions and vast combinations which exceed the reach of ordinary minds. They are near, familiar, simple. We need not create them, we need only recognize them. Moreover, we shall recognize them, not by extraordinary efforts, but by self-recollection and good faith. Hence it follows, that no man, whatever may be his condition, is really excluded from these exercises, or, consequently, from the advantages they provide for our progress. The maxims of the first sages, which have been transmitted to us by the most ancient tradition, attest that in the infancy of civilization, there were profound meditations upon the truths which relate to human destiny. We sometimes meet, in the most obscure conditions of society, with individuals, who, although they have little acquired knowledge, have yet drawn from meditation light which astonishes; and who, thanks to this internal education, speak the language of virtue, better than the people of the world, who are vain of their knowledge. Those simple and respectable men, will not perhaps commu-

nicate their meditations: perhaps they cannot; they have not meditated by rule, and according to form; but they have contracted the habit of descending to the depths of their own hearts with perfect uprightness. They have not been turned from the study of themselves, by the distractions of vanity, and by the tumult of the world. They have learned much in a short time, under the teaching of the great instructor of men. They have learned enough to know excellence, and to love it.

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#### SELF DEVOTION

*To solitary studies accounted for.*

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,  
 And watch his lonely taper, when the stars  
 Are holding their high festival in heav'n,  
 And worshipping around the midnight throne?  
 And wherefore does he spend so patiently,  
 In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours  
 Of youth and joyance, when the blood is warm,  
 And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?  
 The sun is on the waters, and the air  
 Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants  
 Expand their leaves, and swell their buds and blow,  
 Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul  
 With perfume and with beauty. Life awakes;  
 Its wings are waving, and its fins at play  
 Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice  
 Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;  
 And children sport upon the springing turf,  
 With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fir'd  
 With a diviner passion, and the eye  
 Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is fill'd,  
 At every tender motion of the heart,  
 With purer flushings; for the boundless power,  
 That rules all living creatures, now has sway;  
 In man refin'd to holiness, a flame,  
 That purifies the heart it feeds upon:  
 And yet the searching spirit will not blend  
 With this rejoicing, these attractive charms  
 Of the glad season; but, at wisdom's shrines,

Will draw pure draughts from her unfathom'd well,  
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns  
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

He has his pleasures—he has his reward:  
For there is in the company of books;  
The living souls of the departed sage,  
And bard, and hero; there is in the roll  
Of eloquence and history, which speak  
The deeds of early and of better days;  
In these, and in the visions, that arise  
Sublime in midnight musings, and array  
Conceptions of the mighty and the good,  
There is an elevating influence,  
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts  
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where  
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.  
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk  
With high imaginings, and pictures out  
Communion with the worthies of old time:  
And then he listens in his passionate dreams,  
To voices in the silent gloom of night,  
As of the blind Mæonian, when he struck  
Wonder from out his harp-strings, and roll'd on,  
From rhapsody to rhapsody, deep sounds,  
That imitate the ocean's boundless roar;  
Or tones of horror, which the drama spake,  
Reverberated through the hollow mask,  
Like sounds, which rend the sepulchres of kings,  
And tell of deeds of darkness, which the grave  
Would burst its marble portals to reveal;  
Or his, who latest in the holy cause  
Of freedom, lifted to the heavens his voice,  
Commanding, and beseeching, and with all  
The fervor of his spirit pour'd abroad,  
Urging the sluggish souls of self-made slaves  
To emulate their fathers, and be free;  
Or those, which in the still and solemn shades  
Of Academus, from the wooing tongue  
Of Plato, charmed the youth, the man, the sage,  
Discoursing of the perfect and the pure,  
The beautiful and holy, till the sound,  
That play'd around his eloquent lips, became  
*The honey of persuasion, and was heard,*

As oracles amid Dodona's groves.  
 With eye upturn'd watching the many stars,  
 And ear in deep attention fix'd, he sits,  
 Communing with himself, and with the world,  
 The universe around him, and with all  
 The beings of his memory, and his hopes;  
 Till past becomes reality, and joys,  
 That beckon in the future, nearer draw,  
 And ask fruition. O! there is a pure,  
 A hallow'd feeling in these midnight dreams;  
 They have the light of heaven around them, breathe  
 The odour of its sanctity, and are  
 Those moments taken from the sands of life,  
 Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom,  
 Like islands flow'ring on Arabia's wild.  
 And there is pleasure in the utterance  
 Of pleasant images in pleasant words,  
 Melting like melody into the ear,  
 And stealing on in one continual flow,  
 Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy  
 Ineffable, to dwell upon the lines,  
 That register our feelings, and portray,  
 In colors always fresh and ever new,  
 Emotions, that were sanctified, and lov'd,  
 As something far too tender and too pure,  
 For forms so frail and fading. I have sat,  
 In days, when sensibility was young,  
 And the heart beat responsive to the sight,  
 The touch, and music of the lovely one;  
 Yes, I have sat, entranc'd, enraptur'd, till  
 The spirit would have utterance, and words  
 Flow'd full of hope, and love, and melody,  
 The gushings of an overburden'd heart  
 Drunk with enchantment, bursting freely forth,  
 Like fountains in the early days of spring.

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#### MAN'S NOBLER ATTRIBUTES.

In exact proportion as the brutal parts of our nature are  
 enthralled by the nobler attributes of humanity, we are dis-  
 satisfied with the littleness and worthlessness of all things  
 about us, and, refusing to regard the objects of this life, as an  
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adequate end to our endeavors, or the pleasure this world offers, as enough, we lift ourselves in imagination and in hope to heaven. There are moments in the life of most men, when there is a feeling, as if darkness and chains had broken away; when the affections are pure and peaceful, and the thoughts are ranging free and high; when the existence, the love, and the presence of God are borne in upon our souls, with a power, that will not be withstood, and the heart is swelling, as if it would open to receive the whole influence of the Deity. We may well believe it is at such times, that man is most like to that which his spirit may be; and how idle would it seem to him, or rather what a loathing horror would it excite to tell him then, that his mind could not wander beyond the grave, and must rest satisfied with the belief, that they, whom he had loved and lost, were spiritual essences, without form or substance, which his hands might as well lay hold of, as his imagination or his faith attempt to approach. Every thing in his heart and in his mind would rise up to refute the falsehood; there would be a voice within him too loud and too distinct to be misunderstood or disregarded, and it would tell him, that the world of spirits is not an unimaginable abyss of nothingness, but the home of sentient, active beings, as conscious of individuality, and as full of thought and of affection, as they were before they went from time into eternity.

The doctrines of a future state are not to be proved by logical deductions from the truths our senses teach. It was well said by the author of the 'Light of Nature,' that not one in a hundred was ever satisfied with the arguments brought to prove the existence of God and another life, unless he was convinced, that these propositions were true, before he began to reason about them; because they, whose hearts and intellects are shrouded in a darkness, which is not penetrated by the higher proof to be derived from the direct perception of these first truths—from the intuition of the soul—can scarcely be enlightened by the feeblér ray of reason. All knowledge and all belief rests, of course, upon intuition, as its first and necessary foundation; but is it therefore true, that the belief of spiritual truths must be referred to sensual perceptions, as its only primary source? There is an intuition of the soul, as of the eye. Man does not believe in his Maker, because he can institute a train of reasoning, a series of exact and logical inferences, and then feel his mind per-

suaded by his own arguments; but because he sees him;— 'sees him in clouds, and hears him in the wind;' and though argument and inference may afterwards sustain and confirm him in this belief, it could scarcely have originated from them, for it is only to those who already believe and feel, that there is a God, that his power and love are borne upon every sunbeam, and uttered in the breathing of every wind.

It is scarcely too much to say, that human reasoning can do, no more to prove the reality of the sanctions of a future state, than is done in Butler's Analogy; yet all that is done there is to show, that the probability of this truth is sufficiently strong to warrant our acting upon it. Reasoning, mere argument, can do no more; but is there not in the heart of every man, who has any religion, a deep conviction, that far more than this is true? When infidelity denies the infinite and eternal attributes of God, and urges, that the power, and wisdom, and love manifested in the universe prove the existence and operation of a cause adequate to the effects that appear; that is, of a God, if we please to say so, clothed with enough of divine attributes to make the world as it is, but that they do not prove, that there is one with sufficient love, or wisdom, or power, to make the world better than it is, it is not reason, but something higher than reason, it is not the head, but the heart that replies, for all the sin and suffering, the weakness and the wretchedness of man, and for all the disorder and desolation, which man has inflicted like a curse upon the world, we know that he who made it is love and wisdom.

We know then that God is illimitable, and that we live again, not because we can go back logically from effects through causes to a first cause, and not because we can gather from a world of senseless change, where every change of every thing is but a step towards decay and dissolution, proof of a coming state, which shall be eternal and absolute, but because, whenever earthly feelings do not so close around us, as to shut out every glimpse of heaven, we can see and feel, that there is a power somewhere, which can be limited and controlled by no other power, and that, while our bodies perish, the life that is in us dieth not. This is the highest proof of the highest truth; but this evidence asserts with as much force the character and condition of the eternal world, as its existence. We are driven by the necessity of our nature, to give a form and an individual existence to every thing,

which we would make the subject of thought. There is not a sermon written from the heart, or preached with power, that does not speak of departed spirits, as perfectly retaining their recollections, their affections, their consciences, their identity. We cannot speak to a child, of heaven, and bid him be good, that he may go up from the grave and live there happily, but we give him at once an idea of another life, differing little from this in its external and apparent circumstances. We cannot stand by the bed of the dying, and comfort him who is convulsed with the agonies and trembling with the horrors of death, but by awakening within his soul the hope and the belief, that his being 'is sown a natural body, to rise a spiritual body;' and therefore that he is still to be,—still to be a man, with all the thoughts and feelings, which make him such, unharmed, untouched by the disease, which restores the frame he no longer needs to its original elements. Now these imperious, these unavoidable convictions of the mind and heart, upon which rest all the truths that dignify, and all the hopes which cheer humanity, should scarcely be considered as nothing more than the necessary weaknesses and wanderings of imperfect beings. Are they not rather glimpses of light permitted to shine upon our upward path, that we may not be in utter ignorance whither it shall lead? At any rate, who will deny, that impressions of an individual and substantial existence in another life are sufficiently strong and universal to give the most profound and spirit-stirring interest to poetry adequate to them?

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#### POSTHUMOUS INFLUENCE OF THE WISE AND GOOD.

THE relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us. Their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts. We live and commune with them in their writings. We enjoy the benefit of their labors. Our institutions have been founded by them. We are surrounded by the works of the dead. Our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil. Our minds have been formed by their instructions. We are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest affections.

Their power over us remains. They are with us in our solitary walks; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight. Their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections, and our most sacred hopes. They form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven. For, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them. If we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them on earth.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he does not confer upon them this benefit; if he leaves a character dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities in the view of men; it may be that all his other services had better been forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man, eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness, and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian *liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself*; and it is thus, in one respect that he dieth not for himself.

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#### PICTURE OF A GOOD MAN.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,  
What nothing less than angel can exceed,  
A man on earth devoted to the skies.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,  
Behold him seated on a mount serene,

Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;  
 All the black cares and tumults of this life,  
 Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,  
 Excite his pity, not impair his peace.  
 Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,  
 A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,  
 Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!  
 His full reverse in all! What higher praise?  
 What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present, all their care; the future, his.  
 When public welfare calls, or private want,  
 They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.  
 Their virtues varnish nature; his, exalt.  
 Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.  
 Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities;  
 His, the composed possession of the true.  
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace;  
 All of one colour, and an even thread;  
 While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,  
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them  
 A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows  
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs. Where they  
 Behold a sun, he spies a deity:  
 What makes them only smile, makes him adore.  
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees:  
 An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.  
 They things terrestrial worship as divine;  
 His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,  
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,  
 Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.  
 Titles and honors—if they prove his fate,—  
 He lays aside, to find his dignity.  
 No dignity they find in aught besides.  
 They triumph in externals—which conceal  
 Man's real glory—proud of an eclipse.  
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,  
 And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.  
 Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect  
 Another's welfare, or his right invade:  
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.  
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong:

Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,  
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe:  
 Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.  
 A cover'd heart their character defends;  
 A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.  
 With nakedness his innocence agrees;  
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall.  
 Their no joys end where his full feast begins;  
 His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.  
 To triumph in existence his alone;  
 And his alone triumphantly to think  
 His true existence is not yet begun.  
 His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;  
 Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

## STANZAS.

*Written on visiting a scene in Argyleshire.*

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
 I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
 On the wind shaken weeds that embosom the bower,  
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;  
 And traveled by few is the grass-covered road,  
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
 To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
 By the dial-stone aged and green,  
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
 To mark where a garden had been.  
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
 All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,  
 From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace;  
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the place,  
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all  
 That remains in this desolate heart!  
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;  
 But patience shall never depart!  
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,

In the days of delusion by fancy combined,  
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns  
 When the faint and feeble deplore;  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore!  
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain  
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!  
 Yea! even the name I have worshiped in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;  
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

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#### DEATH A SUBLIME AND UNIVERSAL MORALIST.

*From a Sermon on the death of the Hon. William Pinckney,  
 preached March 3d, 1822, in the hall of the house of representa-  
 tives in congress.*

No object is so insignificant, no event so trivial, as not to carry with it a moral and religious influence. The trees that spring out of the earth are moralists. They are emblems of the life of man. They grow up; they put on the garments of freshness and beauty. Yet these continue but for a time; decay seizes upon the root and the trunk, and they gradually go back to their original elements. The blossoms that open to the rising sun, but are closed at night never to open again, are moralists. The seasons are moralists, teaching the lessons of wisdom, manifesting the wonders of the Creator, and calling on man to reflect on his condition and destiny. History is a perpetual moralist, disclosing the annals of past ages, showing the impotency of pride and greatness, the weakness of human power, the folly of human wisdom. The daily occurrences in society are moralists. The success or failure of enterprise, the prosperity of the bad, the adversity of the good, the disappointed hopes of the sanguine and active, the sufferings of the virtuous, the caprices of fortune in every condition of life, all these are fraught with moral instructions, and, if properly applied, will fix the power of religion in the heart.

But there is a greater moralist still; and that is, **DEATH**. Here is a teacher, who speaks in a voice, which none can

mistake; who comes with a power, which none can resist. Since we last assembled in this place as the humble and united worshipers of God, this stern messenger, this mysterious agent of Omnipotence, has come among our numbers, and laid his withering hand on one, whom we have been taught to honour and respect, whose fame was a nation's boast, whose genius was a brilliant spark from the etherial fire, whose attainments were equalled only by the grasp of his intellect, the profoundness of his judgment, the exuberance of his fancy, the magic of his eloquence.

It is not my present purpose to ask your attention to any picture drawn in the studied phrase of eulogy. I am not to describe the commanding powers and the eminent qualities, which conducted the deceased to the superiority he held; and which were at once the admiration and the pride of his countrymen. I shall not attempt to analyze his capacious mind, nor to set forth the richness and variety of its treasures. The trophies of his genius are a sufficient testimony of these, and constitute a monument to his memory, which will stand firm and conspicuous amidst the faded recollections of future ages. The present is not the time to recount the sources or the memorials of his greatness. He is gone. The noblest of Heaven's gifts could not shield even him from the arrows of the destroyer. And this behest of the Most High is a warning summons to us all. When Death comes into our door, we ought to feel that he is near. When his irreversible sentence falls on the great and the renowned, when he severs the strongest bonds, which can bind mortals to earth, we ought to feel that our hold on life is slight, that the thread of existence is slender, that we walk amidst perils, where the next wave in the agitated sea of life may baffle all our struggles, and carry us back into the dark bosom of the deep.

When we look at the monuments of human greatness, and the powers of human intellect, all that genius has invented, or skill executed, or wisdom matured; or industry achieved, or labor accomplished; when we trace these through the successive gradations of human advancement, what are they? On these are founded the pride, glory, dignity of man. And what are they? Compared with the most insignificant work of God, they are nothing, less than nothing. The mightiest works of man are daily and hourly becoming extinct. The boasted theories of religion, morals, government, which took the wisdom, the ingenuity of ages to invent, have been

proved to be shadowy theories only. Genius has wasted itself in vain; the visions it has raised have vanished at the touch of truth. Nothing is left but the melancholy certainty, that all things human are imperfect, and must fail and decay. And man himself, whose works are so fragile, where is he? The history of his works is the history of himself. He existed; he is gone.

The nature of human life cannot be more forcibly described than in the beautiful language of eastern poetry, which immediately precedes the text: 'Man, that is born of woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet, through the scent of water, it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' Such are the striking emblems of human life; such is the end of all that is mortal in man. And what a question is here for us to reflect upon! 'Man giveth up the ghost, *and where is he?*'

Yes, when we see the flower of life fade on the stalk, and all its comeliness depart, and all its freshness wither; when we see the bright eye grow dim, and the rose on the cheek lose its hue; when we hear the voice faltering its last accents, and see the energies of nature paralyzed; when we perceive the beams of intelligence grow fainter and fainter on the countenance, and the last gleam of life extinguished; when we deposite all that is mortal of a fellow-being in the dark, cold chamber of the grave, and drop a pitying tear at a spectacle so humiliating, so mournful; then let us put the solemn question to our souls, where is he? His body is concealed in the earth; but where is the spirit? Where is the intellect that could look through the works of God, and catch inspiration from the Divinity which animates and pervades the whole? Where are the powers that could command, the attractions that could charm? Where the boast of humanity, wisdom, learning, wit, eloquence, the pride of skill, the mystery of art, the creations of fancy, the brilliancy of thought? where the virtues that could win, and the gentleness that could soothe? where the mildness of temper, the generous *affections*, the benevolent feelings, all that is great and good,

all that is noble, and lovely, and pure, in the human character,—where are they? They are gone. We can see nothing: the eye of faith only can dimly penetrate the region to which they have fled. Lift the eye of faith; follow the light of the Gospel; and let your delighted vision be lost in the glories of the immortal world. Behold, there, the spirits of the righteous dead rising up into newness of life, gathering brightness and strength, unencumbered by the weight of mortal clay and mortal sorrows, enjoying a happy existence, and performing the holy service of their Maker.

Let our reflections on death have a weighty and immediate influence on our minds and characters. We cannot be too soon nor too entirely prepared to render the account, which we must all render to our Maker and Judge. All things earthly must fail us; the riches, power, possessions and gifts of the world will vanish from our sight; friends and relatives will be left behind; our present support will be taken away; our strength will become weakness; and the earth itself, and all its pomps, and honors, and attractions will disappear. Why have we been spared even till this time? We know not why, nor yet can we say that a moment is our own. The summons for our departure may now be recorded in the book of Heaven. The angel may now be on his way to execute his solemn commission. Death may already have marked us for his victims. But, whether sooner or later, the event will be equally awful, and demand the same preparation.

One, only, will then be our rock and our safety. The kind Parent, who has upheld us all our days, will remain our un-failing support. With him is no change; he is unmoved from age to age; his mercy, as well as his being, endures forever; and, if we rely on him, and live in obedience to his laws, all tears shall be wiped from our eyes and all sorrow banished from our hearts. If we are rebels to his cause, slaves to vice, and followers of evil, we must expect the displeasure of a holy God, the just punishment of our folly and wickedness; for a righteous retribution will be awarded to the evil as well as to the good.

Let it be the highest, the holiest, the unceasing concern of each one of us, to live the life, that we may be prepared to die the death, of the righteous; that when they who come after us shall ask, Where is he? unnumbered voices shall be raised to testify, that, although his mortal remains are mouldering in the cold earth, his memory is embalmed in the

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cherished recollections of many a friend who knew and loved him; and all shall say, with tokens of joy and confident belief, If God is just, and piety be rewarded, his pure spirit is now at rest in the regions of the blessed.

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#### MANLINESS OF CHARACTER.

THERE seems to be a mutual misunderstanding between men of the world and christians. Christians speak of the manly character as if it were something assuming, jealous, and revengeful; they talk as if manly spirit consists in asserting one's rights, honor, and independence on all occasions, and in making blood atone for every imaginary insult and wrong. This is not, however, a description of a *man*. The man is collected within himself; he is not easily persuaded that others *can* injure his feelings or his fame; he is sure that they cannot reach his soul. The man does not put it in the power of others to insult and wound him; he feels like despising insults, where others are furious to revenge them. The manly character, as enlightened men of the world understand it, is calm and forbearing, as well as strong and commanding. It is,—where it is found genuine,—the very character christianity desires to enlist in its service; because, furnished with christian principles and aims, it will move deliberately and surely onward in that improvement which bears the corruptible up to incorruption and the mortal to immortality. Why then do so many preachers misrepresent this character? why speak of it as if it were made up still of the vices of heathenism, and the follies of chivalry, and never had been changed in the least by the influence of our religion. Can they not see that by so doing they embalm the evil? They insist upon it that it is manly to avenge insults. This is not true; but if they insist on saying it, they must not complain if others believe it, and if those who aspire, as the young always do, to be manly, without knowing precisely what it means, should be led by their own teaching to cherish vices for virtues, and shame instead of glory. On the other hand, men of the world mistake the christian character yet more widely; they say to themselves, 'How timid and abject it is! how entirely it narrows the mind! how it prevents all vigorous action! It would take the man of business, and tell him to spend life in lonely musings; it

would call men home from the ground of action, to cherish feelings and note down emotions; it would tell the thoughtful man to refrain from all independent research, and never to look beyond the letter.' In a word, christianity, as men of the world understand it, is not a very forcible nor intellectual thing; but, because it is harmless and well-meaning, they pay respect to its institutions, and to the hearts in which it resides.

But we must say what constitutes the manly christian character. The foremost trait is decision of mind, supported by strength of heart. Religion is an active duty; it is not so contemplative as many suppose; it never retires to meditate, leaving any active duty undone, if it can be done. True, our Saviour retired to meditate and pray; but it was when the night had come, and no man could work,—when the streets of Jerusalem were still, when deep sleep was on every eye, when the mourning for a time forgot their sorrows, and the sick were relieved from their pain;—then it was, that having worked the works of him that sent him all the day, he felt at liberty to spend the night in prayer to God. He never seems to have given time to sacred thought, so long as any thing remained to do; and we fear that the reason why men are so partial to the contemplative duties of religion, is, that it is pleasant to have the heart engaged in meditation, while it is hard to keep the hands busy in the service of God. But it is true nevertheless, that all depends, not on contemplations, feelings, and resolutions, but deeds. Active duty being thus important, it follows, that the manly trait, decision of mind, is one of the greatest excellences man can possess. Our Saviour himself possessed it in perfection; he was never for a moment at a loss, though surrounded by those who were proposing artful questions and writing down his replies. Though snares were every where spread for him, he walked through the world with confidence and security; and there never was a moment, when any hesitation, any faltering on his part, gave the least advantage to his foes. The reason was, that he had but one star to guide him; he had a single purpose in his breast, which he was determined to accomplish; and that was, to finish the work which was given him to do.

## INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP.

HAPPY are those, who, in the beings to whom they are bound by the ties of nature, find models, and who can thus join the sentiment of veneration to the instincts of tenderness! What love is this, mingling with admiration and blending with the very culture of virtue! Happier still are those, who by offering examples of a good life to the beings whom nature has placed under their protection, can thus confer upon them the greatest of all benefits, by giving to their hearts the most useful instructions, and offering to their affections the most lawful titles. How constantly should attention to this be observed in the ties, which are of our own choosing! Over these intimate relations should preside a wise reserve and an enlightened discernment. We complain incessantly of having been deceived in our sentiments. Ought we not rather to accuse ourselves of having been imprudent and blind in the relations we have contracted? This is not all: it is not given to us to find around us perfect beings; habitual intercourse makes us gradually perceive the imperfections even of the best. Lest these discoveries should surprise and chill us, lest the freshness of sentiment should thus decay,—there is a sort of delicate care to be taken in observing the objects of our affections, in order that they may not be deprived of their coloring, by the impressions which familiarity tends to produce; we should veil from our own eyes what is least distinguished in them: we should preserve unsullied the sentiment which honors them; for we truly love only what we can recognize as honorable.

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TO THE MOON.

WHEN the gross cares of daylight end,  
And selfish passions cease to be,  
How will the exulting thought ascend  
Bright mystery, to thee!

Distant and calm, the spirit land,  
To which is breathed hope's fondest prayer,  
Where seraph's wings their hues expand,  
And harpings charm the air.

O, glorious is the rising sun,  
Pavilioned in his blushing glow,  
When fairy winds have just begun  
To wake the flowers below.

Or shrined amid the western gold,  
While evening's balmy odors rise,  
And fancy can almost behold  
The elysium of the skies.

Yet far surpassing the bright dawn  
Of purple sunset is thy power;  
For death's dim veil is half withdrawn  
At thy presiding hour.

Affection seeks, in thy calm sphere,  
The soul beyond life's stormy sea;  
And minds too pure to sorrow here,  
Fair planet, dwell with thee.

The bright stars shine around thy throne,  
The lonely ocean greets thy ray;  
Air, sea, and earth,—all seem to own  
Thy spiritual sway.

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## THE SILK-WORM.

THERE is no form upon our earth,  
That bears the mighty Maker's seal,  
But has some charm: to draw this forth,  
We need but hearts to feel.

I saw a fair young girl—her face  
Was sweet as dream of cherished friend—  
Just at the age when childhood's grace  
And maiden softness blend.

A silk-worm in her hand she laid;  
Nor fear, nor yet disgust, was stirred;  
But gayly with her charge she played,  
As 'twere a nestling bird.

She raised it to her dimpled cheek,  
And let it rest and revel there:  
O, why for outward beauty seek!  
Love makes its favorites fair.

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That worm—I should have shrunk, in truth,  
 To feel the reptile o'er me move,—  
 But, loved by innocence and youth,  
 I deemed it worthy love.

Would we, I thought, the soul imbue,  
 In early life, with sympathies  
 For every harmless thing, and view  
 Such creatures formed to please,—

And, when with *usefulness* combined,  
 Gives them our love and gentle care,—  
 O, we might have a world as kind  
 As God has made it fair!

There is no form upon our earth,  
 That bears the mighty Maker's seal,  
 But has some charm: to call this forth,  
 We need but hearts to feel.

#### GRATITUDE AND SENSIBILITY.

JUST pride fears to incur debts of gratitude too lightly. Just delicacy shrinks from incurring them from those it cannot esteem, or with whom it can preserve only fugitive relations. Self-love also frequently repulses an obligation which humbles it; and singleness of heart refuses to promise what it has not the means of performing. But there are benefits, which it is not in our power to reject, and which have even anticipated us before any reflection on our part. There is sometimes an exquisite delicacy, which requires us to accept; and sensibility takes pleasure in receiving, in the most intimate intercourse of affection; thereby offering a more perfect pledge of love. He who accepts, loves. Gratitude, born under such auspices, becomes the instructor and protector of sensibility. It gives to the affections the character of a sacred debt. It elevates in our eyes those whom it makes us love; it disposes us to respect others; it feeds on memory; it is the fidelity of the heart; it takes selfishness captive, as it were, to love, and obliges it to render homage. Gratitude also has a sort of generosity, which is peculiar to it; this is the very sacrifice it imposes upon self-love. Let us rejoice, then, that our destiny in life called us to receive, in infancy and youth, so long a train of benefits. It is be-

cause gratitude was given us to preside over the education of our sensibility. Let us rejoice, in old age, to find ourselves dependent upon the services of others. Gratitude will thus again warm the heart to sensibility in the evening of life. We have need of others from the cradle to the grave, because love should occupy the avenues and the issues of life. What is it to live, if it is not to love?

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#### ADVANTAGES MAY BE DRAWN FROM OUR OWN FAULTS.

EVERY thing may contribute to our improvement, even the faults which seem to keep us back; and of all our means of progress, these may become the most useful, since the occasions are so constant and general.

Sometimes the extraordinary flight, which some one of the faculties of the heart or mind takes, breaks the equilibrium which ought to reign among them; sometimes the consciousness they have of their intentions, or the feeling they have of their strength, inspires in them a too blind confidence; sometimes they go beyond the end, in abandoning themselves, without reserve and without measure, to a movement honorable in its principle; sometimes their attention, absorbed by the efforts which difficult enterprizes require, neglects to keep watch on other circumstances; sometimes they think they may allow themselves some negligences, as a sort of indemnity for their sacrifices; and they believe themselves authorized to be less severe upon themselves, on account of the merits they have acquired.

All of us experience, more or less, and suffer from these vicissitudes. Sometimes we ourselves change, without being able to account for it; sometimes we can go forward naturally and without effort; sometimes we are drawn away to what is evil, in spite of ourselves. Holy inspirations come and go with the rapidity of light: the soul is elevated, and falls down; wakes up and sleeps again; is kindled by the brightness of excellence, is exhausted by too prolonged contemplation. We are subject, as it were, to various internal maladies, during which we can hardly recognize ourselves; then our views are agitated, and our sensibility appears extinguished. The more we have tasted of elevated things, the more we are discouraged by these failures. To form resolutions; to break or forget them; to conceive noble hopes;

to be beaten down in courage; to experience generous sentiments; to yield to childish weakness; to project, to essay, to fail, to be discouraged, to experience regret;—is not this an abridged history of our life?

Unfortunately the feeling of these faults, when we do recognize them, produces upon us generally an effect very different from that which ought to attend them. We do not do evil for evil's sake; but when we do evil, we exclude the image of good, lest it should importune us: we are agitated; disorder enters into the mind and heart; having given up to weakness, we become more feeble for falling; being carried away, we are intoxicated, and lose the sense of proportion. If we cannot acknowledge ourselves guilty, we falsify conscience; if we do recognize ourselves culpable, we become accustomed to the idea of our faults, and consent to be culpable, and are in danger of degrading ourselves.

But let us stop before we fall into this abyss. Let us take care, above all things, not to let a first fault act upon us like an *engagement*; let us take care not to live associated with our fault without disavowing it—nor to accept stains upon our character, nor inward shame, the most ignominious of all shame. A fault is a little thing, if the character still preserves vitality. It is indeed unfortunate, that a severe world often overwhelms without pity, by an irrevocable decree, those who have failed. It puts on them the seal of hopeless reprobation. In taking away the hope of reinstatement, it condemns the guilty to persevere in dishonoring themselves forever; it excites them to render themselves despicable; it seems to say to them, 'Vice is your lot and heritage.' Yet the world which pronounces such a proscription, is the same world which holds in its bosom so much unheard of crime, and which sometimes can excuse so easily, can praise extravagantly, can flatter, and which even prescribes great violations of duty, if they be surrounded with brilliancy, followed by success, or conformed to prejudice. Perhaps the wretch, who is proscribed, is, notwithstanding his fault, less corrupted than his judges. Happy are those compassionate beings who bring aid to the most real of misfortunes; who stretch out their hands to the falling; who, by testifying their solicitude, give a pledge to them of the return of esteem! True physicians of the soul! who do not wound again the wounded, but cure them; who give to them hope, as a means of remedy; who, strong in their own virtue, do not fear to

show themselves indulgent; and who, by a well understood indulgence, open the way of repentance. Thanks be rendered to religious doctrines, which hold open constantly to the repentant the doors of the sanctuary of virtue, which restore in the eyes of the supreme judge those who have been wounded by the capricious opinion of men!


The experience of our faults is a luminous introduction to the knowledge of mankind, and also to the science which has for its object the conduct of life. It is the education of benevolence; it makes us cherish more ardently the communion of the good; it makes us better support communion with the imperfect: the sentiment of our imperfections brings us more near to them, disposes us to the affections we ought to bear to them, inspires us with condescension, and obtains for us, in return, a confidence more entire, on their part. When, pursued with regret for a fault committed, we have the happiness of meeting with a being touched by adversity, and the power of assisting him, it seems as if our conscience were solaced, that we have found the means of reconciling ourselves again with duty. The consolations which we can thus open to others, soothe our inward pains; the tears of gratitude that fall upon us, heal our sick hearts of their wounds:—acts of charity are a beautiful and sweet expiation.

Of all the exercises of generosity, the most noble, the most extended, the most difficult, is that which carries to men useful assistance in moral maladies. But what physician will give useful directions, if not he who has himself experienced the evils he seeks to cure? From the remembrance of our faults we draw the most efficacious counsels, and find the secret of that language which may make them understood by others.

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#### TENDENCY TO EXCELLENCE.

ALTHOUGH it may not be granted to man to attain perfection, it is his destiny to direct himself towards it, and to approach it without ceasing. It is by this characteristic trait that we recognize the noble and elevated. Their eyes are ever directed upward; their march is constantly progressive; they have before them an indefinite career. Thus they preserve an immortal youth, and their life is animated by a powerful interest, and embellished by a high hope.



It is the characteristic of mediocrity in morals, as well as in the arts, to be satisfied with itself, and to see nothing beyond its own narrow limits. Importuned by the presence of what is superior, and alarmed by counsels which excite to progress, vulgar souls seek security in inaction, felicity in torpor; having a thousand pretexts for forbidding themselves all progress that would be accompanied with an effort. Sometimes they even affect a sort of disdain for what is distinguished, in order to console their vanity, while yielding to their effeminacy. They have genius only to conceive impossibilities, eloquence only to celebrate obstacles, and they profess a sort of worship for limitations. The stationary condition, in the eyes of certain people, is the ideal of prudence and wisdom. They confound immobility with perseverance; condemn all progress as temerity; all hope as an illusion. Thus they establish, shut up, and imprison themselves, in an existence in some sort entirely mechanical, in which the only reason for acting, is to continue what they have begun to do, in which they confirm and encourage themselves in their errors, faults, and weaknesses, as if an irrevocable sentence had condemned them never to be free. Thus every thing is cooled, coagulated, paralyzed: man passes as it were into the fossil state; the very good he does, loses its charm; habits take the place of sentiments; routine dispenses with resolutions.

When thus carried on without acting, we turn constantly in the same circle; we feel no need of motives. But though we think to remain stationary in morals, there is no moral condition really so; and he who does not advance, goes back; for every day brings with it losses, which demand to be compensated by acquisitions; and we can only be supported by a spirit of life, which tends to constant regeneration. Indifference is certain failure. Thus the learned man when he learns no more, already forgets. While we continue to act externally in the same manner, we no longer continue to carry the same sentiment into our actions; with similar conduct we no longer have the same merit. Let us examine this treaty, which is formed with moral mediocrity, and ask ourselves what we do? what we mean? what we expect? what idea we have conceived of our destiny? whether we have a destiny? whether we feel, within, a voice which invites us to self-esteem, which calls upon us to grow and become more elevated? We think ourselves estimable. We are regular, per-

haps, but we are not truly virtuous, for we imprudently think to enjoy security. If new circumstances transpire, what guide will direct us? If unforeseen difficulties spring up in our path, how shall we know how to conquer them? May God preserve us from the great vicissitudes of fate, from strong temptations and perilous situations!

The love of excellence cannot be subjected thus to a rigorous and fixed measurement: it is in its nature active, expansive, thirsting for conquests. To declare that we have prescribed limits, which we will not surpass, is to confess that we do not feel for excellence true love: it is contradicting ourselves. To declare that we will stop at a given point in the career, is to confess that we have not known the true motives, which should already lead even to that point; if they had been understood and felt, we should be impelled to pass beyond it.

Far from being frightened from the tendency to the best, as from an excessive fatigue, we should soon acknowledge, from our own experience, that the practice of duty becomes on the contrary always more easy and pleasant, in proportion as we advance towards excellence. Do we wish for an example; that inward peace which is the fruit of virtuous habits and the sweet privilege of innocence of heart, becomes in its turn most favorable to knowing, feeling, and practising all which is excellent.

It is to the cowardly and lukewarm that duty becomes a yoke. Such is the close relation which exists among all the virtues, that each of them, in proportion as it is acquired, invites and calls upon its companions and lends them its support. This progressive march also preserves in the heart of man an inexpressible joy and hilarity, which redoubles his strength, disposes him for new undertakings, and aids him in their accomplishment. It is in the monotony of an existence without an aim, that we find lassitude. The activity of an existence consecrated to the search after excellence, finds in itself its encouragement and reward. The higher man rises into moral regions, the more he sees his horizon extend: from the summits which rise before him, come at once strength and light.

For advancement in excellence, there is a way traced out by prudence, an important and difficult art, which comports little with general and absolute rules, because it is modified for every one by his own individual disposition.

We will begin with what is most easy: nothing is more prudent and natural; but we will not put off too long attempting also what is difficult; for we gain strength only by struggling against difficulties. Let us beware of flying them; let us only take care to graduate them.

We will begin by satisfying precise and rigorous obligations, before proceeding to works of pure supererogation; but let us not forbid ourselves to listen also to the generous inspirations, which sometimes invite us to pass beyond the strict line of duty! Often, in accomplishing a noble action, we obtain new strength to obey positive precepts: love disposes to respect, beneficence is an aid to justice.

We will begin by exercising ourselves in the virtues, which are of most immediate and frequent application. These are the most necessary; they are also those which make themselves best understood and felt, and which bring with them most powerful encouragements, because we best see the result and taste the reward. It is easy to romance upon virtues, which we shall have no occasion to apply, and to draw from thence a pretext for neglecting those, the daily practice of which is demanded of us: this manner of making ourselves virtuous, hypothetically, flatters at once our idleness and our vanity; but it deceives the wish for improvement, it enervates its principle. Let us then apply ourselves to the duties which belong most peculiarly to our calling, to our situation in life; duties most familiar and least brilliant, but more favorable to our improvement, precisely because they have less attraction for self-love. This shows a new and admirable value of those family duties, with which Providence has strewed the whole course of our lives, as if to give a value to each of our moments; as if to consecrate our most habitual and intimate relations; as if to change home into a sanctuary of virtue!

There are virtues which may be called *mother-virtues*, because they are as it were the main branch of a great number of others; such are, for example, gratitude and justice. Let these, then, be the first objects of our ambition and efforts; we shall draw from them, beforehand, understanding, and taste for those which are subordinate to them: we shall better penetrate into the principles and motives which should lead us to excellence; we shall better feel by what secret ties our duties are connected together: we shall judge better the rank they observe in regard to each other.

## LABOR.

WHEN we consider that labor is the condition to which most men are subjected, we are powerfully drawn to meditate upon a subject so much connected with our earthly destiny. At first sight, the philosophic friend of humanity is saddened at the view of so much fatigue; especially when considering the kinds of labor that form the general task, so monotonous, apparently so barren for the mind and heart; and he asks with surprise, if this being, bent to the earth, exercising himself in a work-shop, almost assimilated to mechanical instruments, is truly the immortal being, of whose noble origin and august vocation he has conceived; he demands how such a state of things can be reconciled with the dignity of our nature; how moral progress can be possible in those who seem condemned to a life wholly animal; and he asks if, in the high ideas he has formed of the designs of Providence concerning man, he has not been led away by beautiful but chimerical illusions.

No; he has not presumed too much upon the destination and dignity of man, or the hopes of improvement which are offered to him. Labor, if we see all the extent of its effects, far from destroying, confirms these views of wisdom.

Man here below is on all sides in contact, it is true, with material nature, depending upon it by means of his first wants, subjected to it by means of the impressions of his senses. But, by labor, material nature is subdued, conquered, transformed; the invisible powers of air and water are seized and governed, and rendered fruitful; and man raises upon earth the immense monument which the arts of civilization have constructed for the use of human society. Thus the obscure labor of a simple individual takes, in our estimation, a new character. But it may have still more extended effects. From this competence, this general prosperity, which the process of labor brings about, springs knowledge, and all the moral influences developed by the social relations. The labor of a great number procures, for some, leisure for meditation; and the fruits of these meditations serve as moral aliment to the many, conducing to their improvement and happiness. Thus each one, by his labor, beside producing what is necessary for his physical existence, concurs also, indirectly, in providing the useful knowledge, in which, in many ways, he participates.

Thus, every thing, in the constitution and movements of society, may be referred to labor: it is the universal lever of the power of man over nature, the source of every production. In this relation, every kind of labor acquires a character of nobleness, being elevated to the dignity of virtue, becoming the fulfilment of a universal duty, and being converted into a tribute to the society to which we owe all that we are. We are too much accustomed to seek virtue in extraordinary and brilliant actions, or in whatever is out of the common course. We should recognize it in the most common actions, when they enter into the designs of Providence concerning our destination. Let us make it the very substance of our life, nor allow self-love to corrupt and satisfy our notions of excellence. Labor is a virtue; and this cheering thought changes entirely the point of view, under which man's destiny here below presents itself: for it is a virtue, which is the patrimony of all, and especially of the most obscure, the most numerous, and the least favored by fortune. It is a virtue, which consecrates all those unknown fatigues so ill rewarded; and which are even disdained by the world, for the tribute which they carry to the general prosperity. It is a virtue which impresses a moral character on occupations in appearance wholly material; a virtue giving merit to actions, that fill the largest part of our life, and which would have been done otherwise from mere necessity,—a virtue giving elevated motives for what we must at any rate do. The miner, buried in the earth, striking the rock with his hammer, and seeming rather to suffer punishment, than exercise industry, sees his existence reanimated, embellished; a light, purer than the day-light of which he is deprived, shines into his subterranean cavern; he cheerfully resumes the instrument, which had fallen from his discouraged hands, and says, 'And I also accomplish the sacred law, imposed upon the creature! For me also, life is the novitiate of a higher destiny!' This 'working-day-world' becomes a temple, whence arises the concert of a universal hymn, the hymn of submission to the supreme decree. Thus man raises his brow with a just loftiness. The creature of God is not left with a withered heart and broken spirit. Is it not even the work of creation that his hand adorns and brings to perfection, accomplishing the designs of the creator? Is it not the great edifice of society, which he helps to raise? What a hidden value he discovers under these gross appearances!

This victory, gained over external nature, becomes the image and the emblem of a wise and sublime victory, that should be gained over the *senses* and passions. The first also disposes to the second.

In labor there is a moral mystery, profound and serious; it is a fundamental and necessary means of education for every individual.

A fixed and regular occupation is indispensable to man, preventing the disorder into which he is thrown by his impatience to move, combined with the uncertainty of his movements; relieving him from ennui; preventing his strength from being perhaps destroyed; preserving activity by regulating and guarding it from error. Labor subjects the senses to a salutary regimen, teaching them, that they are not only instruments of enjoyment, but organs of action, and means of useful production. It is the school of sobriety and temperance, preventing and appeasing the storms of imagination, dissipating vain delusions, turning us from vague reveries, leading us back to reality, and giving authority to the teachings of practice. Exercises of labor cultivate attention by the application they demand, and constrain us to perseverance, precision, method, and to enter into the secrets of method and perseverance,—secrets so important for the whole of our conduct. Labor restrains those secret desires, whose unregulated impetuosity would not be perhaps sufficiently prevented by mere reason; thus assisting wisdom to preserve moderation, and with it, inward peace, the balance of the faculties, and the health of the soul.

Under the protection of serious and regular habits of labor, man tastes more security, being better defended against the passions; his feebleness finding a refuge, his effeminacy a remedy. Constrained to master himself continually, struggling habitually with difficulties, suffering privation, especially of liberty, he is strengthened daily, and in proportion as these labors are painful, his will becomes powerful; and by patience he acquires the vigor, which renders him capable of perseverance. And in fact, the laborious, in inferior conditions, notwithstanding our disdainful prejudices, experience, generally, a pride, inward, peaceful, silent, unsuspected by the world, undiscovered by the superficial observer, but well known to those who can obtain their confidence; nourishing a secret disdain for those, who, in the bosom of luxury, lead a life of indolence.

## IMAGINATION AND REASON.

PHILOSOPHERS have constantly accused imagination of being the irreconcilable enemy of your reason, morality, and happiness; considering it the source of illusions that lead us astray; of the ambition, which excites us so excessively, and of all the agitations of our hearts. These views are in some respects but too just. Disorders of imagination may corrupt, in a thousand ways, our ideas of excellence, cover them with a thick cloud, and give a fatal taint to the worship of which they were the object. Imagination is only called to fulfil subordinate functions, the part of obedience; and if it is abandoned to itself, the order of things is reversed, and self-government is inevitably enfeebled. Hence we remark, that the abuse of imagination enervates the character, giving new vivacity to the sensible impressions, which in their nature are all passive. It furnishes abundant aliment to the passions; it destroys peace, that principle of true force: it substitutes soft and fugitive pictures for the solid substance of reality; it gives power to illusions over the soul, which, in the midst of trials, was called to strengthen itself by resistance, hiding the combat, in order to dispend with vanquishing; leading into reverie him who was destined to act seriously in a positive world, offering him only light, transitory objects, subject to his own good pleasure; transforming his existence into a vain sport, the government of himself into a kind of anarchy, and leaving a free course to all the aberrations of independence. There is in the exercises of imagination something voluptuous, which lulls the soul to sleep. We breathe and feel with extreme vivacity, but as if in a dream. In a word, this capricious faculty resists in a thousand ways the inflexible and austere rules of right; disorder of ideas gives birth to disorder of feelings. Among the different kinds of illusions of which the aberrations of imagination may be the source, there is one which demands to be pointed out especially, because the snares it spreads are most subtle, and may surprise the most honest: such are the illusions, which lead us astray in self-knowledge, deceiving us concerning our own sentiments, concerning the reality and the strength of our attachment to virtue: these illusions, encompassing us by enjoyments purely speculative, put us into a state of exaltation by the images of an ideal perfection, which charms our mind, without taking possession of our soul, without governing our charac-

ter, without impressing itself upon our life. These images of perfection compose for us a sort of artificial and deceptive morality, converting virtue into a kind of delicious poetry; but banishing it into the clouds, and taking from it that deep, secret, positive power, which it ought to exercise over our sentiments and actions: as if virtue were a recreation or an ornament, and not the rule of our existence. If wisdom proceeds by making sensible objects give birth to moral notions, imagination proceeds, on the contrary, by making moral notions take sensible forms, and veiling abstract conceptions in sensible figures. Let us defend ourselves then from a disposition, too common at present, of considering subjects belonging to the most serious destiny of man, under that aspect which we call their poetic side. We expose ourselves thus to make those artificial chords, which charm the imagination, prevail over the solemn harmonies of duty, to take elegance of form for real goodness of heart, grace for truth, the symbol for the thing; introducing into the sound and pure worship of virtue a sort of superstition and idolatry.

But after having heaped upon imagination the heaviest reproaches, ought not philosophy to have been more just towards that brilliant faculty of the mind? Should not morality itself have better recognized the services which might be received from it? Confined to its legitimate functions, directed to its true destination, ought not this faculty, like all others, to contribute to the progress of our character? What is this power, which puts us in possession of the future, transports us to all distance, makes us conceive objects invisible to sense, introduces us to what is merely possible, sustains our strength by hope, extends the narrow sphere of our existence beyond the limits of the present? Would it not, merely by renewing the sources of our sensibility, fertilize the field of our virtue? Does it not, by refreshing and embellishing our inward life with pure and innocent enjoyment, restore our strength? Does it not, by attaching us to the contemplation of nature, conduct us in that alone to a great and instructive school? We would not leave our virtue to evaporate in a vain, fantastic poetry; but let us permit poetry to put itself in the service of virtue; to bring near to us the divine model; to lend its eloquence and its graces to the austere voice of duty. This entirely moral poetry, the messenger of excellence, Providence has made to appear in all its works. It breathes in all the scenes of nature, if we know how to consider them,

not with the eye of the body alone, but with the attentive and collected eye of the soul: it resounds in the hymn of creation; it borrows majesty from the phenomena of the heavens, varied and graceful expressions from landscapes and simple flowers. It breathes in the songs of man, when, the worthy interpreter of this universal concert, he restores the image of virtue to those scenes which seem to invoke it, and which become animated by its presence;—in the monuments raised to the memory of great men, and to the remembrance of great actions; in public solemnities, sacred to the honor of what merits respect, and to the confirmation of the ties which unite the members of society: in the imposing circumstances, which surround the magistrate, and decorate the temple of laws. It is this poetry, which raises the standard, at the sight of which patriotism rallies; which gathers the palm decreed to heroes; which composes all the attributes of glory. Let those creative arts, which are the pride and the light of the earth, gather round the holy image of virtue! Let them announce its presence, and be transported in contemplating it with a truer and a surer enthusiasm than can be drawn from earthly sentiments, and thus render themselves worthy of receiving from it an order of immortal beauties!

If we understand the true vocation of imagination, and the spirit in which it ought to be cultivated and examined, and its productions conceived and enjoyed, our soul will not drink poison, but salutary beverage from its brilliant cup.

Reason presiding over our intellectual faculties, moderator, regulator, supreme arbiter, assigns to each its department, its functions, its limits. Its attributes consist in this high prerogative, in the empire which it grants to the mind over itself: armed with method, it classifies, plans out, distributes; armed with judgment, and supported upon good sense, it weighs and decides,—order and truth being its domain. It takes care of our intellectual progress, being charged to obtain general harmony. Its energy should always grow in proportion to the development of the subordinate faculties. Here, at least, no fatal influence is to be feared; all the influences will be salutary. If reason is not virtue itself, as some wise men have pretended, it is at least its sister, having the same aspect, the same language, recognizing the same authority, obeying the same rules, following in a thousand things the same paths, with a mutual intelligence and communication. Habits of order and of regularity, established in ideas, are communica-

ted insensibly to sentiments in the whole system of life, serenity of mind favors peace of soul. Error has no good fruits: when it is allied to moral sentiment, in an unlawful union, the strength, given us to do good, is not only dissipated in useless applications, but is directed against the true end, tormenting others and ourselves under the most honorable pretexts. The false associations of ideas, which impose, under the name of morality, imaginary duties, tend often, by inevitable consequence, to corrupt at the foundation the purity of sentiment that belongs to real duties, for frequent occasions present themselves, in which conventional and factitious precepts are at war with the rules immediately dictated by conscience. Hence, at least, arise perplexities, enfeebling the authority of conscience, if indeed conscience is not stifled by the blind and mechanical force of habit. Can filial piety, in its primitive integrity, possibly exist in the heart of the son; to whom is prescribed—as often happens on the coast of Malabar—the factitious duty of sacrificing his mother on the tomb of her husband? What an infinity of false consequences and unexpected errors must spring from this one error! Truth need not be feared, when in its place: and can it be out of its place? Morality does not fear profound investigation, if it is but complete; it fears superficial and frivolous views. Good sense is the friend, the guardian of virtue; protecting rectitude of intention, and calmness of heart; fortifying the soul by the plentitude of conviction. Communication with truth preserves security, confidence, constancy, resolution, and dignity of character.

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 DAYBREAK.

'The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace; where he slept till break of day, and then he awoke and sang.'

*The Pilgrim's Progress.*

Now, brighter than the host, that, all night long,  
 In fiery armor, up the heavens high  
 Stood watch, thou com'st to wait the morning's song.  
 Thou com'st to tell me day again is nigh.  
 Star of the dawning, cheerful is thine eye;  
 And yet in the broad day it must grow dim.  
 Thou seem'st to look on me as asking why

My mourning eyes with silent tears do swim;  
Thou bid'st me turn to God, and seek my rest in Him.

'Canst thou grow sad,' thou say'st, 'as earth grows bright?  
And sigh, when little birds begin discourse  
In quick, low voices, e'er the streaming light  
Pours on their nests, as sprung from day's fresh source?  
With creatures innocent thou must, perforce,  
A sharer be, if that thine heart be pure.  
And holy hour like this, save sharp remorse,  
Of ills and pains of life must be the cure,  
And breathe in kindred calm, and teach thee to endure.'

I feel its calm. But there's a sombrous hue  
Along that eastern cloud of deep, dull red;  
Nor glitters yet the cold and heavy dew;  
And all the woods and hill-tops stand outspread  
With dusky lights, which warmth nor comfort shed.  
Still—save the bird that scarcely lifts its song—  
The vast world seems the tomb of all the dead—  
The silent city emptied of its throng,  
And ended, all alike, grief, mirth, love, hate, and wrong.

But wrong, and hate, and love, and grief, and mirth  
Will quicken soon; and hard, hot toil and strife,  
With headlong purpose, shake this sleeping earth  
With discord strange, and all that man calls life.  
With thousand scattered beauties nature's rife;  
And airs, and woods, and streams, breathe harmonies;  
Man weds not these, but taketh art to wife;  
Nor binds his heart with soft and kindly ties:  
He, feverish, blinded, lives, and feverish, sated, dies.

And 'tis because man useth so amiss  
Her dearest blessings, Nature seemeth sad;  
Else why should she, in such fresh hour as this,  
Not lift the veil, in revelation glad,  
From her fair face? It is that man is mad!  
Then chide me not, clear star, that I repine,  
When Nature grieves; nor deem this heart is bad.  
Thou look'st towards earth; but yet the heavens are thine;  
While I to earth am bound: When will the heavens be mine.

If man would but his finer nature learn,  
And not in life fantastic lose the sense  
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern

Teach him be thoughtful; then, with soul intense,  
 I should not yearn for God to take me hence,  
 But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,  
 Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence:  
 But when I see cold man of reason proud,  
**My** solitude is sad—I'm lonely in the crowd.

But not for this alone, the silent tear  
 Steals to mine eyes, while looking on the morn,  
 Nor for this solemn hour:—fresh life is near,—  
 But all my joys!—they died when newly born.  
 Thousands will wake to joy; while I, forlorn,  
 And like the stricken deer, with sickly eye,  
 Shall see them pass. Breathe calm—my spirit's torn;  
 Ye holy thoughts, lift up my soul on high!—  
**Ye** hopes of things unseen, the far-off world bring nigh.

And when I grieve, O, rather, let it be  
 That I—whom nature taught to sit with her  
 On her proud mountains, by her rolling sea—  
 Who, when the winds are up, with mighty stir  
 Of woods and waters, feel the quickening bur  
 To my strong spirit;—who, as mine own child,  
 Do love the flower, and in the ragged spur  
 A beauty see—that I this mother mild  
 Should leave, and go with Care, and passions fierce and wild!

How suddenly that straight and glittering shaft  
 Shot 'thwart the earth!—in crown of living fire  
 Up comes the Day!—as if they conscious quaffed  
 The sunny flood, hill, forest, city, spire  
 Laugh in the wakening light.—Go, vain Desire!  
 The dusky lights have gone; go thou thy way!  
 And pining Discontent, like them, expire!  
 Be called my chamber, **PEACE**, when ends the day;  
 And let me with the dawn, like **PILGRIM**, sing and pray!

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SONNET.

AY, thou art welcome—heaven's delicious breath!—  
 When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,  
 And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,  
 And the year smiles as it draws near its death.  
 Wind of the sunny South!—O, long delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,—  
 Like to a good old age, released from care,  
 Journeying, in long serenity, away.  
 In such a bright late quiet, would that I  
 Might wear out life, like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,  
 And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,  
 And music of kind voices ever nigh;  
 And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass,  
 Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

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## SONNET TO E.

AY, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine  
 'Too lightly to shine long; another spring  
 Shall deck her for men's eyes, but not for thine,  
 Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.  
 The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,  
 Nor the vexed ore a mineral of power,  
 And they who love thee wait in anxious grief  
 Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.  
 Glide softly to thy rest then; death should come  
 Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,  
 As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,  
 Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.  
 Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain;  
 And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.

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## 'I THOUGHT IT SLEPT.'

I saw the infant cherub—soft it lay,  
 As it was wont, within its cradle, now  
 Decked with sweet smelling flowers. A sight so strange  
 Filled my young breast with wonder, and I gazed  
 Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept—  
 And yet its little bosom did not move!  
 I bent me down to look into its eyes,  
 But they were closed; then softly clasped its hand;  
 But mine it would not clasp. What should I do?  
 'Wake, brother, wake!' I then, impatient, cried;  
 'Open thine eyes, and look on me again!'  
 He would not hear my voice. All pale beside

My weeping mother sat, 'and gazed and looked  
 Unutterable things.' 'Will he not wake?'  
 I eager asked. She answered but with tears.  
 Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look,  
 Were cast—now on the babe once more were fixed—  
 And now on me: then, with convulsive sigh  
 And throbbing heart, she clasped me in her arms,  
 And, in a tone of anguish, faintly said—  
 'My dearest boy, thy brother does not sleep;  
 Alas! he's dead; he never will awake.'  
 He's dead! I knew not what it meant, but more  
 To know I sought not. For the words so sad—  
 'He never will awake'—sunk in my soul:  
 I felt a pang unknown before; and tears,  
 That angels might have shed, my heart dissolved.

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TO THE EVENING WIND.

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou  
 That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,  
 Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;  
 Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,  
 Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,  
 Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,  
 And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
 To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!  
 Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round  
 Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;  
 And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;  
 And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.  
 Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,  
 God's blessing breathe upon the fainting earth!  
 Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse  
 The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
 Summoning from the innumerable boughs  
 The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;  
 Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
 The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
 And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
 To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
 And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
 His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;  
 And they who stand about the sick man's bed,  
 Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
 And softly part his curtains to allow  
 Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,  
 That is the life of nature, shall restore,  
 With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,  
 Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;  
 Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,  
 Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;  
 And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem  
 He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

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'AWAKE, PSALTERY AND HARP;

*I myself will awake early.'*

WAKE, when the mists of the blue mountains sleeping,  
 Like crowns of glory, in the distance lie;—  
 When breathing from the south, o'er young buds sweeping,  
 The gale bears music through the sunny sky;—  
 While lake and meadow, upland, grove and stream,  
 Rise like the glory of an Eden dream.

Wake while unfettered thoughts, like treasures springing,  
 Bid the heart leap within its prison-cell;—  
 As birds and brooks through the pure air flinging  
 The mellow chant of their beguiling spell;—  
 When earliest winds their anthems have begun,  
 And, incense-laden, their sweet journeys run.

Then, Psaltery, and Harp, a tone awaken,  
 Whereto the echoing bosom shall reply,  
 As earth's rich scenes, by shadowy night forsaken,  
 Unfold their beauty to the filling eye;—  
 When, like the restless breeze, or wild-bird's lay,  
 Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake then, too, man, when, from refreshing slumber,  
 And thy luxurious couch, thou dost arise,

Thanks for life's golden gifts—a countless number—

Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and summer skies;  
Wake!—let thy heart's fine chords be touched in praise,  
For the free spirit of undying grace!

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#### INTELLECTUAL QUALITIES OF MILTON.

IN speaking of the *intellectual* qualities of Milton, we may begin with observing, that the very splendor of his poetic fame has tended to obscure or conceal the extent of his mind, and the variety of its energies and attainments. To many he seems only a poet, when in truth he was a profound scholar, a man of vast compass of thought, imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning, and able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power, his great and various acquisitions. He had not learned the superficial doctrine of a later day, that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil, and that imagination shapes its brightest visions from the mists of a superstitious age; and he had no dread of accumulating knowledge, lest it should oppress and smother his genius. He was conscious of that within him, which could quicken all knowledge, and wield it with ease and might; which could give freshness to old truths and harmony to discordant thoughts; which could bind together, by living ties and mysterious affinities, the most remote discoveries, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials, which other minds had collected. Milton had that universality which marks the highest order of intellect. Though accustomed almost from infancy to drink at the fountains of classical literature, he had nothing of the pedantry and fastidiousness, which disdain all other draughts. His healthy mind delighted in genius; on whatever soil, or in whatever age, it burst forth and poured out its fulness. He understood too well the rights, and dignity, and pride of creative imagination, to lay on it the laws of the Greek or Roman schools. Parnassus was not to him the only holy ground of genius. He felt that poetry was as a universal presence. Great minds were every where his kindred. He felt the enchantment of Oriental fiction, surrendered himself to the strange creations of 'Araby the Blest,' and delighted still more in the romantic spirit of chivalry, and in the tales of wonder in which it was embodied. Accordingly his poetry reminds us of the ocean,

which adds to its own boundlessness contributions from all regions under heaven. Nor was it only in the department of imagination, that his acquisitions were vast. He traveled over the whole field of knowledge, as far as it had then been explored. His various philological attainments were used to put him in possession of the wisdom stored in all countries, where the intellect had been cultivated. The natural philosophy, metaphysics, ethics, history, theology, and political science of his own and former times, were familiar to him. Never was there a more unconfined mind, and we would cite Milton as a practical example of the benefits of that universal culture of intellect, which forms one distinction of our times, but which some dread as unfriendly to original thought. Let such remember, that mind is in its own nature diffusive. Its object is the universe, which is strictly one, or bound together by infinite connections and correspondences; and accordingly its natural progress is from one to another field of thought; and wherever original power, creative genius exists, the mind, far from being distracted or oppressed by the variety of its acquisitions, will see more and more common bearings and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge, will see mutual light shed from truth to truth, and will compel, as with a kingly power, whatever it understands, to yield some tribute of proof, or illustration, or splendor, to whatever topic it would unfold.

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#### DEFENCE OF POETRY.

By those who are accustomed to speak of poetry as light reading, Milton's eminence in this sphere may be considered only as giving him a high rank among the contributors to public amusement. Not so thought Milton. Of all God's gifts of intellect, he esteemed poetical genius the most transcendent. He esteemed it in himself as a kind of inspiration, and wrote his great works with something of the conscious dignity of a prophet. We agree with Milton in his estimate of poetry. It seems to us the divinest of all arts; for it is the breathing or expression of that principle or sentiment, which is deepest and sublimest in human nature; we mean, of that thirst or aspiration, to which no mind is wholly a stranger, for something purer and lovelier, something more

powerful, lofty, and thrilling than ordinary and real life affords. No doctrine is more common among Christians than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being are *now* wrapped up in his soul, as the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison-house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being. This view of our nature, which has never been fully developed, and which goes farther towards explaining the contradictions of human life than all others, carries us to the very foundation and sources of poetry. He who cannot interpret by his own consciousness what we now have said, wants the true key to works of genius. He has not penetrated those sacred recesses of the soul, where poetry is born and nourished, and inhales immortal vigour, and wings herself for her heaven-ward flight. In an intellectual nature, framed for progress and for higher modes of being, there must be creative energies, powers of original and ever growing thought; and poetry is the form in which these energies are chiefly manifested. It is the glorious prerogative of this art, that it 'makes all things new' for the gratification of a divine instinct. It indeed finds its elements in what it actually sees and experiences, in the worlds of matter and mind; but it combines and blends these into new forms and according to new affinities; breaks down, if we may so say, the distinctions and bounds of nature; imparts to material objects life, and sentiment, and emotion, and invests the mind with the powers and splendors of the outward creation; describes the surrounding universe in the colors which the passions throw over it, and depicts the soul in those modes of repose or agitation, of tenderness or sublime emotion, which manifest its thirst for a more powerful and joyful existence. To a man of literal and prosaic character, the mind may seem lawless in these workings; but it observes higher laws than it transgresses, the laws of the immortal intellect; it is trying and developing its best faculties; and in the objects which it describes, or in the emotions which it awakens, anticipates those states of progressive power, splendor, beauty, and happiness, for which it was created.

We accordingly believe that poetry, far from injuring socie-

ty, is one of the great instruments of its refinement and exaltation. It lifts the mind above ordinary life, gives it a respite from depressing cares, and awakens the consciousness of its affinity with what is pure and noble. In its legitimate and highest efforts, it has the same tendency and aim with Christianity; that is, to spiritualize our nature. True, poetry has been made the instrument of vice, the pander of bad passions, but when genius thus stoops, it dims its fires, and parts with much of its power; and even when poetry is enslaved to licentiousness or misanthropy, she cannot wholly forget her true vocation. Strains of pure feeling, touches of tenderness, images of innocent happiness, sympathies with suffering virtue, bursts of scorn or indignation at the hollowness of the world, passages true to our moral nature, often escape in an immoral work, and show us how hard it is for a gifted spirit to divorce itself wholly from what is good. Poetry has a natural alliance with our best affections. It delights in the beauty and sublimity of the outward creation and of the soul. It indeed portrays, with terrible energy, the excesses of the passions; but they are passions which show a mighty nature, which are full of power, which command awe, and excite a deep though shuddering sympathy. Its great tendency and purpose is, to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element; and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of early feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, and, through the brightness of its prophetic visions, helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

We are aware, that it is objected to poetry, that it gives wrong views and excites false expectations of life, peoples the mind with shadows and illusions, and builds up imagination on the ruins of wisdom. That there is a wisdom, against which poetry wars, the wisdom of the senses, which makes physical comfort and gratification the supreme good, and wealth the chief interest of life, we do not deny; nor do we deem it the least service which poetry renders to mankind, that it redeems them from the thralldom of this earth-born

prudence. But, passing over this topic, we would observe, that the complaint against poetry as abounding in illusion and deception, is in the main groundless. In many poems there is more of truth than in many histories and philosophic theories. The fictions of genius are often the vehicles of the sublimest verities, and its flashes often open new regions of thought, and throw new light on the mysteries of our being. In poetry, when the letter is falsehood, the spirit is often profoundest wisdom. And if truth thus dwells in the boldest fictions of the poet, much more may it be expected in his delineations of life; for the present life, which is the first stage of the immortal mind, abounds in the materials of poetry, and it is the high office of the bard to detect this divine element among the grosser labor and pleasures of our earthly being. The present life is not wholly prosaic, precise, tame, and finite. To the gifted eye, it abounds in the poetic. The affections which spread beyond ourselves and stretch far into futurity; the workings of mighty passions, which seem to arm the soul with an almost superhuman energy; the innocent and irrepressible joy of infancy; the bloom, and buoyancy, and dazzling hopes of youth; the throbbings of the heart, when it first wakes to love, and dreams of a happiness too vast for earth; woman, with her beauty, and grace, and gentleness, and fulness of feeling, and depth of affection, and blushes of purity, and the tones and looks which only a mother's heart can inspire;—these are all poetical. It is not true that the poet paints a life which does not exist. He only extracts and concentrates, as it were, life's ethereal essence, arrests and condenses its volatile fragrance, brings together its scattered beauties, and prolongs its more refined but evanescent joys. And in this he does well; for it is good to feel that life is not wholly usurped by cares for subsistence, and physical gratifications, but admits, in measures which may be indefinitely enlarged, sentiments and delights worthy of a higher being. This power of poetry to refine our views of life and happiness, is more and more needed as society advances. It is indeed to withstand the encroachments of heartless and artificial manners, which make civilization so tame and uninteresting. It is needed to counteract the tendency of physical science, which being now sought, not, as formerly, for intellectual gratification, but for multiplying bodily comforts, requires a new development of imagination, taste, and poetry, to preserve men from sinking into an earthly, material, Epicurean life.

## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows—  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade,  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift.

—Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
The sylvan pomp of woods—the golden sun—  
The flowers—the leaves—the river on its way—  
Blue skies—and silver clouds—and gentle winds—  
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes—  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in—  
Mountain—and shattered cliff—and sunny vale—  
The distant lake—fountains—and mighty trees—  
In many a lazy syllable repeating  
Their old poetic legends to the wind.  
And this is the sweet spirit that doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
My busy fancy oft imbodyes it,

As a bright image of the light and beauty  
 That dwell in nature—of the heavenly forms  
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
 That lie i' the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds  
 When the sun sets. Within her eye  
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
 And when it wears the blue of May, was hung,  
 And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair  
 Was as the summer tresses of the trees,  
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek  
 Blushed all the richness of an autumn sky,  
 With its ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath—  
 It was so like the gentle air of spring,  
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes  
 Full of their fragrance, that it was a joy  
 To have it round us—and her silver voice  
 Was the rich music of a summer bird,  
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

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#### MILTON'S PROSE WRITINGS.

It is objected to his prose writings, that the style is difficult and obscure, abounding in involutions, transpositions, and Latinisms; that his protracted sentences exhaust and weary the mind, and too often yield it no better recompense than confused and indistinct perceptions. We mean not to deny that these charges have some grounds; but they seem to us much exaggerated; and when we consider that the difficulties of Milton's style have almost sealed up his prose writings, we cannot but lament the fastidiousness and effeminacy of modern readers. We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones; such as energy and richness, and in these Milton is not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries farthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and

it ought not to be required to part with these attributes, that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences, and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love too to have our faculties tasked by master spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is irradiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows, like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and the soul. Such sentences are worthy and noble manifestations of a great and far looking mind, which grasps at once vast fields of thought, just as the natural eye takes in at a moment wide prospects of grandeur and beauty. We would not indeed have all compositions of this character. Let abundant provision be made for the common intellect. Let such writers as Addison, an honored name, 'bring down philosophy from heaven to earth.' But let inspired genius fulfil its higher function of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven. Impose upon it no strict laws, for it is its own best law. Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural port, or dwarf itself that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles which futurity will expound. We are led to these remarks, not merely for Milton's justification, but because our times seem to demand them. Literature, we fear, is becoming too popular. The whole community is now turned into readers, and in this we heartily rejoice; and we rejoice too that so much talent is employed in making knowledge accessible to all. We hail the general diffusion of intelligence as the brightest feature of the present age. But good and evil are never disjoined; and one bad consequence of the multitude of readers, is, that men of genius are too anxious to please the multitude, and prefer a present shout

of popularity to that less tumultuous, but deeper, more thrilling note of the trump of Fame, which resounds and grows clearer and louder through all future ages.

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TRUE GREATNESS.—THEME BONAPARTE.

THERE are various kinds or orders of greatness, and the highest did not belong to Bonaparte. Among these the first rank is unquestionably due to *moral* greatness, or magnanimity; to that sublime energy, by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly, for life and for death, to truth and duty; espouses as its own the interests of human nature; scorns all meanness and defies all peril; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders; withstands all the powers of the universe, which would sever it from the cause of freedom, and religion; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever 'ready to be offered up' on the altar of its country or of mankind. Of this moral greatness, which throws all other forms of greatness into obscurity, we see not a trace in Napoleon. Though clothed with the power of a god, the thought of consecrating himself to the introduction of a new and higher era, to the exaltation of the character and condition of his race, seems never to have dawned on his mind. The spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice seems not to have waged a moment's war with self-will and ambition. His ruling passions, indeed, were singularly at variance with magnanimity. Moral greatness has too much simplicity, is too unostentatious, too self-subsistent, and enters into others' interests with too much heartiness, to live an hour for what Napoleon always lived, to make itself the theme, and gaze, and wonder of a dazzled world. Next to moral, comes *intellectual* greatness, or genius in the highest sense of that word; and by this, we mean that sublime capacity of thought, through which the soul, smitten with the love of the true and the beautiful, essays to comprehend the universe, soars into the heavens, penetrates the earth, penetrates itself, questions the past, anticipates the future, traces out the general and all-comprehending laws of nature, binds together by innumerable affinities and relations, all the object of its knowledge, rises from the finite and transient to the infinite and the everlasting, frames to itself from its own fulness lovelier and sub-

limer forms than it beholds, discerns the harmonies between the world within and the world without us, and finds in every region of the universe types and interpreters of its own deep mysteries and glorious inspirations. This is the greatness which belongs to philosophers, and to the master spirits in poetry and the fine arts. Next comes the greatness of *action*; and by this we mean the sublime power of conceiving bold and extensive plans; of constructing and bringing to bear on a mighty object a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements, and of accomplishing great outward effects. To this head belongs the greatness of Bonaparte, and that he possessed it, we need not prove, and none will be hardy enough to deny. A man, who raised himself from obscurity to a throne, who changed the face of the world, who made himself felt through powerful and civilized nations, who sent the terror of his name across seas and oceans, whose will was pronounced and feared as destiny, whose donatives were crowns, whose antechamber was thronged by submissive princes, who broke down the awful barrier of the Alps and made them a highway, and whose fame was spread beyond the boundaries of civilization to the steppes of the Cossac, and the deserts of the Arab; a man, who has left this record of himself in history, has taken out of our hands the question, whether he shall be called great. All must concede to him a sublime power of action, an energy equal to great effects.

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#### HOW IS EUROPE TO BECOME FREE?

If a moral preparation is required for freedom, how, it is asked, can Europe ever be free? How, under the despotisms which now crush the continent, can nations grow ripe for liberty? Is it to be hoped, that men will learn, in the school of slavery, the spirit and virtues, which, we are told, can alone work out their deliverance? In the absolute governments of Europe, the very instruments of forming an enlightened and generous love of freedom, are bent into the service of tyranny. The press is an echo of the servile doctrines of the court. The schools and seminaries of education are employed to taint the young mind with the maxims of despotism. *Even Christianity is turned into a preacher of legitimacy, and its temples are desecrated by the abject teaching of uncondi-*

tional submission. How then is the spirit of a wise and moral freedom to be generated and diffused? We have stated the difficulty in its full force; for nothing is gained by winking out of sight the tremendous obstacles, with which liberal principles and institutions must contend. We have not time at present to answer the great question now proposed. We will only say, that we do not despair; and we will briefly suggest what seems to us the chief expedient, by which the cause of freedom, obstructed as it is, must now be advanced. In despotic countries, those men whom God has inspired with lofty sentiments and a thirst for freedom, (and such are spread through all Europe,) must in their individual capacity, communicate themselves to individual minds. The cause of liberty on the continent cannot now be forwarded by the action of men in masses. But in every country there are those who feel their degradation and their wrongs, who abhor tyranny as the chief obstruction of the progress of nations, and who are willing and prepared to suffer for liberty. Let such men spread around them their own spirit, by every channel which a jealous despotism has not closed. Let them give utterance to sentiments of magnanimity in private conference, and still more by the press; for there are modes of clothing and expressing kindling truths, which, it is presumed, no censorship would dare to proscribe. Let them especially teach that great truth, which is the seminal principle of a virtuous freedom, and the very foundation of morals and religion; we mean, the doctrine, that conscience, the voice of God in every heart, is to be listened to above all other guides and lords; that there is a sovereign within us, clothed with more awful powers and rights than any outward king; and that he alone is worthy the name of a man, who gives himself up solemnly, deliberately, to obey this internal guide through peril and in death. This is the spirit of freedom; for no man is wholly and immutably free but he who has broken every outward yoke, that he may obey his own deliberate conscience. This is the lesson to be taught alike in republics and despotisms. As yet it has but dawned on the world. Its full application remains to be developed. They who have been baptized, by a true experience, into this vital and all-comprehending truth, must every where be its propagators; and he who makes one convert to it near a despot's throne, has broken one link of that despot's chain. It is chiefly in the diffusion of this loftiness

of moral sentiment, that we place our hope of freedom; and we have a hope, because we know that there are those who have drunk into this truth, and are ready, when God calls, to be its martyrs. We do not despair, for there is a contagion, we would rather say, a divine power, in sublime moral principle. This is our chief trust. We have less and less hope from force and bloodshed, as the instruments of working out man's redemption from slavery. History shows us not a few princes, who have gained or strengthened thrones by assassination or war. But freedom, which is another name for justice, honor, and benevolence, scorns to use the private dagger, and wields with trembling the public sword. The true conspiracy before which tyranny is to fall, is that of virtuous, elevated minds, which shall consecrate themselves to the work of awakening in men a consciousness of the rights, powers, purposes, and greatness of human nature; which shall oppose to force, the heroism of intellect and conscience, and the spirit of self-sacrifice. We believe that, at this moment, there are virtue and wisdom enough to shake despotic thrones, were they as confiding as they should be, in God and in their own might, and were they to pour themselves through every channel into the public mind.

We close our present labors, with commending to the protection of Almighty God the cause of human freedom and improvement. We adore the wisdom and goodness of his providence, which has ordained, that liberty shall be wrought out by the magnanimity, courage, and sacrifices of men. We bless him for the glorious efforts which this cause has already called forth; for the intrepid defenders who have gathered round it, and whose fame is a most precious legacy of past ages; for the toils and sufferings by which it has been upheld; for the awakening and thrilling voice which comes to us from the dungeon and scaffold, where the martyrs of liberty have pined or bled. We bless him, that even tyranny has been overruled for good, by exciting a resistance, which has revealed to us the strength of virtuous principle in the human soul. We beseech this great and good parent, from whom all pure influences proceed, to enkindle, by his quickening breath, an unquenchable love of virtue and freedom in those favored men, whom he hath enriched and signalized by eminent gifts and powers, that they may fulfil the high function of inspiring their fellow beings with a *consciousness* of the birth-right and destination of human nature. Wearied with violence and blood, we beseech him to

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subvert oppressive governments by the gentle, yet awful, power of truth and virtue; by the teachings of uncorrupted Christianity; by the sovereignty of enlightened opinion; by the triumph of sentiments of magnanimity; by mild, rational, and purifying influences, which will raise the spirit of the enslaved, and which sovereigns will be unable to withstand. For this peaceful revolution we earnestly pray. If, however, after long, forbearing, and unavailing applications to justice and humanity, the friends of freedom should be summoned, by the voice of God within, and by his providence abroad, to vindicate their rights with other arms, to do a sterner work, to repel despotic force by force, may they not forget, even in this hour of provocation, the spirit which their high calling demands. Let them take the sword with awe, as those on whom a holy function is devolved. Let them regard themselves as ministers and delegates of him, whose dearest attribute is mercy. Let them not stain their sacred cause by one cruel deed, by the infliction of one needless pang, by shedding without cause one drop of human blood.

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## ESSAY ON POWER.

THE passion for power is one of the most universal; nor is it to be regarded as a crime in all its forms. Sweeping censures on a natural sentiment cast blame on the Creator. This principle shows itself in the very dawn of our existence. The child never exults and rejoices more, than when it becomes conscious of power by overcoming difficulties, or compassing new ends. All our desires and appetites lend aid and energy to this passion, for all find increase of gratification, in proportion to the growth of our strength and influence. We ought to add, that this principle is fed from nobler sources. Power is a chief element of all commanding qualities of our nature. It enters into all the higher virtues; such as magnanimity, fortitude, constancy. It enters into intellectual eminence. It is power of thought and utterance which immortalizes the products of genius. Is it strange that an attribute, through which all our passions reach their objects, and which characterizes whatever is great or admirable in man, should awaken intense desire, and be sought as one of the chief goods of life?

This principle, we have said, is not in all its forms a crime.

There are indeed various kinds of power, which it is our duty to covet, accumulate, and hold fast. First, there is *inward* power, the most precious of all possessions, power over ourselves; power to withstand trial, to bear suffering, to front danger; power over pleasure and pain; power to follow our convictions, however resisted by menace or scorn; the power of calm reliance in seasons of darkness and storms. Again, there is a power over *outward* things; the power by which the mind triumphs over matter, presses into its service the subtlest and strongest elements, makes the winds, fire, and steam its ministers, rears the city, opens a path through the ocean, and makes the wilderness blossom as the rose. These forms of power, especially the first, are glorious distinctions of our race, nor can we prize them too highly.

There is another power, which is our principal concern in the present discussion. We mean power over our fellow creatures. It is this which ambition chiefly covets, and which has instigated to more crime, and spread more misery than any other cause. We are not however to condemn even this universally. There is a truly noble sway of man over man; one, which it is our honor to seek and exert; which is earned by well doing; which is a chief recompense of virtue. We refer to the quickening influence of a good and great mind over other minds, by which it brings them into sympathy with itself. Far from condemning this, we are anxious to hold it forth as the purest glory which virtuous ambition can propose. The power of awakening, enlightening, elevating our fellow creatures, may, with peculiar fitness, be called divine; for there is no agency of God so beneficent and sublime as that which he exerts on rational natures, and by which he assimilates them to himself. This sway over other souls is the surest test of greatness. We admire, indeed, the energy which subdues the material creation, or develops the physical resources of a state. But it is a nobler might which calls forth the intellectual and moral resources of a people, which communicates new impulses to society, throws into circulation new and stirring thoughts, gives the mind a new consciousness of its faculties, and rouses and fortifies the will to an unconquerable purpose of well doing. This spiritual power is worth all other. To improve man's outward condition is a secondary agency, and is chiefly important as it gives the means of inward growth. The most glorious minister of God on earth, is he who speaks with a

life-giving energy to other minds, breathing into them the love of truth and virtue, strengthening them to suffer in a good cause, and lifting them above the senses and the world.

We know not a more exhilarating thought, than that this power is given to men; that we can not only change the face of the outward world, and by virtuous discipline improve ourselves, but that we may become springs of life and light to our fellow beings. The time is coming, its signs are visible, when this long mistaken attribute of greatness, will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those, who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, writings, leave imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world, will be ranked the philosopher, who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and of the soul; who opens new fields to the intellect; who gives it a new consciousness of its own powers, rights, and divine original; who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought; and who helps men to understand, that an ever growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the 'father of their spirits.' Among them will be ranked the statesman, who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interest of a state; who seeks without fear or favor the common good; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil.

There is another power over men, very different from this; a power, not to quicken and elevate, but to crush and subdue; a power which robs men of the free use of their nature, takes them out of their own hands, and compels them to bend to another's will. This is the sway which men grasp at most eagerly, and which it is our great purpose to expose. To reign, to give laws, to clothe their own wills with omnipotence, to annihilate all other wills, to spoil the individual of that self-direction which is his most precious right—this has ever been deemed by multitudes the highest prize for competition and conflict. The most envied men are those, who have succeeded in prostrating multitudes, in subjecting whole communities, to their single will. It is the love of this power, in all its forms, which we are anxious to hold up to reprobation. If any crime should be placed by society beyond pardon, it is this.

## FROM THE SAME.

TRUE power is vivifying, productive, builds up, and gives strength. We have a noble type and manifestation of it in the sun, which calls forth and diffuses motion, life, energy, and beauty. He who succeeds in chaining men's understandings and breaking their wills, may indeed number millions as his subjects. But a weak, puny race are the products of his sway, and they can only reach the stature and force of men by throwing off his yoke. He who, by an intellectual and moral energy, awakens kindred energy in others, touches springs of infinite might, gives impulse to faculties to which no bounds can be prescribed, begins an action which will never end. One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

We have spoken of the inferiority and worthlessness of that dominion over others, which has been coveted so greedily in all ages. We should rejoice could we convey some just idea of its moral turpitude. Of all injuries and crimes, the most flagrant is chargeable on him, who aims to establish dominion over his brethren. He wars with what is more precious than life. He would rob men of their chief prerogative and glory; we mean of self-dominion, of that empire which is given to a rational and moral being over his own soul and his own life. Such a being is framed to find honor and happiness in forming and swaying himself, in adopting as his supreme standard his convictions of truth and duty, in unfolding his powers by free exertion, in acting from a principle within, from his growing conscience. His proper and noblest attributes are self-government, self-reverence, energy of thought, energy in choosing the right and the good, energy in casting off all other dominion. He was created for empire in his own breast, and wo, wo to them who would pluck from him this sceptre! A mind, inspired by God with reason and conscience, and capable, through these endowments, of progress in truth and duty, is a sacred thing; more sacred than temples made with hands, or even than this outward universe. It is of nobler lineage than that of which human aristocracy makes its boast. It bears the lineaments of a

**Divine Parent.** It has not only a physical, but moral connection with the Supreme Being. Through its self-determining power, it is accountable for its deeds, and for whatever it becomes. Responsibility, that which above all things makes existence solemn, is laid upon it. Its great end is to conform itself, by its own energy, and by spiritual succours which its own prayers and faithfulness secure, to that perfection of wisdom and goodness, of which God is the original and source, which shines upon us from the whole outward world, but of which the intelligent soul is a truer recipient and a brighter image, even than the sun with all his splendours. From these views we learn, that no outrage, no injury, can equal that, which is perpetrated by him, who would break down and subjugate the human mind; who would rob men of self-reverence; who would bring them to stand more in awe of outward authority, than of reason and conscience in their own souls; who would make himself a standard and law for his race, and shape, by force or terror, the free spirits of others after his own judgment and will.

All excellence, whether intellectual or moral, involves, as its essential elements, freedom, energy, and moral independence, so that the invader of these, whether from the throne or the pulpit, invades the most sacred interest of the human race. Intellectual excellence implies and requires these. This does not consist in passive assent even to the highest truths; or in the most extensive stores of knowledge acquired by an implicit faith, and lodged in the inert memory. It lies in force, freshness, and independence of thought; and is most conspicuously manifested by him, who loving truth supremely, seeks it resolutely, follows the light without fear, and modifies the views of others by the patient, strenuous exercise of his own faculties. To a man thus intellectually free, truth is not, what it is to passive multitudes, a foreign substance, dormant, lifeless, fruitless, but penetrating, prolific, full of vitality, and ministering to the health and expansion of the soul. And what we have said of intellectual excellence is still more true of moral. This has its foundation and root in freedom, and cannot exist a moment without it. The very idea of virtue is, that it is a free act, the product or result of the mind's self-determining power. It is not good feeling, infused by nature or caught by sympathy; nor is it good conduct into which we have slidden through imitation, or which has been forced upon us by another's will. We

ourselves are its authors in a high and peculiar sense. We indeed depend on God for virtue; for our capacity of moral action is wholly his gift and inspiration, and without his perpetual aid, this capacity would avail nothing. But his aid is not compulsion. He respects, he cannot violate, that moral freedom which is his richest gift. To the individual, the decision of his own character is left. He has more than kingly power in his own soul. Let him never resign it. Let none dare to interfere with it. Virtue is self-dominion, or, what is the same thing, it is self-subjection to the principle of duty, that highest law in the soul. If these views of intellectual and moral excellence are just, then, to invade men's freedom, is to aim the deadliest blow at their honor and happiness, and their worst foe is, he who fetters their reason, who makes his will their law, who makes them tools, echoes, copies of himself.

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FROM THE SAME.

We have aimed to show the guilt of the love of power and dominion, by showing the ruin which it brings on the mind, by enlarging on the preciousness of that inward freedom which it invades and destroys. To us, this view is the most impressive; but the guilt of this passion may also be discerned, and by some more clearly, in its outward influences; in the desolation, blood-shed and woe, of which it is the perpetual cause. We owe to it almost all the miseries of war. To spread the sway of one or a few, thousands and millions have been turned into machines under the name of soldiers, armed with instruments of destruction, and then sent to reduce others to their own lot by fear and pain, by fire and sword, by butchery and pillage. And is it light guilt, to array man against his brother: to make murder the trade of thousands; to drench the earth with human blood; to turn it into a desert; to scatter families like chaff; to make mothers widows, and children orphans; and to do all this for the purpose of spreading a still gloomier desolation, for the purpose of subjugating men's souls, turning them into base parasites, extorting from them a degrading homage, humbling them in their own eyes, and breaking them to servility as the chief duty of life? When the passion for power succeeds, as it generally has done, in establishing despotism, it seems to make even civi-

lization a doubtful good. Whilst the monarch and his court are abandoned to a wasteful luxury, the peasantry, rooted to the soil and doomed to a perpetual round of labors, are raised but little above the brute. There are parts of Europe, christian Europe, in which the peasant, through whose sweat, kings and nobles riot in plenty, seems to enjoy less, on the whole, than the untamed Indian of our forests. Chained to one spot, living on the cheapest vegetables, sometimes unable to buy salt to season his coarse fare, seldom or never tasting animal food, having for his shelter a mud-walled hut floored with earth or stone, and subjected equally with the brute to the rule of a superior, he seems to us to partake less of animal, intellectual, and moral pleasures, than the free wanderer of the woods, whose steps no man fetters; whose wigwam no tyrant violates; whose chief toil is hunting, that noblest of sports; who feasts on the deer, that most luxurious of viands; to whom streams, as well as woods, pay tribute; whose adventurous life gives sagacity; and in whom, peril nourishes courage and self-command. We are no advocates for savage life. We know that its boasted freedom is a delusion. The single fact that human nature in this wild state makes no progress, is proof enough that it wants true liberty. We mean only to say, that man in the hands of despotism, is sometimes degraded below the savage; that it were better for him to be lawless, than to live under lawless sway.

It is the part of Christians to look on the passion for power and dominion with strong abhorrence; for it is singularly hostile to the genius of their religion. Jesus Christ always condemned it. One of the striking marks of his moral greatness, and of the originality of his character, was, that he held no fellowship and made no compromise with this universal spirit of his age, but withstood it in every form. He found the Jews intoxicating themselves with dreams of empire. Of the prophecies relating to the Messiah, the most familiar and dear to them, were those which announced him as a conqueror, and which were construed by their worldliness into a promise of triumphs to the people from whom he was to spring. Even the chosen disciples of Jesus looked to him for this good. 'To sit on his right hand and on his left,' or, in other words, to hold the most commanding stations in his kingdom, was not only their lurking wish, but their open and importunate request. But there was no passion on which Jesus frowned more severely than on this. He taught, that to be

great in his kingdom, men must serve, instead of ruling their brethren. He placed among them a child, as an emblem of the humility of his religion. His most terrible rebukes fell on the lordly, aspiring Pharisee. In his own person, he was mild and condescending, exacting no personal service, living with his disciples as a friend, sharing their wants, sleeping in their fishing boat, and even washing their feet; and in all this, he expressly proposed himself to them as a pattern, knowing well, that the last triumph of disinterestedness is to forget our own superiority, in our sympathy, solicitude, tenderness, respect, and self-denying zeal for those who are below us. We cannot indeed wonder that the lust of power should be encountered by the sternest rebukes and menace of Christianity, because it wages open war with the great end of this religion, which is the elevation of the human mind. No corruption of this religion is more palpable and more enormous, than that which turns it into an instrument of dominion, and which makes it teach, that man's primary duty is to give himself a passive material into the hands of his minister, priest, or king.

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FROM THE SAME.

It is the distinction of republican institutions, that whilst they compel the passion for power to moderate its pretensions, and to satisfy itself with more limited gratifications, they tend to spread it more widely through the community, and to make it a universal principle. The doors of office being opened to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins which are denied to none. Perhaps in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this; that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions, is, not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be, that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our more gene-

rous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the monarchist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which in absolute governments is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land; and as individuals, can accomplish no political purposes single handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign, that is, the people, like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do no wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes, by which other republics have been subverted, and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves. We mean not to exaggerate our dangers. We rejoice to know, that the improvements of society oppose many checks to the love of power. But every wise man, who sees its workings, must dread it as our chief foe.

This passion derives strength and vehemence in our country from the common idea, that political power is the highest prize which society has to offer. We know not a more general delusion, nor is it the least dangerous. Instilled, as it is, in our youth, it gives infinite excitement to political ambition. It turns the active talent of the country to public station as the supreme good, and makes it restless, intriguing, and unprincipled. It calls out hosts of selfish competitors for comparatively few places, and encourages a bold, unblushing pursuit of personal elevation, which a just moral sense and self-respect in the community would frown upon and cover with shame. This prejudice has come down from past ages, and is one of their worst bequests. To govern others has always been thought the highest function on earth. We have a remarkable proof of the strength and pernicious influence of this persuasion, in the manner in which history has been written. Who fill the page of history? Political and military leaders, who have lived for one end, to subdue and govern their fellow beings. These occupy the foreground, and the people, the human race, dwindle into insignificance, and are almost lost behind their masters. The proper and noblest object of history, is, to record the vicissitudes of society, its spirit in different ages, the causes which have deter-

mined its progress and decline, and especially the manifestations and growth of its highest attributes and interests, of intelligence, of the religious principle, of moral sentiment, of the elegant and useful arts, of the triumphs of man over nature and himself. Instead of this, we have records of men in power, often weak, oftener wicked, who did little or nothing for the advancement of their age, who were in no sense its representatives, whom the accident of birth perhaps raised to influence. We have the quarrels of courtiers, the intrigues of cabinets, sieges and battles, royal births and deaths, and the secrets of a palace, that sink of lewdness and corruption. These are the staples of history. The inventions of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were too mean affairs for history to trace. She was bowing before kings and warriors. She had volumes for the plots and quarrels of Leicester and Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, but not a page for Shakspeare; and if Bacon had not filled an office, she would hardly have recorded his name, in her anxiety to preserve the deeds and sayings of that Solomon of his age, James the First.

We have spoken of the supreme importance which is attached to rulers and government, as a prejudice; and we think, that something may be done towards abating the passion for power, by placing this thought in a clearer light. It seems to us not very difficult to show, that to govern men is not as high a sphere of action as has been commonly supposed, and that those who have obtained this dignity, have usurped a place beyond their due in history and men's minds. We apprehend, indeed, that we are not alone in this opinion; that a change of sentiment on this subject has commenced and must go on; that men are learning, that there are higher sources of happiness and more important agents in human affairs than political rule. It is one mark of the progress of society, that it brings down the public man and raises the private one. It throws power into the hands of untitled individuals, and spreads it through all orders of the community. It multiplies and distributes freely, means of extensive influence, and opens new channels, by which the gifted mind, in whatever rank or condition, may communicate itself far and wide. Through the diffusion of education and printing, a private man may now speak to multitudes, incomparably more numerous than ancient or modern eloquence ever electrified in the popular assembly or the hall of legislation. By

these instruments, truth is asserting her sovereignty over nations, without the help of rank, office, or sword, and her faithful ministers will become more and more the lawgivers of the world.

Virtue and intelligence are the great interests of a community, including all others, and worth all others; and the noblest agency is that by which they are advanced. Now we apprehend, that political power is not the most effectual instrument for their promotion, and accordingly we doubt whether government is the only or highest sphere for superior minds. Virtue, from its very nature, cannot be a product of what may be called the direct operation of government; that is, of legislation. Laws may repress crime. Their office is to erect prisons for violence and fraud. But moral and religious worth, dignity of character, loftiness of sentiment, all that makes man a blessing to himself and society, lies beyond their province. Virtue is of the soul, where laws cannot penetrate. Excellence is something too refined, spiritual, celestial, to be produced by the coarse machinery of government! Human legislation addresses itself to self-love, and works by outward force. Its chief instrument is punishment. It cannot touch the springs of virtuous feelings, of great and good deeds. Accordingly, rulers, with all their imagined omnipotence, do not dream of enjoining by statute, philanthropy, gratitude, devout sentiment, magnanimity, and purity of thought. Virtue is too high a concern for government. It is an inspiration of God, not a creature of law; and the agents whom God chiefly honors in its promotion, are those, who, through experience as well as meditation, have risen to generous conceptions of it, and who show it forth, not in empty eulogies, but in the language of deep conviction, and in lives of purity.

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#### THE JUDICIARY—FROM THE SAME.

THERE is a branch of government, which we hold in high veneration, which we account an unspeakable blessing, and which, for the world, we would not say a word to disparage; and we are the more disposed to speak of it, because its relative importance seems to us little understood. We refer to the Judiciary, a department worth all others in the state

Whilst politicians expend their zeal on transient interest, which perhaps derive their chief importance from their connection with a party, it is the providence of the Judge to apply those solemn and universal laws of rectitude, on which the security, industry, and prosperity of the individual and the state essentially depend. From his tribunal, as from a sacred oracle, go forth the responses of justice. To us there is nothing in the whole fabric of civil institutions so interesting and imposing, as this impartial and authoritative exposition of the principles of moral legislation. The administration of justice in this country, where the Judge, without a guard, without a soldier, without pomp, decides upon the dearest interests of the citizen, trusting chiefly to the moral sentiment of the community for the execution of his decrees, is the most beautiful and encouraging aspect, under which our government can be viewed. We repeat it, there is nothing in public affairs so venerable as the voice of Justice, speaking through her delegated ministers, reaching and subduing the high as well as the low, setting a defence around the splendid mansion of wealth and the lowly hut of poverty, repressing wrong, vindicating innocence, humbling the oppressor, and publishing the rights of human nature to every human being. We confess, that we often turn with pain and humiliation from the hall of Congress, where we see the legislator forgetting the majesty of his function, forgetting his relation to a vast and growing community, and sacrificing to his party or to himself, the public weal; and it comforts us to turn to the court of justice, where the dispenser of the laws, shutting his ear against all solicitations of friendship or interest, dissolving for a time, every private tie, forgetting public opinion, and withstanding public feeling, asks only what is right. To our courts, the resorts and refuge of weakness and innocence, we look with hope and joy. We boast, with a virtuous pride, that no breath of corruption has as yet tainted their pure air. To this department of government, we cannot ascribe too much importance. Over this, we cannot watch too jealously. Every encroachment on its independence we should resent and repel, as the chief wrong our country can sustain. Wo, wo to the impious hand, which would shake this most sacred and precious column of the social edifice.

## WIT AND BEAUTY.

The Author of the Life of Gouverneur Morris, thus introduces him, when he graduated as Bachelor of Arts.

In selecting for the exercise of his unfledged powers the theme of '*Wit and Beauty*,' our youthful orator was actuated more perhaps by a spirit of adventurous experiment common at his age, than by the dictates of a mature judgment. Be this as it may, he acquitted himself with credit, and won the applause of his auditory, both grave and gay, who saw, or imagined they saw, the fairest promise of the rich fruits of manhood in these buds and blossoms of young fancy and aspiring genius in a boy of sixteen. A copy of this performance is preserved among his papers. Amidst an exuberance of metaphors and rhetorical flourishes, which usually make so large an ingredient in commencement orations, there are not wanting ideas and modes of thought, that would have graced a maturer intellect.

The exordium contains an apology for his subject, and is adroitly constructed. 'Long had I debated with myself,' he begins, 'on what subject to address so learned and polite an audience. Pedantically to discuss some knotty point of the schools would be, if not disagreeable, at least dry, insipid, and uninteresting; it would be the retailing of other men's opinions, and endeavoring to explain what I am little acquainted with to those who are well informed. For certainly at a time where law shines forth in its meridian glory, and divinity sprouts up promiscuously on all sides, no sophisms can darken the light of natural equity, nor will our moral duties be obscured or unpractised. Endeavoring therefore to place them in a fairer light, would be to cast a veil over their perfections. A lighter subject may indeed be acceptable to those, who, like myself, are in the early spring of life; but with those in whom sober autumn has repressed the understanding, blunted the passions, and refined the taste, it may not perhaps be so well received. Yet when I consider that the lenity and candor of those, to whom I have the honor of addressing myself, are equal to their learning and judgment, I am the more easily incited to submit this performance to their mild consideration, and to descant upon wit and beauty.'

Having thus begun, he proceeds to the thread of his dis-

course, and first of all speaks of the characteristics, power, and advantages of wit. This choice gift, is one of heaven's best boons to social man; it makes the charm of an agreeable companion, it enlivens conversation, promotes innocent mirth, and banishes that sable fiend, melancholy, the restless haunter of our inmost thoughts. It is the two-edged sword of the poet and moralist. 'It gilds the bitter pill of satire, it entices us to read, and compels us to reform. Faults, which escape the grasp of justice, and hide behind the bulwarks of the law, which, like Proteus, change into a thousand shapes and baffle the researches of wisdom, these it strips of their borrowed plumes, and shows in their native deformity. Whilst the understanding, in teaching and enforcing the duties of morality, fetters vice in a chain of reason, wit boldly rushes on, plies the lash, and goads the monster from her den.' But wit is said to be capricious, and its darts to be thrown without discrimination or mercy. This is a mistake. The instrument is confounded with the agent. Wit is harmless, but like every other strong weapon, it may be wielded to mischievous ends. Wit is a soothing balm, but a malignant temper may convert it into a deadly poison. Wit is cheerful, sunny, and serene, but a morose spirit may enshroud it in a mantle of darkness, and make it an object of terror, and even a source of suffering. Such are the abuses of wit, but not its aims and character.

In touching upon beauty, the second topic of his discourse, the young orator is more flighty and less pointed. His prevailing idea, however, is a good one, that the forms of beauty, as they exist in the physical and moral world, have been the chief means of civilizing the human race, and bringing man into a state of social order and happiness. He is not satisfied with the notions of certain theorists on this subject. 'Philosophers, who find themselves already living in society, say, that mankind first entered into it from a sense of their mutual wants. But the passions of barbarians must have had too great an influence over their understandings to render this probable. They, who were in prime of life, would never have been persuaded to labor for such as were passed, or had not arrived at that state; and even if they consented to do it, yet the love of liberty, so natural to all, must have prevented both old and young from giving up the right of acting as they pleased, and from suffering themselves to be controlled by the will of another. Besides, reason, unassist-

ed by beauty, would never have smoothed away that savage ferocity, which must have been an inseparable bar to their union.

This doctrine of the power of beauty to subdue the savage nature of man admits of wide illustration. In the material world all beautiful forms are suited to move the kinder feelings and softer emotions. The heavens with their splendid garniture of celestial orbs, the earth clad in its robe of verdure ever varied in the colors and shapes it assumes, the wide blue sea reflecting from its tranquil bosom the images of the heavenly hosts, that keep watch over its midnight slumbers, these and the myriads of animated semblances of beauty that people air, earth, and ocean, are so many sources of enjoyment, and so many calls on the gratitude and devotion of man. These are the objects of his contemplative thoughts, the themes of his musing hours, and where contemplation dwells the passions are silent, and the social principle is most easily diffused and cultivated.

As in the theatre of natural existence, so in the world of art, the forms of beauty are at once the indications and the causes of melioration, refinement, and the social progress. What are the fine arts, what are the arts of life, but proofs of this position? What are sculpture, architecture, painting, what the thousand varied combinations of taste and elegance, which serve for the ornaments and convenience of the social state, but so many demonstrations of the same fact? They divest man of his savage attributes, and bring him under the influence of his milder nature. Moral beauty comes to the same result. Virtue is beautiful, vice deformed; the one refines, purifies, expands, elevates; the other debases and degrades; the one promotes good faith, order, and tranquillity in society; the other perfidy, misrule, and confusion; the one is a cheerful attendant on happiness, the other is leagued with misery. Such is the power of beauty in nature, in art, and the soul of man. The speaker does not forget to enlarge on female beauty and its all conquering influence, and here he draws upon his classical erudition, and the records of history, and talks of heroes, and conquerors, and the downfall of empires, the youthful king of Macedon, and of others, who 'laid the spoils of a captive world at beauty's feet.' But enough has been said to give some idea of this first effort in the departments of composition and eloquence, in which he afterwards became so successful and eminent.

## IMPERISHABLE WEALTH.

SHALL man, to sordid views confined,  
 His powers unfold,  
 And waste his energy of mind  
 In search of gold?  
 Rise, rise, my soul, and spurn such low desires,  
 Nor quench in grovelling dust heaven's noblest fires.  
 For what are all thy anxious cares,  
 Thy ceaseless toil?  
 For what, when roars the wind, thy fears  
 Lest in the broil  
 When bursting clouds and furious waves contend,  
 Thy bark rich freighted all engulf'd descend.  
 Fraught with disease to-morrow comes,  
 And bows thy head;  
 From treasured heaps and splendid domes  
 Thy thoughts recede:  
 The dream is o'er: then kiss the chastening rod,  
 That points the road to virtue and to God.  
 Seek thou, my soul, a nobler wealth,  
 And more secure:—  
 Content and peace, the mind's best health,  
 And thoughts all pure;  
 And deeds benevolent, and prayer, and praise,  
 And deep submission to Heaven's righteous ways.

## IMPORTANCE

*Of Intellectual and Religious Cultivation.*

ONE of the great mistakes which men commit in ordering the plan of their lives, is, that they seek excellence in the cultivation of too few of their powers and faculties, and happiness from access to too few sources of pleasure. A certain provision for the corporeal wants of our nature, is indeed, indispensable to enjoyment and even to existence. The pursuit of these objects, constitutes not the task, but the happiness of the human race. No wise man, who knows the constitution of human nature, would wish to alter this

condition of things in the least. No wise man, who knows the springs of human happiness, would wish to make the acquisition of the means of living at all easier than it is. The world is constituted in this respect, in perfect wisdom. Endowed as man is, with a freedom of the will, and of consequence with the power of growing illimitably worse, impressed also with an irresistible inclination to activity, it is only his wants which can keep him in the path of duty. The industrious, is the only worthy, virtuous or truly happy man. Let God's first command be fulfilled; let man go forth to subdue and replenish the earth, let the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for him, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose; let the earth be fully cultivated even to the utmost extent of its capacities; nay, let his industry even encroach upon the bounds of old ocean, and win back the inroads her swelling waves have made; let commerce spread her wings on every sea, and bind in one vast community of mutual wants and mutual aids, all the nations of the earth; let the arts go on to flourish till every human want be amply supplied; let not only the necessities but the conveniences and the luxuries of life, be brought within the reach of even the humblest industry, integrity and virtue; there would be nothing in all this, inconsistent with man's highest and best interests. This is not what we would censure. What we maintain, is that he must not think when these corporeal wants are satisfied, that all his capacities are filled. There are wants of his spiritual nature, and pleasures of course, arising from the satisfaction of them; there are capacities of happiness in his mind, in his soul, which are boundless and immortal. Let him not then, when his corporeal nature is full, still labour to heap upon that which can contain no more, but let him rather turn his attention to his spiritual interests. For what is man, when you have taken away his spiritual nature and capacities; his piety; his communion with God; his expectation, his preparation for immortality; his intellectual cultivation; his acquaintance with the universe and himself; his benevolence; his pleasure in the society of his fellows; and his delight in doing and receiving good; his affections extending his being to many, and becoming as it were, a part of their existence and vitality; his sentiments; his delight in the beautiful, his rapture in the true, his exultation in the good and pure, his wide reaching sympathies, and his undying hopes? What is man without all these, but

a miserable and degraded being! Call you that life, which is thus cut off from life's highest powers and functions? It falls as much below the spiritual and real life of man, as that of the animal below the rational, and the plant below the animal. Call it existence, vegetation, but never call it life! That soul alone can be said to live, which lives in the exercise of its highest and noblest powers, in the consciousness of the possession of its noblest faculties.

What is it that confers dignity on man, which makes us approach him with reverence; a reverence which we pay to no other creature, which makes his life sacred from our touch, and his rights hallowed from our violation, which pours around him a mysterious majesty, which crowns him with glory and honour? Is it not the image of God he bears about with him, his possession of a spiritual nature, his alliance with his Maker, his intrinsic worth in the universe? This is the grand secret of the reverence which we feel and pay, and delight to feel and pay to each other. It is the inward and inborn feeling we have, of the alliance of every human soul with God, which causes us to set man apart from the rest of God's works, as something sacred and revered.

And what is it that raises one man above another? I do not ask in the eyes of a mistaken and ill-judging world. I do not ask whom the giddy and superficial admire, for they admire much that a wise man would never covet; I mean who are they whom we do really in our hearts esteem and reverence? Those who have cultivated that within them which is allied to God, their mind, their intellect, who have expanded their capacity for knowledge and virtue. We would almost make pilgrimages to the tombs of those of our race who have enlarged the bounds of knowledge, who have carried the lamp of discovery into the very inmost recesses of the works of God, and come back with new acquisitions to enrich the common treasury of the human mind. We honour them, and while we do so, we feel that we are honouring ourselves, in the dignity they bestow upon our common nature. We are grateful to them for revealing its far reaching capacities, showing us what perfection and grandeur it was originally made capable of attaining. And the reverence we pay them, is such as we never lay before thrones, or yield to crowns and sceptres. These, we know, descend by hereditary right, knowledge and virtue are personal acquisitions. Thrones may crumble, sceptres may fall, but know-

ledge and virtue shall be immortal, immortal as the mind in which they reside.

But it is objected, perhaps, that great minds and cultivated minds are not needed, except, occasionally, for the exigences of human affairs, that the concerns of this world require the hands of many, but the intellect of few. Point me if you can, to one single individual whom intelligence would not benefit, would not refine and exalt; and enable to perform the duties of his station, with greater ease, efficiency and pleasure. The mind must have its aliment, the mind for whose sake the body was created, and from which alone it derives its dignity and value. Consider the sources of pleasure which are thus developed; the appetite of curiosity which is so exquisitely delighted with the acquisition of knowledge, which pants to comprehend the universe, and exults with a joy unspeakable at every step it takes, in its goings forth in discovery among the boundless works of God. Consider the cultivation of the taste, the capacity itself of being pleased by what we behold and learn, by which new beauties are unfolded in that which before was dark and uninteresting; which adds freshness to the landscape, and new glories to the orbs of heaven. Consider the power of cherishing the affections, and adding new delicacy and tenderness to the ties by which we are here bound together. This, this is to live, and life without these, is only a higher species of sleep. It is only when these parts of our nature are cultivated and exercised, that we awake to a full consciousness of our existence, that we enjoy the higher and more perfect modes of being. Tell me ye possessors of glorious and immortal natures, tell me, have ye not in the exercise of your nobler faculties, in one hour of intellectual and moral activity, lived more, than in whole days of drowsy and equivocal existence?

The deepest want of human nature, and that which unsupplied, leaves the widest desolation in man's heart, is religion. Without it, he is a gloomy wanderer and a hopeless exile, consumed with desires and aspirations too great for earth, and too guilty for heaven; goaded on by passions which he cannot restrain, and is ruined if he indulge; held back by a conscience which he is thwarted if he obey, and wretched if he violate. A helpless child, without a father or a friend, a vessel floating without a rudder, upon a stormy ocean, a meteor shooting lawless through the sky, his mind a chaos tossed by furious winds and surging waves; religion is the

voice of God, heard above the winds and waters, commanding light to spring out of darkness, beauty out of deformity, and order out of confusion.

As religion is the deepest want of human nature, so the satisfaction of that want creates the keenest and deepest delight. To no voice does curiosity listen with half the trembling solicitude, as to that which tells it there is a God. In no demonstration does the soul so triumph, as in that which assures it of his being. No discoveries fill it with the delight which those impart, that manifest him to be wise and good; no music more delightful than those sounds which convince us, that he is merciful and kind. No revelation so rapturous, as that by which Jesus Christ has told us, he is our Father in heaven. Earth never seems brighter, than when viewed as the manifestation of ineffable love, nor heaven more majestic, than when contemplated as the sublime temple of his residence. Never can we feel so safe, as when we feel ourselves to be His peculiar care, who watches the sparrow's fall. Man can never be more truly happy, than when pouring forth his heartfelt gratitude to the Author and Preserver of his being; or more truly dignified and exalted, than when holding communion with the Father of his spirit. The brightest lamp which cheers the darkness of this world, is that which Christ hath lighted in the portal of death, the brightest star which gilds the dawn, is that which rises over Bethlehem.

That soul only lives in the highest sense which maintains communion with the All-pervading Spirit, for it can thrive only on that spiritual food, which is adapted to its nature. It can rise to strength and vigour and enjoyment alone, when it is fed with knowledge and active obedience, with holy meditation, with heavenly hope, with deep devotion. Without this, all that there is of greatness and excellence in human kind is imperfect, wanting its crown of glory; without it, greatness may excite our admiration or awake our dread, but can never command what is higher and better, our confidence and love. With it, man fills up the full orb of the divine perfections, and shines by the same, but diminished and fainter light. Then shall he live, not a mere animal existence, but in higher and intenser consciousness of being; not days, and months, and years only, but live forever!

## THE SPIRITUAL LAW.

SAY not, the law divine  
Is hidden from thee, or afar removed;  
That law within would shine,  
If there its glorious light were sought and loved.

Soar not on high,  
Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth;  
That vaulted sky  
Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark  
In search thereof upon a shoreless sea  
Which has no ark,  
No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam  
In search of that which wandering cannot win;  
At home! at home!  
That word is placed, thy mouth, thy heart within.

O! seek it there,  
Turn to its teachings with devoted will;  
Watch unto prayer,  
And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

## THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!  
The glory of April and May!  
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field:  
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are lost,  
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose!  
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain:  
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade;  
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:  
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

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#### THE USES OF BOOKS.

LET our attention be directed to them, in the first place, as the friends, companions, and instructors of our solitude. What honest friends, what sympathizing companions, what excellent instructors they are! How can a man be really solitary, when these and nature are with him and around him? How can it be said of him, that he is without society, even though no being of flesh and blood should be near him, when he can sit down in his closet with the best and brightest minds which ever dwelt and beamed in residences of clay; with the master-spirits of all time; with the souls of the mighty living and the mighty dead, the dead who yet are living; with ancient lawgivers, philosophers, and bards; with modern lawgivers, philosophers, and bards; with moralists and satirists; with civilians and divines; with navigators and travelers; with the explorers of nature and the professors of art; with patriots; with saints; with martyrs; with apostles of Christ; with prophets of God? Who shall say, that with these, he is alone? Who shall say, that in his sorrow he is without consolers; that in his joy he is without partakers and helpers of his joy; that in his desires for information he is without teachers; that in trials and perplexities, and the various conditions of his mind and feelings, he is without spiritual advisers?

No, he is not alone. If he has books, and has learnt how to read them properly, he always has his friends about him, good and true ones. Is he fatigued with the labors of his vocation? They will refresh him with their pleasant conversation; they will sing to him care-dispelling melodies. Has he met with coldness and indifference in the world? Their welcome is always kind and warm. Has he suffered injury? They will teach him how to bear it. Has he himself been erring from the right way? They will faithfully admonish, and gently reclaim him. Has he been hurt, or is he in danger of being hurt, not by the rudeness and ill-treatment, but by the flattery and indulgence of the world?

Then how happy will it be for him, that in hours of retirement from outer parade and glare and excitement, he can call a council around him, who will speak plain truths of his humanity, without disguise or equivocation, and check and sober him, without fear on their part, or offence on his. Has death taken away some one who was very dear to his heart, and delightful to his eyes? They will show him the path which the departed soul has traveled, and teach his soul how to pursue the same. Does age come silently upon him, and draw the invisible but irresistible meshes of its net closer and closer around him, shortening his walks, and entangling and tying up his powers, till he is brought in and confined within his own doors? He is there among his old friends, who, as they will be more than ever necessary to his comfort, will be more than ever valuable to him, making him forget that he is a prisoner, and causing him to wear his bonds easily and lightly, till the summons is sent for his release.

How much better it is for a man to secure such friends for his inmates, than to neglect all opportunities of cultivating their intimacy, till he finds, as time after time he comes in from the streets and public places, and turns and shuts his door, that he enters an empty house—so utterly, drearily empty, perhaps, that its vacant gloominess drives him out again into the haunts of dissipation and folly, or the highways of excess and crime. How much better it is for him to occupy his solitary hours in the acquisition of useful knowledge, than to dream them away in broken thoughts and idle fancies, or doze them off in stupid inanity. How much better to be perpetually filling his mind with the well arranged stores and garniture of other minds, than to let it lie unfurnished and unimproved, till dust and dampness collect and settle in it, and birds of night and ill omēn make it their chosen habitation.

We do not say, that a man ought not to think and meditate, as well as read, and commune in his chamber with his own heart as well as with others. He should do both. He should read, that he may think with advantage, and have materials for thought; and he should think that he may read with discrimination and profit. His meditations will be very likely to be unconnected and partial, and end in prejudiced conclusions, if they are not guided, filled up, and corrected by judicious and liberal reading. If he does not

wish, therefore, that his solitary hours should be unprofitable or seductive; if he dreads such an event, let him employ them in the perusal of good books. And especially let him acquire a familiarity with that book, which is commonly and deservedly called the best book, and the book of God.

'When quiet in my house I sit,  
Thy book be my companion still,  
My joy thy sayings to repeat,  
Talk o'er the records of thy will,  
And search the oracles divine,  
Till every heartfelt word be mine.'

Books are not only the friends of individual solitude, but also of the family circle. They contribute to bind it together to fill up deficiencies, to cover flaws, to make it closer and brighter and firmer. By engaging the thoughts, improving the taste, and exciting the kindly feelings of the members of a household, they render each one more considerate and gentle, and more useful and agreeable to the rest. They insensibly introduce mental grace and refinement, and not only so, but refinement and grace of manners, wherever they become favorites. Show us a family in which the best and purest authors are loved and read, and we care not in what nominal rank of society they are stationed, or what may be their wealth or want of it, or what may be their daily avocations,—but we will answer for them, that vulgarity and coarseness have no place at their meetings, and that domestic peace is a dweller among them. Books are, indeed, great promoters and preservers of harmony. They occupy the time which might have furnished opportunity to discord; and they often, no doubt, soothe irritated passions, and calm excited feelings, or give them a beneficial direction. A tender passage of poetry, or an affecting incident or scene in prose, may bring hearts together in cordial amity, which, through some trifling cause, are beginning to be estranged from each other, and tune to perfect unison and sympathy nerves which have been trembling on the verge of open dissonance.

The domestic services which books are qualified to perform, are particularly valuable when the business and bustle of daylight are over, and the active interests of life are hushed into slumber under the brooding wings of night. The master of the house comes home from his office, count-

ing-room, or workshop, the children come home from their schools or places of employment, the mother's household duties are done, and they sit down together. What shall they do with the impending hours, to keep them from hanging heavily? We suppose that there are some families, in town and country, who find if there is no party to go to, or no place of public amusement to offer its attractions, such as they may be, or nothing particularly interesting to discuss in the events of the day, or the character or fortunes of their neighbors, that the long winter evenings, by which we mean the evenings of six months in our year, are apt to move off rather slowly and wearily. This would not be so, we are persuaded, if they would just call in to their assistance one or two of the friends whom we have been recommending. How much more swiftly and pleasantly, not to say profitably, the hours would then glide away! The darkness might gather murkily, and the storm beat fiercely without, and they who sat within, listening to the arguments, the facts, the fictions, or the minstrelsy of some favorite writer, would scarcely heed or hear the terrors of old night. It may be, that they might be brought to such a pitch of satisfaction and contentment, as not greatly to envy their acquaintance whom they know to be dancing or dressing for a dance, or perhaps seeing Shakspeare's heroes and heroines, and even Shakspeare himself, murdered at the theatre.

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## SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

WE are aware that young people especially require, and we grant that they ought to have, some more active entertainments than the calm reading of books. But we know, too, that they need to be moderated in their love and pursuit of such entertainments, and directed to some other and better modes of occupying their time. They will very easily, unless differently guided, run into a habit of craving what are called harmless pleasures to such an immoderate degree, as to be satisfied with nothing else, to be discontented with home, unless they can have some gay company there to cheer up the old dull walls, to welcome with avidity every new invitation which calls them abroad, to be devoted to the niceties and mysteries of dress, and to become averse to sober occupations and solid acquirements. Then it will be

found, too late, perhaps, that these harmless pleasures have turned out, in the end, exceedingly hurtful,—and not because they were not really innocent, and even useful in themselves, as occasional relaxations, or promoters of elegant intercourse, but because they were made the sole objects of attention and desire, and suffered to come and reign in the mind exclusively and supremely. To guard youthful minds against such a catastrophe, the sad catastrophe of indolence and emptiness, few more effectual steps can be taken, than to inspire a love of reading, and judiciously to superintend the course of it; and this is to be done most easily and happily in the family circle, amidst all its influences and attractions, and with the assistance of them all. A taste for reading, being once acquired, will, besides providing a pleasure, great in itself, and constant in its supplies, lead those who possess it to a just estimate of the value of time and the worth of their minds, and prevent them from wasting their time and starving their minds in rapid pursuit of amusement, and a continual haunting of places of amusement. It will teach them to rank showy accomplishments in their due subordination to intellectual and moral improvement. It will give them something more valuable to own and put to use, than can possibly be given to them by those social excitements, which, however well they may be in their place and in moderation, are not even harmless in their excess; and it will contribute in several ways to prepare them for the future performance of domestic duties, in those days when mere amusements will have lost their relish, or when a strong relish for them will have lost all title to propriety and respectability.

If compared with many others, our own may with perfect truth be called a reading community. But we do not read at all too much. It would be for our benefit if we read more. With a more decided and general love of books, we should be more able to withstand, than it is to be feared we now are, the many temptations which flow in upon us with the rising tide of wealth and luxury; and the habits and condition of the community in this respect will of course depend chiefly, if not entirely, on the habits of the families which compose it.

We come now to speak of books in their relations to society, and to ourselves as members of society.

*Considered in their relation to society in the aggregate,*

we may say, that although society may be polished and courteous, and, to a certain degree, delightful without them, it cannot be intellectually or morally elevated without them. No society but that in the composition of which there is a plentiful infusion of literature and a taste for literature, can possess that high tone and finish, which can alone satisfy a cultivated mind, or show forth the full dignity of social man. Conversation will be nothing more than small talk, where the great majority of minds are perpetually running upon small things. Grave topics cannot be introduced, or if introduced, cannot be well sustained, where there is no preparation for their entertainment, and no disposition or ability to prolong their stay. It is not at all desirable, that people should be always talking about books; and an affectation of literature is often more voluble than is the reality. But the character of the subjects of conversation; the manner in which they are discussed; the readiness which brings forward arguments; the discrimination which examines them; the nature of opinions advanced, if it is only in the way of casual remark, whether concerning an author or a passing event, a poem or a landscape; and the style in which even matters of ordinary occurrence or trifling moment are handled and played with—these it is which indicate habits of reading, which show thoughts that are trained and strengthened, and taste that is cultivated and refined, by an acquaintance with books. This is the perfection of society. This is its mature and grown-up state. In conditions short of this, it is in its youth, its childhood, or its infancy.

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SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

BUT in almost any condition of civilized society, an acquaintance with books will conduce much to individual respectability and success. As all knowledge is power, the means of power to be found in books are in proportion to the knowledge which they contain and are able to impart. If, therefore, books contain any knowledge at all, which cannot as easily and quickly be acquired without them as with them, there will be an inequality between those who read and those who read them not. If our situation is such, that we are surrounded by those who are fond of reading and study, we must read too, in order that we may know as much

as they, or at least be on a general footing of equality with them; and if those who are about us are not of literary habits, it will then also behove us to read, in order that we may know more than they, and secure the advantages, the fair and honorable advantages, which superior knowledge will confer. Books fit a young man for the company of his seniors, and they make an old man doubly instructive to his juniors. They assist a person in his profession or trade; for though a mere theorist cannot stand in competition with a practical workman, yet one who joins study and practice judiciously together, will most usually far surpass one who depends alone on his own invention and experience. And if he should extend his reading beyond the confines of his particular calling, he will probably find it for his interest to do so, inasmuch as it will strengthen his capacity, enlarge his views, and qualify him for a general intercourse with society, and a reputable standing in it. Eminence in any profession or branch of knowledge, however, is, without doubt, only to be attained by an almost exclusive devotion to that profession or branch of knowledge, in all the ways of reading, thinking, and actual practice. A man can become a thorough master, we presume, on no other terms, than by acquainting himself with all that is already known and published on his subject, and by determining to find out all that there is to be known. The first he must accomplish by reading, and the second by reflection and experiment; and though books cannot take the place and answer instead of experiment, yet they are often useful in teaching us, by hints and principles and precedents, how to conduct experiment.

Books will furthermore give us a considerable insight into human character, and join with experience in teaching us a knowledge of the world. There is a common notion, that books cannot impart this kind of knowledge, and that a student must necessarily be unacquainted with the varieties of character, or, at any rate, unable to discern them in real life. As applied to students of very recluse habits, and to those men of very simple minds, who whether students or not, would always be liable to deception in the thronged world, this notion is correct; but to any greater extent we believe it to be wholly false. We believe that a person who knows books, will know men sooner and more thoroughly, on mixing with them, than one who has had no such preparation; because we believe, and indeed know, that there are

many books in which men are painted to the life; and to tell us that we do not learn something of mankind from such books, is the same thing as telling us that we have learnt nothing of a face, after we have been examining a portrait of it by the hand of a master. There are many particulars of deportment in our intercourse with society, many pleasant graces, and many minute but useful items of behaviour, which, it is granted, books cannot teach. Nor can they teach human character and the world, in hardly any respect, so thoroughly, alone, as in connection with experience. But it is altogether idle to say, that books can furnish not a drop of that knowledge of character and knowledge of the world, of which so many of them are confessedly full to the brim. There is, however, a certain kind of knowledge of the world; a practical acquaintance with low characters, low tricks, and low vices, scenes of excess, and haunts of profligacy, which books, unless they are of the vilest description, do not pretend to teach. But although this is a kind of knowledge, on which some have the effrontery and folly to plume themselves, the acquisition of it can only be the object of a most pitiable ambition. It almost inevitably degrades the mind and sensualizes the heart. It is a knowledge of the world, in short which makes those, who are adepts in it, worldly and criminal; a knowledge, which every wise man, instead of coveting, will most heartily eschew—evinced his wisdom by choosing to remain in ignorance. This kind of knowledge excepted, then, a knowledge of the world is certainly to be obtained from reading. We do not say that a perfect or intimate knowledge is to be so obtained, but a knowledge of the same sort with that which we obtain of a coast from charts, or of buildings from views, ground-plans, and elevations.

These remarks, few as they are, may be sufficient to show the importance of books to the character of society, and their value to individuals in their connections with society; and we have before spoken of their uses in filling up our solitary hours, and increasing domestic happiness. To man by himself, and to man in his family and social relations, they constitute an inestimable treasure, from which may be drawn continual supplies to meet the demands of our nature, and the calls and exigencies of life.

## CHARITY.

THE soul, whose sight all-quickenng grace renews,  
Takes the resemblance of the good she views,  
As diamonds, stripped of their opaque disguise,  
Reflect the noonday glory of the skies.  
She speaks of him, her author, guardian, friend,  
Whose love knew no beginning, knows no end,  
In language warm as all that love inspires,  
And in the glow of her intense desires,  
Pants to communicate her noble fires.  
She sees a world stark blind to what employs  
Her eager thought, and feeds her flowing joys;  
Though Wisdom hail them, heedless of her call,  
Flies to save some, and feels a pang for all:  
Herself as weak as her support is strong,  
She feels that frailty she denied so long;  
And, from a knowledge of her own disease,  
Learns to compassionate the sick she sees.  
Here see, acquitted of all vain pretence,  
The reign of genuine Charity commence.  
Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,  
She still is kind, and still she perseveres;  
'The truth she loves a sightless world blaspheme,  
'Tis childish dotage, a delirious dream,  
The danger they discern not, they deny;  
Laugh at their only remedy, and die.  
But still a soul thus touched can never cease,  
Whoever threatens war, to speak of peace.  
Pure in her aim, and in her temper mild,  
Her wisdom seems the weakness of a child:  
She makes excuses where she might condemn,  
Reviled by those that hate her, prays for them;  
Suspicion lurks not in her artless breast,  
The worst suggested, she believes the best;  
Not soon provoked, however stung and teased,  
And, if perhaps made angry, soon appeased;  
She rather waives than will dispute her right,  
And, injured, makes forgiveness her delight.  
She was the portrait an apostle drew,  
The bright original was one he knew;  
*Heaven held his hand, the likeness must be true.*

When one, that holds communion with the skies  
 Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
 And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
 'Tis even as if an angel shook his wings;  
 Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
 That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.  
 So when a ship, well freighted with the stores  
 The sun matures on India's spicy shores,  
 Has dropped her anchor, and her canvass furled,  
 In some safe haven of our western world,  
 'Twere vain inquiry to what port she went,  
 The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

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## TO THE URSA MAJOR.

With what a stately and majestic step  
 That glorious constellation of the north  
 Treads its eternal circle! going forth  
 Its princely way amongst the stars in slow  
 And silent brightness. Mighty one, all hail!  
 I joy to see thee on thy glowing path  
 Walk, like some stout and girded giant—stern,  
 Unwearied, resolute, whose toiling foot  
 Disdains to loiter on its destined way.  
 The other tribes forsake their midnight track,  
 And rest their weary orbs beneath the wave;  
 But thou dost never close thy burning eye,  
 Nor stay thy steadfast step. But on, still on,  
 While systems change, and suns retire, and worlds  
 Slumber and wake, thy ceaseless march proceeds.  
 The near horizon tempts to rest in vain.  
 Thou, faithful sentinel, dost never quit  
 Thy long appointed watch, but, sleepless still,  
 Dost guard the fixed light of the universe,  
 And bid the north forever know its place.  
 Ages have witnessed thy devoted trust,  
 Unchanged, unchanging. When the sons of God  
 Sent forth that shout of joy which rang through heaven,  
 And echoed from the outer spheres that bound  
 The illimitable universe, thy voice  
 Joined the high chorus, from thy radiant orbs  
 The glad cry sounded, swelling to His praise,

Who thus had cast another sparkling gem,  
Little, but beautiful, amid the crowd  
Of splendors that enrich his firmament.  
As thou art now, so wast thou then the same.  
Ages have rolled their course, and time grown gray;  
The earth has gathered to her womb again,  
And yet again, the myriads that were born  
Of her uncounted, unremembered tribes.  
The seas have changed their beds—the eternal hills  
Have stooped with age—the solid continents  
Have left their banks—and man's imperial works—  
The toil, pride, strength of kingdoms, which had flung  
Their haughty honors in the face of heaven,  
As if immortal—have been swept away—  
Shattered and mouldering, buried and forgot.  
But time has shed no dimness on thy front,  
Nor touched the firmness of thy tread; youth, strength,  
And beauty still are thine—as clear, as bright,  
As when the Almighty Former sent thee forth,  
Beautiful offspring of his curious skill,  
To watch earth's northern beacon, and proclaim  
The eternal chorus of eternal Love.

I wonder as I gaze. That stream of light,  
Undimmed, unquenched,—just as I see it now,—  
Has issued from those dazzling points, through years  
That go back far into eternity.

Exhaustless flood! forever spent, renewed  
Forever! Yea, and those refulgent drops,  
Which now descend upon my lifted eye,  
Left their far fountain twice three years ago.  
While those winged particles, whose speed outstrips  
The flight of thought, were on their way, the earth  
Compassed its tedious circuit round and round,  
And, in the extremes of annual change, beheld  
Six autumns fade, six springs renew their bloom.  
So far from earth those mighty orbs revolve!  
So vast the void through which their beams descend!

Yea, glorious lamps of God! He may have quenched  
Your ancient flames, and bid eternal night  
Rest on your spheres; and yet no tidings reach  
This distant planet. Messengers still come  
Laden with your far fire, and we may seem  
To see your lights still burning, while their blaze

But hides the black wreck of extinguished realms,  
Where anarchy and darkness long have reigned.

Yet what is this, which to the astonished mind  
Seems measureless, and which the baffled thought  
Confounds? A span, a point, in those domains  
Which the keen eye can traverse. Seven stars  
Dwell in that brilliant cluster, and the sight  
Embraces all at once; yet each from each  
Recedes as far as each of them from earth.  
And every star from every other burns  
No less remote. From the profound of heaven,  
Untraveled even in thought, keen, piercing rays  
Dart through the void, revealing to the sense  
Systems and worlds unnumbered. Take the glass,  
And search the skies. The opening skies pour down  
Upon your gaze thick showers of sparkling fire—  
Stars, crowded, thronged, in regions so remote,  
That their swift beams—the swiftest things that be—  
Have traveled centuries on their flight to earth.  
Earth, sun, and nearer constellations! what  
Are ye, amid this infinite extent  
And multitude of God's most infinite works!

And these are suns!—vast, central, living fires,  
Lords of dependent systems, kings of worlds  
That wait as satellites upon their power,  
And flourish in their smile. Awake, my soul,  
And meditate the wonder! Countless suns  
Blaze round thee, leading forth their countless worlds!—  
Worlds in whose bosoms living things rejoice,  
And drink the bliss of being from the fount  
Of all-pervading Love. What mind can know,  
What tongue can utter, all their multitudes!  
Thus numberless in numberless abodes!  
Known but to thee, blessed Father! Thine they are,  
Thy children, and thy care—and none o'erlooked  
Of thee! No, not the humblest soul that dwells  
Upon the humblest globe, which wheels its course  
Amid the giant glories of the sky,  
Like the mean mote that dances in the beam  
Amongst the mirrored lamps, which fling  
Their wasteful splendor from the palace wall  
None, none escape the kindness of thy care;

All compassed underneath thy spacious wing,  
Each fed and guided by thy powerful hand.

Tell me, ye splendid orbs! as from your throne,  
Ye mark the rolling provinces that own  
Your sway—what beings fill those bright abodes?  
How formed, how gifted? what their powers, their state,  
Their happiness, their wisdom? Do they bear  
The stamp of human nature? Or has God  
Peopled those purer realms with lovelier forms  
And more celestial minds? Does Innocence  
Still wear her native and untainted bloom?  
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,  
And sowed corruption in those fairy bowers?  
Has War trod o'er them with his foot of fire?  
And Slavery forged his chains; and Wrath, and Hate,  
And sordid Selfishness, and cruel Lust,  
Leagued their base bands to tread out light and truth  
And scatter wo where Heaven had planted joy?  
Or are they yet all paradise, unfallen  
And uncorrupt? existence one long joy,  
Without disease upon the frame, or sin  
Upon the heart, or weariness of life—  
Hope never quenched, and age unknown,  
And death unfeared; while fresh and fadeless youth  
Glows in the light from God's near throne of love?

Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!  
Speak, speak! the mysteries of those living worlds  
Unfold!—No language? Everlasting light,  
And everlasting silence?—Yet the eye  
May read and understand. The hand of God  
Has written legibly what man may know,  
**THE GLORY OF THE MAKER.** There it shines,  
Ineffable, unchangeable; and man,  
Bound to the surface of this pigmy globe,  
May know and ask no more. In other days,  
When death shall give the encumbered spirit wings,  
Its range shall be extended; it shall roam,  
Perchance, amongst those vast mysterious spheres,  
Shall pass from orb to orb, and dwell in each  
Familiar with its children—learn their laws,  
And share their state, and study and adore  
The infinite varieties of bliss  
And beauty, by the Hand divine

Lavished on all its works. Eternity  
 Shall thus roll on with ever fresh delight;  
 No pause of pleasure or improvement; world  
 On world still opening to the instructed mind  
 An unexhausted universe, and time  
 But adding to its glories. While the soul,  
 Advancing ever to the Source of light  
 And all perfection, lives, adores, and reigns  
 In cloudless knowledge, purity, and bliss.

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#### THE NATURE OF TRUTH.

THERE are so many whose feelings or habits of thought incline them to take discouraging views of the progress of their faith, that it is well to state the fact at times, that no power can offer any permanent resistance to the truth; and that their confidence in the success must be in proportion to their confidence in the truth of their opinions. In this sacred cause the weakest hands are strong; not so on the other side; though many may be blinded, though many live and die in delusion, still the cause of truth advances. The defenders of the right may be discouraged for a season;—obstacles may withstand it, as the ice bars the course of some Alpine river; but their only effect is to send it on with a broader sweep and a deeper energy, when it bursts triumphantly through. All who have just ideas of the nature of truth, look forward with perfect confidence to this result. The world has seen men, advocates of truths less inspiring than those of religion, who have showed what this great confidence will do. When the world with one voice denied the truths they endeavored to impress; when lover and friend were far from them; when even the wise advised them to forbear; when they felt that they could hardly spread their light further than the lamp, with which they pursued their labors;—they kept on with a courage that nothing could depress, and showed how the weakness of human nature is raised in power when sustained by principle and duty. There has been many an apostle of Christianity, too, who has expressed a similar confidence, when there seemed little hope for the cause he had at heart;—he was like an ancient prophet who in strength of God had foretold some mighty change; the incredulous began to triumph

and the timid to despair; no cloud in the heaven gave sign of the storm,—still the noble prophet persevered, waiting with a heart that never faltered till the predicted hour was come.

This confidence is not surprising, when we remember what truth is; it is not something arbitrary, changing, and capricious; it is not formed by invention, nor does it depend on argument; it exists, whether it is acknowledged or not, whether it is perceived or not, being wholly independent of the consent of men. It is important to remember this, because we are apt to speak of it as if it were an invention rather than a discovery. As if it were a system framed and communicated to the world by Jesus Christ. But he only revealed to men what was truth in itself,—what would have been truth, even though he had never existed. And thus with all the messengers of heaven. The truths which they communicated were not new, though they were new to men. One by one they lifted the veil from the works of God; each raised it higher than the one who came before him, till at last it was torn away as by the lightning shining from the west to the east, when our Savior came into the world. Men no more invent new truths than the discoverers of the planets added new orbs to the sky; they only measured their periods and revolutions, and declared to men that what seemed like bright points, were actually worlds rolling above them; but there they had rolled from the beginning of creation. So the truths which successively open on the human mind have been shining with equal brightness from the earliest time to the present hour, though their magnitude and importance were unknown.

The advocates of truth wish to see something rapid and striking in its success. True, it is less sublime to see it spreading silently heart by heart, than to see multitudes with folded hands bowing down before it. It is less sublime to see some broad river unchained by the gentle influences of spring, than to see it lift its icy pavement with a thunder-crash and dash its fragments down the stream; but in one case property, life, and happiness are endangered, in the other it floats harmlessly away. To spread itself in the quick and violent way is not the nature of truth; error only is tumultuous and loud. Whenever men act suddenly and strongly, they are more or less governed by passion; and just in proportion as passion rises, principle is in danger of giving way.

Every man who knows what truth is, and desires to see it spread surely as well as fast; every man who feels how soon the best excitement dies away; every man who looks on truth as the power of God, desires to see it pass over the world, not like the hurricane that makes whole forests bend, but like the gentle breeze that bears healing in its wings to nature and to man.

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WILL*Intelligence and Virtue protect the Republic?*

It is assumed by the friends of civil liberty, that nothing can be easier than to carry on such a simple process of governing as that of our own country.

It would be easy, if the whole number, who have the right to an opinion, were always agreed. This is not so; and by the laws of nature cannot be so. Men must act in combinations, and in parties. And what is very striking, there is a rule for parties, which the individuals who compose it, disavow. The moral principle of the man, is often lost in the devotion to a party, or a sect; and sometimes men take praise to themselves for the measures of a party, when, if separated from the irresponsible whole, they might be ashamed to have engaged in them. A numerous collection acting to one end, and by one spirit, may be compared to an overwhelming torrent. If each man were separated, and put on his own responsibility, he would be as harmless as the drops which compose the torrent would be, if separated and left to the action of the air. This, one would think, is the very country of all others for combinations; for, instead of discouraging, almost all its institutions afford facilities for combining. The peculiar danger in republics is, the popular combination to aid by force, a reigning faction; this is the more difficult to be met, and managed, because, it moves under that very authority, which should control and repress it.

But leave out all unusual excitement. Take only the common daily, inevitable course of affairs. We have to encounter honest difference of opinion on vital interests; we have to meet long cherished prejudices. We differ in those things which are thought to be best understood. We say, familiarly, that every man has a right to liberty. But what is liberty? what is right? An abstract notion is easily arrived

at. It is the application that is embarrassing. Practical right and liberty, are just what each citizen wants for himself, for his friends, for his party. Right and liberty are such constructions of established principles, as will bring about the greatest good; *to whom?* to the citizen who makes the construction. It is said there is no danger. *Intelligence*, and *virtue*, will protect the republic; that we have only to carry on the administration of the constitutional government, by the exercise of the electoral franchise. It is assumed that every citizen knows in what manner the power should be used; and who are the proper agents to use it. If by *intelligence*, is meant a knowledge of the nature of our social compacts, the relation of every citizen to the State; of the States to the confederacy; the powers given and withheld; the proper exercise of these powers, both at home, and abroad; and what is expedient, and practicable, as well in the extraordinary, as in the common course of events, what proportion of us have *intelligence*? Deduct from the whole number of citizens, those who are not in the way to be informed; those who might be, but are not; those who strive to be, but mistake their object, and those who are informed, but only for their selfish purposes, and those who are skilled in the arts of managing adherents, and what is the number left who are devoted to civil and religious liberty; and what is the weight of their influence?

As to *virtue*, applied to political and social relations, does it mean that every citizen shall be governed by an enlightened benevolence towards all others; that he shall know, and respect, the relation of persons, and things, in his social connection; and that he shall know, and adhere to that, in which his own true happiness consists;—if so, how many of us are *virtuous*?

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#### FREQUENCY OF ELECTIONS.

BUT is not the frequency of election, a security which cannot fail? Integrity, and talents, may pass through the avenues of election to places of trust; but these avenues are not closed upon talents, unaccompanied by integrity. It is a common remark, that there are two sorts of patriots, who flourish in republics; one, which makes all personal views conform to the end, and the means of public duty; and one,

which makes all public service conform to the end and the means of self-exaltation. But the electors wisely discriminate between these. Is it so? Suppose every elector calmly devoted to making the wisest selection; suppose no feverish divisions to exist, what proportion of the whole number of electors have the means of deciding who among them are most trustworthy? Within the smallest electoral district, great diversity of opinion honestly occurs as to qualifications for office. The difficulty increases with the increase of numbers, and the extension of territory. It soon comes to the fact, that some of the electors have no personal knowledge of candidates; and must choose, *on the faith of a very few, who assume to be well informed*. In one district in this State, comprised in less than four square miles, men are often chosen to important trusts, who are personally unknown to a majority of their electors. How must it be, then, in some of our cities, when they contain, as they will, hundreds of thousands of inhabitants. Then throw into an election, party animosity, credulous jealousy, personal hatred, and the means used to secure triumph, or to gratify some prevalent enthusiasm, and what is the chance of selecting those who are best qualified for honest and faithful service?

At first view it is surprising that office should have so much attraction. *Young ambition* cannot know the contrast between the feelings with which office is taken, and those with which it is regarded, when gone; nor can it be warned by seeing, how many, who have given their best days to office, are stricken by poverty in the decline of life, chagrined by neglect, or visited by reproach. That master propensity of the human heart, *the desire of excelling*, will always furnish the republic with abundance of candidates. No human heart is, or ought to be, free from this propensity; combined with honorable motives, it brings clear heads, and pure minds, into the public trust. It often brings zealous, and honest, but incompetent minds; and is sure to bring insincere and mischievous ones, into the same relation. Whether the indiscreet friends, or the secret enemies, of ancient republics did most to overthrow them, may be doubtful; but it is certain that the latter always stood ready to give the mortal blow.

## POPULAR IDOLS.

WE have also to meet, that propensity of mankind, peculiar to no age, or country, to create IDOLS, and to clothe them with fascinating attributes, and to vest in them extravagant power. In our time, we have seen a man raised from the common level, to the highest eminence, without one quality that deserved esteem. Adored through all his faults, follies, and crimes, though he felt no kindness, no sympathy for his worshippers. Adored through all his miscarriages and humiliations, though he deserved them all. Adored in his far distant sea-girt sepulchre, which would be worn by the knees of visitors, were it not inaccessible. To what quality of our nature are we to refer this propensity? Is it self-love? Is it the ready association of ourselves with the grandeur, which is our own work? Is it the sentiment of triumph over adversaries? The establishment of power, which makes its supporters strong, and of a glory; which descends and envelops the lowest who can shout applause?

We reproach the hero for his false elevation. We should reproach those who gave it.

The plots which have originated with individuals to subjugate communities, have succeeded less frequently by the force of terror, than by the co-operation of the victims of success. It is not peculiar to those, who have been fortunate in arms, to be made idols. It would be easy to prove this by historical facts; and we should not have to cross the Atlantic to find all of them. The danger seems to be in the enthusiastic devotion to the man, who is thus raised above all responsibility, and who cannot in his own opinion, nor in that of his supporters, be charged with intentional or accidental error.

The distinguishing excellence of our political system is, the frequent recurrence of election in every department, in which that power can be usefully exercised. But this power, like other good, when perverted into an evil, becomes destructive, in proportion to its intended utility. It is that power which is most liable to abuse: the abuse can never be admitted, nor proved, where alone it can be remedied; because it is the majority on whom the abuse is chargeable. The majority is the sovereign, and the sovereign can do no wrong. The most natural and easy departure from the beau-

tiful theory of our institutions is to consider *public trust a property* vested in successful candidates, and their prominent supporters, *for their own use*. This was the vice of the ancient governments. It was the struggle for this *property*, that converted the Grecian cities, and Rome, into scenes of frightful personal wars. In the last three-fourths of our present national connection, we have descended, rapidly, in the common path of all self-governed communities. At first *patronage* seemed to smile rather in regard to some alleged difference of *principle* between the two sorts of republicans into which the nation was divided. It soon transferred its favours to *partizans*, as well as to principle. And then, none but an *avowed partizan* was capable and honest enough, to serve his country. At this day how much better is the struggle than those which are carried on by physical force. In the one case, victory disposes of place, of property and of persons. The result of an election, in like manner, disposes of all that is within the reach of victory.

How far, then, have we already declined from that elevated standard which governed us, when WASHINGTON was among the public agents? Did any citizen believe, in his time, that disgusting adulation on the one side, and odious crimination of the other, would be the surest means to recommend himself to an office?

It is grateful to contemplate the character of this EMINENT PATRIOT, and painful to know how soon, and how thoroughly, some of his maxims of conduct were disregarded. He seems to stand alone in the scale of human worth; and to be the only man, who has maintained, living and dead, his hold on the gratitude, respect, and affection of the world. He commanded no personal enthusiasm; he neither made the community, nor the community him. Utility, talent, integrity, fidelity, justice, self-respect, in one word WISDOM, shed a simple, venerable, glory around him, which was his, and has been no other man's. This glory will shine forth to illumine our path as long as the American people are worthy of having had such a countryman, and no longer.

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#### THE PRESS.

WHAT a glorious invention is THE PRESS! a voice that may speak with many tongues, and over the whole earth, at once,

of human hope, of duty, of right, of immortal life; which binds all numbered ages to the present; and the quarters of the earth together; the preserver of the achievements of human genius; the diffuser of the common welfare among the great family of mankind; the encourager of noble motives, and honorable deeds; the terrible censor of turpitude, and crime; the medium of communion between enlightened minds; the conservator of rational liberty; how free, is it in this happy land! how alarmingly free! How delusive, fraudulent, and corrupting! What a terrible engine is it, in the hand of moral, and political profligacy! At the present moment, the press is in motion, to abolish the fundamental principles, of moral action; and to annihilate the bond of political connection.

What is the remedy for this audacious wrong? What have intelligence, virtue, and reaction been able to do, in staying its influence? To what are we to attribute this deplorable perversion of the best invention of the human mind? Would civil liberty endure longer without the press, or with such use of it as we are accustomed to see? Or rather will civil liberty expire sooner under the weight of the press, or by its abolition? Are we to reproach the conductors of the press; or the community, which demands, receives, pays for and devours, the gross and corrupting aliment which the conductors of the press distribute?

On the continent of Europe, the press is under the control of those who have an absolute dominion over persons, and over the expression of their thoughts. As this dominion is claimed, and exercised as a *right*, and is limited by the ability to continue to hold it, it cannot tolerate the press. In England the press is as free, and as much misused as in our own country; but in England the weight of the government, the influence of wealth, talents, and privileged orders, create a connected and combined strength, which is assailed in vain. Here, the press encounters no obstacle in its way to the very heart of sovereign power, which it can form and put in motion, to accomplish the intended purpose. If the purpose is to bring a majority to be of one opinion, and the means are, not the statement of truth, but of falsehoods, how are they who read to detect the fraud? To insist that every one who reads, can discriminate between what is true, and what is false, is to deny that falsehood is ever published. The remedy, it is said, is to follow the mischievous publication.

with a corrective one. The latter rarely goes where the remedy is wanted; if it always did, the attempt to correct, puts the party on the defensive; and the call then is upon an adversary, to admit that he is wrong.

The press is, *here*, what eloquence was in *Athens*. A celebrated Greek, speaking of the ambitious men of Athens, said, 'Their triumph is that of eloquence, which seems to have arrived at perfection, for no other purpose, but to introduce despotism into the bosom of liberty itself.'

If there is any remedy for the abuses of the press, the press itself must furnish it. But by whom shall it be put in motion to this useful end? How many of those who are most competent to this service, are absorbed in their own vocations; or wearied of thankless labor; or disgusted with the process of our experiment; or hopeless that any effort can arrest our downward tendency in the common path of republics?

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EXTRACT

*From an Address, delivered in Baltimore, October, 1830, on the triumph of Liberty in France.*

WITH no pretence of right, and no wish to interfere with the political institutions of other countries, but, on the contrary, holding it to be the right of all to pursue their own happiness, in their own way, and under the form of government which they deem most conducive to that end—yet believing, as we do, that civil and religious freedom are essential to the happiness of man, and to the development of the high capacities, mental and moral, with which his Creator has endowed him, it is natural for us to rejoice when we see any nation, and more especially one so endeared to us as France, coming, of her own accord, into the fold of free governments. If there is any people who believe that their peace and order and happiness require the curb of a despotic government, be it so: their believing it, is proof enough to us that it is so, with regard to them: And however much we may regret, it is not for us to disturb their repose. Free government is good only for those who understand its value and are prepared for its enjoyment. It cannot be forced, with advantage, upon any people who are not yet ripe for its reception. Nations yet in darkness require, like children,

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to be disciplined and instructed before they can act with advantage for themselves. Their best instruction from abroad, is the example of other nations; their only proper teachers at home are their own enlightened patriots; and the wisest process, the gradual diffusion of light among them.— That a movement may be premature and end only in abortion and misery, the former example of France has instructed them. That it may be mature, and the deliverance easy, quick and safe, she has now given them a happy and beautiful illustration. It is only by such a revolution as this that the cause of liberty can present an attraction to the world. It is only in such a revolution that the humane and benevolent can take delight.

Charity is due even to the prejudices of princes. They are, probably, as much in the dark on this head, as their subjects. They have been taught from their cradles that they were born to rule, as their subjects have been taught from theirs, that they were born to be ruled. The mistake seems to be mutual, and is, perhaps, equally honest on both sides. Humanity requires that its correction should be attended with as little violence as possible, and this can be best effected by the gradual diffusion of light. Let us be content with the order of nature, which, however slow, is always safest and best. The sun does not spring at once from the nadir to the zenith. Such a leap would bring on a convulsion of nature and the crash of worlds. No: his ascent is gradual. Our eyes are accommodated, without pain, to his increasing light. The landscape is softly and beautifully unfolded, and the planetary system, in the meantime, maintains its harmonious and salutary action. The seasons revolve in their order; and the earth brings forth her flowers and her fruits, in peace. So let us be content to have it in the intellectual world. Let not vain man presume to be wiser than his Maker, and, in a foolish attempt to force the order of nature, create only misery, where he intended happiness.

— Let us not fear that the light which has already gone forth will be extinguished. Tyrants might as well attempt to blot the sun from the firmament. They may attempt it; but 'He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh them to scorn.' The creatures formed for his worship will be permitted to worship him with exalted faculties and full liberty of conscience.— Placed here for their common good and happiness, and in-  
 dued with minds and affections fitted for enlightened inter-

course, and the mutual interchange of kind offices, let us not be so impious as to fear that the light which has arisen will be suffered to be put out, and the world replunged in darkness and barbarity.

Fellow citizens, this light was first struck in our land.—The sacred trust is still among us. Let us take care how we guard the holy fire. We stand under a fearful responsibility to our Creator and our fellow creatures. It has been his divine pleasure that we should be sent forth as the harbingers of free government on the earth, and in this attitude we are now before the world. The eyes of the world are upon us, and our example will probably be decisive of the cause of human liberty.

The great argument of despots against free governments is, that large bodies of men are incapable of self-rule, and that the inevitable and rapid tendency of such a government as ours is to faction, strife, anarchy and dissolution. Let it be our effort to give, to the expecting world, a great, practical and splendid refutation of this charge. If *we* cannot do this, the world may despair. To what other nation can we look to do it? We claim no *natural* superiority to other nations. We have not the folly to think of it. We claim nothing more than a *natural* equality. But circumstances have conspired to give us an advantage in making this great political experiment, which no other modern nation enjoys. The government under which the fathers of our revolution were born was the freest in Europe. They were rocked in the cradle and nurtured in the principles of British liberty: and the transition from those institutions to our own was extremely easy. They were maturely prepared for the change both by birth and education, and came into existence as a republic under happier auspices than can ever again be expected to arise. If, therefore, our experiment shall fail, I say again that the world may well despair. Warned as we are by the taunts of European monarchists, and by the mournful example of all the ancient republics, are we willing to split on the same rock on which we have seen them shipwrecked? Are we willing to give our enemies such a triumph as to fulfil their prophecy and convince the world that self-government is impracticable—a mere chimera—and that man is fit only to be a slave to his fellow man? Are we willing to teach the nations of the earth to despair, and resign themselves at once to the power that crushes them? Shall we forfeit all

the bright honors that we have hitherto won by our example, and now admit by our conduct, that, although free government may subsist for a while, under the pressure of extrinsic and momentary causes, yet that it cannot bear a long season of peace and prosperity; but that as soon as thus left to itself, it speedily hastens to faction, demoralization, anarchy and ruin? Are we prepared to make this practical admission by our conduct, and extinguish, ourselves, the sacred light of liberty which has been entrusted to our keeping? Or, shall we not rather show ourselves worthy of this high trust, maintain the advanced post which we have hitherto occupied with so much honor, prove, by our example, that a free government is the best pledge for peace and order and human happiness, and thus continue to light the other nations of the earth on their way to liberty? Who can hesitate between these two alternatives? Who that looks upon that monument that decks the Park, and observes the statue by which it is surmounted, or on this\* that graces our square, and recalls the occasion on which it was erected, is willing to admit that men are incapable of self-government, and unworthy of the blessing of liberty. No man, I am sure, who has an American heart in his bosom.

Away, then, with all faction, strife and uncharitableness from our land. We are brothers. Let no angry feelings enter our political dwellings. If we differ about measures or about men,—as, from the constitution of our nature, differ we must,—let us remember that we are all but fallible men, and extend to others that charity of which the best of us cannot but feel that we stand in need. We owe this good temper and indulgence to each other as members of the same family, as all interested, and deeply interested, in the preservation of the Union and of our political institutions: and we owe it to the world as the *van-couriers* of free government on earth, and the guardians of the first altar that has been erected to Liberty in modern times. In the casual differences of opinion that must, from time to time, be expected to arise among us, it is natural that each should think himself right. But let us be content to make that right appear by calm and respectful reasoning. Truth does not require the torch of discord to light her steps. Its flickering and baleful glare can only disturb

\* The Baltimore Monument in his view.

her course. Her best light is her own pure and native lustre. Measures never lose any thing of their firmness by their moderation. They win their way as much by the candor and kindness with which they are conducted, as by their intrinsic rectitude.

Friends and fellow-citizens, 'our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places: yea, we have a goodly heritage.' Let us not mar it by vindictive altercations among ourselves, and offend the shades of our departed fathers who left this rich inheritance to us. Let us not tinge with shame and sorrow, the venerable cheek of the last surviving signer of the Declaration of our Independence, whom heaven still spares to our respect and affections. Let us not disappoint the world which still looks to us for a bright example, and is manifestly preparing to follow our steps. Let us not offend that Almighty Being who gave us all these blessings, and who has a right to expect that we shall enjoy them in peace and brotherly love. It is his will that we should so enjoy them; and may his will be done.

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#### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there;  
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldrick of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white,  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,  
Who rear'st aloft the regal form,  
To hear the tempest trumping loud,  
And see the lightning-lances driven,  
When stride the warriors of the storm  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—  
Child of the Sun, to thee 'tis given,

To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbinger of victory.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph, high.  
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on,  
—Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glist'ning bayonet,—  
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy meteor-glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance  
And, when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,  
And glory,—sabres rise and fall,  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!  
There shall thy victor-glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall sink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas, on ocean's wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,  
When death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
Before the broad-side's reeling rack;  
The dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
And smile to see thy splendors fly,  
In triumph, o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free hearts' only home,  
By angel-hands to valor given,  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

## THE TWO EAGLES.

A negro boy at work in a field in Virginia, was suddenly startled by a noise in the air, resembling thunder. Upon looking up to discover whence it proceeded, he saw two birds at an immense height, engaged in desperate combat. They finally fell, with talons interlocked. He threw himself upon them and wrung their necks. They were bald eagles.

KINGS of the air! your wings were free  
With thundercloud to roam,  
And the rich breath of liberty  
Was in your glorious home!

Ye look'd upon our hills with mirth,  
Upon our hills and shores;  
For we were crawling on the earth,  
And heaven itself was yours!

Had ye as brothers still soar'd on,  
Your wings were flapping yet;  
And the same eyes that hail'd, at dawn,  
Had watch'd the sun, at set.

In strife, ye tore your wings of might;  
For man to mock, ye bled:  
He trembled at the eagle's flight,  
He spurns the eagle dead!

Ye are an omen of *our* fate,  
With nobler issue rife,  
When brotherhood's forgot for hate,  
And peaceful love for strife.

A frown—low, low our country lies;  
A blow—the funeral pall!  
When worlds, that fear'd her in her rise,  
May trample, in her fall.

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EFFECTS OF A DISSOLUTION OF THE FEDERAL UNION.

ASSUMING it as an established truth, that, in case of disunion, the several states, or such combinations of them as might happen to be formed out of the wreck of the general confederacy, would be subject to those vicissitudes

of peace and war, of friendship and enmity with each other, which have fallen to the lot of all other nations not united under one government, let us enter into a concise detail of some of the consequences that would attend such a situation.

War between the states, in the first periods of their separate existence, would be accompanied with much greater distresses than it commonly is in those countries where regular military establishments have long obtained. The disciplined armies always kept on foot on the continent of Europe, though they bear a malignant aspect to liberty and economy, have, notwithstanding, been productive of the singular advantage of rendering sudden conquests impracticable, and of preventing that rapid desolation, which used to mark the progress of war prior to their introduction. The art of fortification has contributed to the same ends. The nations of Europe are encircled with chains of fortified places, which mutually obstruct invasion. Campaigns are wasted in reducing two or three fortified garrisons, to gain admittance into an enemy's country. Similar impediments occur at every step, to exhaust the strength, and delay the progress of an invader. Formerly, an invading army would penetrate into the heart of a neighbouring country almost as soon as intelligence of its approach could be received; but now, a comparatively small force of disciplined troops, acting on the defensive, with the aid of posts, is able to impede, and finally to frustrate the purposes of one much more considerable. The history of war in that quarter of the globe is no longer a history of nations subdued, and empires overturned; but of towns taken and retaken, of battles that decide nothing, of retreats more beneficial than victories, of much effort and little acquisition.

In this country the scene would be altogether reversed. The jealousy of military establishments would postpone them as long as possible. The want of fortifications, leaving the frontier of one state open to another, would facilitate inroads. The populous states would with little difficulty, overrun their less populous neighbours. Conquests would be as easy to be made as difficult to be retained. War, therefore, would be desultory and predatory. Plunder and devastation ever march in the train of irregulars. The calamities of individuals would ever make the principal figure in events, and would characterize our exploits.

This picture is not too highly wrought; though, I confess,

it would not long remain a just one. Safety from external danger is the most powerful director of national conduct. Even the ardent love of liberty will, after a time, give way to its dictates. The violent destruction of life and property incident to war, the continual effort and alarm attendant on a state of continual danger, will compel nations the most attached to liberty to resort for repose and security to institutions, which have a tendency to destroy their civil and political rights. To be more safe, they, at length, become willing to run the risk of being less free. The institutions chiefly alluded to are **STANDING ARMIES**, and the corresponding appendages of military establishments. Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution; and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But standing armies, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states or confederacies would first have recourse to them, to put themselves on an equality with their more potent neighbours. They would endeavour to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence,—by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which, their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is the nature of war to increase the executive, at the expense of the legislative authority.

The expedients which have been mentioned, would soon give the states or confederacies, that made use of them, a superiority over their neighbors. Small states, or states of less natural strength, under vigorous governments, and with the assistance of disciplined armies, have often triumphed over large states, or states of greater natural strength, which have been destitute of these advantages. Neither the pride nor the safety of the important states, or confederacies, would permit them long to submit to this mortifying and adventitious superiority. They would quickly resort to means similar to those by which it had been effected, to reinstate themselves in their lost pre-eminence. Thus we should in a little time, see established in every part of this country the same

engines of despotism, which have been the scourge of the old world. This, at least, would be the natural course of things; and our reasonings will be likely to be just, in proportion as they are accommodated to this standard. These are not vague inferences, deduced from speculative defects in a constitution, the whole power of which is lodged in the hands of the people, or their representatives and delegates; they are solid conclusions, drawn from the natural and necessary progress of human affairs.

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#### NECESSITY OF UNION BETWEEN THE STATES.

It has often given me pleasure to observe, that independent America was not composed of detached and distant territories, but that one connected, fertile, wide-spreading country was the portion of our western sons of liberty. Providence has, in a particular manner, blessed it with a variety of soils and productions, and watered it with innumerable streams for the delight and accommodation of its inhabitants. A succession of navigable waters forms a kind of chain round its borders, as if to bind it together; while the most noble rivers in the world, running at convenient distances, present them with highways for the easy communication of friendly aids, and the mutual transportation and exchange of their various commodities.

With equal pleasure I have as often taken notice, that Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people, a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs; and who, by their joint counsels, arms and efforts, fighting side by side, through a long and bloody war, have nobly established their general liberty and independence.

This country and this people seem to have been made for each other; and it appears as if it were the design of Providence, that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous and alien sovereignties.

*Similar sentiments have hitherto prevailed among all orders and denominations of men among us. To all general pur-*

poses, we have uniformly been one people—each individual citizen every where enjoying the same national rights, privileges and protection. As a nation, we have made peace and war; as a nation, we have vanquished our common enemies; as a nation, we have formed alliances, and made treaties, and entered into various compacts and conventions with foreign states.

A strong sense of the value and blessings of union induced the people, at a very early period, to institute a federal government in order to preserve and perpetuate it. They formed it almost as soon as they had a political existence; nay, at a time when their habitations were in flames, when many of them were bleeding in the field, and when the progress of hostility and desolation left little room for those calm and mature inquiries and reflections, which must ever precede the formation of a wise and well-balanced government for a free people. It is not to be wondered, that a government instituted in times so inauspicious should, on experiment, be found greatly deficient, and inadequate to the purpose it was intended to answer.

This intelligent people perceived and regretted these defects. Still continuing no less attached to union than enamoured of liberty, they observed the danger, which immediately threatened the former, and more remotely the latter; and, being persuaded, that ample security for both could only be found in a national government more wisely framed, they, as with one voice, convened the late convention at Philadelphia, to take that important subject under consideration.

This convention, composed of men who possessed the confidence of the people, and many of whom had become highly distinguished for their patriotism, virtue and wisdom, in times which tried the souls of men, undertook the arduous task. In the mild season of peace, with minds unoccupied by other subjects, they passed many months in cool, uninterrupted and daily consultations. And, finally, without having been awed by power, or influenced by any passion except love for their country, they presented and recommended to the people the plan produced by their joint and very unanimous counsels.

It is not yet forgotten, that well-grounded apprehensions of imminent danger, induced the people of America to form the memorable congress of 1774. That body recommended

certain measures to their constituents, and the event proved their wisdom; it yet is fresh in our memories how soon the press began to teem with pamphlets and weekly papers against those very measures. Not only many of the officers of government, who obeyed the dictates of personal interest, but others, from a mistaken estimate of consequences, from the undue influence of ancient attachments, or whose ambition aimed at objects which did not correspond with the public good, were indefatigable in their endeavors to persuade the people to reject the advice of that patriotic congress. Many, indeed, were deceived and deluded, but the great majority reasoned and decided judiciously; and happy they are in reflecting that they did so.

But if the people at large had reason to confide in the men of that congress, few of whom had then been fully tried or generally known, still greater reason have they now to respect the judgment and advice of the convention; for it is well known that some of the most distinguished members of that congress, who have been since tried and justly approved for patriotism and abilities, and who have grown old in acquiring political information, were also members of this convention, and carried into it their accumulated knowledge and experience.

It is worthy of remark, that not only the first, but every succeeding congress, as well as the late convention, have joined with the people in thinking that the prosperity of America depended on its union. To preserve and perpetuate it, was the great object of the people in forming that convention; and it is also the great object of the plan, which the convention has advised them to accept. With what propriety therefore, or for what good purposes, are attempts at this particular period made by some men to depreciate the importance of the union?—or why is it suggested, that three or four confederacies would be better than one? I am persuaded in my own mind, that the people have always thought right on this subject, and that their universal and uniform attachment to the cause of the union rests on great and weighty reasons.

They who promote the idea of substituting a number of distinct confederacies in the room of the plan of the convention, seem clearly to foresee, that the rejection of it would put the continuance of the union in the utmost jeopardy. That certainly would be the case; and I sincerely wish it

may be as clearly foreseen by every good citizen, that, whenever the dissolution of the union arrives, America will have reason to exclaim, in the words of the poet,—“Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!”

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#### ON THE MORALITY OF OUR POLITICAL SITUATION.

SIMPLE as the matter may seem to be, we believe it is no easy thing to form a just and true appreciation of political freedom. And we are persuaded that much will be done towards leading men to a right use of this favored condition, when they are brought rightly to consider it. It was under the influence of such an impression, without designing to overrate efforts of this nature so humble as ours must be, that we endeavored some time since to show that liberty is not only a blessing, but a trust; and that, in fact, it never is or can be a blessing, but when used as a trust. In pursuance of the same general design, and to bring the principle we then stated to a still more practical application, we shall now undertake to show that freedom, rightly considered, implies not only the highest state of privilege, but the loftiest condition of duty. The prevailing habit of thought on this subject, has been to contemplate liberty almost exclusively as a blessing and a privilege. It is time—we must venture to say it with emphasis—it is time to leave our childish exultation; and in the sober manhood of freedom, to consider that it devolves upon us weighty trusts, and demands of us unquestionable and serious duties.

Indeed, to consider, to reflect, is itself one of the primary and indispensable duties of a freeman. He is not to reap the benefits of his condition from the operation of blind and unperceived causes. He is to consider and to understand from whence these benefits arise, and how they are to be preserved and perpetuated. He is to place no absolute or ultimate reliance on any mysterious *Magna Charta*, on any protecting *Palladium*, on any magic words written in the constitution. No constitution can preserve *them* free, who are unfaithful to the duties of freemen. And little benefit would it confer on them if it could, for the very end of rational liberty is the noblest intellectual and moral action. The members of a free community are not, and cannot be, like the subjects of despotic rule, mere portions and parts of

the machinery of society, moved by springs, not of their own making, nor of their own governing, nor for them to comprehend. They are themselves the springs, nay the sources of political action. The government is the expression of their will. Its movement is like that of the mighty ocean, where every drop and particle contributes to the combined strength and power.

Freemen must reflect, and they must act, wisely. They must reflect and act thus, in a great many cases, where other men have only to submit and obey. They have not to go before a Persian *cadi*, or a Turkish pacha, to receive a summary decision, right or wrong, upon their claims for justice. But they have to *make* the laws that govern them, to modify them according to the exigencies of their multiplying relations, to apply them to individual cases, to administer them according to the principles of truth and wisdom. And the laws that spring from free institutions—the laws, in other words, that are really and faithfully adapted to the wants of an enterprising, prosperous, and free people, will be numerous, precise, and complicated. There can be no greater mistake, and yet it is often committed, than to suppose that the best laws, amidst the highest freedom, would be very few and simple. Where action is free, the relations of business will be many. Where rights are accurately defined, and carefully adjusted to all the mutual relations of persons and things, the distinctions made will often be delicate and abstruse, and require, in those who would regard them, so much the more intelligence and reflection.

The condition of freedom, rightly regarded, demands also the greatest strength of moral purpose. He that will rightly enjoy this privilege should have taken, for his *task-masters*, reason and conscience. He has no despot to say to him, 'Thou shalt do this, and this.' He has a law, indeed, but that law is of his own ordaining. He should feel the solicitude about its observance, which the creation, the authorship of it, fairly imposes. He, who had proposed any enactment in the halls of legislation, would feel as if it was especially incumbent on him to respect and obey it. So in his measure should every man feel, who has contributed, either directly or indirectly, to the legislation of his country. He should *keep* the rule, which he has helped to establish. The last man in the world to say, with blind and headlong passion, 'I will, or I will not,'—and yet this, by many, is thought to

be the precise and special blessing of liberty, 'to do as they please,'—but we insist, that the last man to say or do this, should be the free man, the republican.

Let us illustrate the strictness and sobriety that belong to this condition in two or three instances. A man born in India is obliged, by the institution of *caste* in that country, to follow a certain occupation. In many countries, the pursuits of every individual, though not imposed on him by his birth, are controlled and fettered by arbitrary laws and vexatious restrictions. In every country, where a titled aristocracy is established, the path of honorable ambition is nearly hedged up in some directions, and in others entirely closed. Even in England, there is but a bare possibility open to the commoner, that he may enter the peerage. But to every man in a free country, 'the world,' comparatively, 'is all before him where to choose.' He may pursue any business; he may adopt any profession; he may set before himself any aim, even the highest. Such a state of things affords the largest scope for enterprise and competition in business, for domestic rivalry, and the contests of political ambition. It is obviously a state of great temptation, and therefore, to be safe, must be a state of self-government, of self-denial, of strictness, of forbearance, of sobriety—of duty, in every form. If a free land is only made a field for the unrestrained conflicts of men's selfish interests; if it is only a battle-field for the rude and lawless passions, there will be haste and waste, disorder and desolation, instead of comfort, competence, and virtue. Our people, we are satisfied, do not sufficiently reflect on this. The eagerness of unfettered pursuit is carrying many too far; improvident and ambitious expenditures are ruining many more; the strife of boundless competition, between families, between rival claimants for office, and political parties, agitates society to its lowest depths. Every passion, in such circumstances,—the love of gain, the love of display, in dress, furniture, equipage, the desire of distinction, and the fear, too, of the all-ruling public, must be more strictly governed and guarded.

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SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

AGAIN, let us refer to the freedom of speech and of the press. In despotic states, a man has need to take care what

he says in the public streets, and what he inserts in the public prints; his lips are sealed by the suspected presence of spies and informers; and his pen, when he writes, is held by the hand of fear. In this country every man says and publishes *almost* every thing that he pleases. In such a state of things, what is to preserve our press and our conversation, in relation to the government, and all political matters, from reckless and dangerous extravagance and licentiousness?—We know of nothing but the self-restraint of conscience and duty; the sober consideration of true lovers of their country. It may seem to many a very small matter, but we confess that it appears to us, that those who talk about our institutions and prospects, should talk soberly, with some effort to say things that are wise and true, and not with a view to give vent to their crude opinions and disappointed passions; that they should neither lean to the side of bold exultation, nor of rash discouragement. There was a time, when, for the purpose of arousing the people from their deep security, it seemed expedient to throw out hints of the possible destruction of that constitution, on which, and not on their moral habits, men were so securely reposing. But that time is past. There is now, on this topic, a freedom and familiarity of discussion in Congress, as well as in humbler spheres of influence,—there is a reckless language on this subject, going even to the extent of proposing to ‘calculate the value of this union,’ which, we do not say is perilous, for we believe the danger of its dissolution is not great—we derive encouragement from the increasing knowledge, intercourse, union, sobriety, and virtue of the people—but it is language, we think, which it were better not to hear.

Freedom, we repeat, can truly consist, can safely stand, in nothing but in the sense of that duty, which we owe to it.—If it is converted from its legitimate character, into the dissolution of that moral bond, it neither can be preserved, nor is it worth preserving. The strength of human hearts must bear it up. It is thus perfectly true, in the language of Scripture, that ‘God is our defence; that the Lord of hosts is our refuge.’ Freedom is one of the natural and noblest gifts of God to men; but if his grace, if his spirit, if his law is not in their hearts, the gift will be turned to abuse and ruin. If liberty is the mere fabric of human opinion, whose vigor no living energies supply, it will be like other architecture of human device, admired in its first novelty and beauty,

mocked in its decay, forsaken in its dilapidation, and trodden under foot at last, in its utter prostration and ruin.

The character of the true freeman, be he political, social, or religious, is the loftiest form of human character. The great doctrine now to be taught to this people is, that they must raise themselves up to their favored condition, to their free institutions. This they have not yet done. They have not reflected enough; they are not intelligent enough; they have not yet enough virtue to realize, to obtain the full advantages of their condition. Society, neighborhood, municipal community, trade, acquisition, expenditure, pleasure,—each and all of these spheres and departments of action, must be elevated, and more wisely governed than they have been—than they are. We hope, we trust in this improvement. We hope, as we hope in God. Let us press forward. Let us be encouraged and cheered, and borne onward, with lofty expectations. We do not know, we cannot conceive, what a glorious and happy country this may be a century hence, if we, and if coming generations, are faithful to it.

We have considered the general position, that a state of freedom, to be safe, must be a state of duty. It is a moral situation, so to speak; and this, we think, is the light in which the people of this country should be most frequently led to contemplate it. In other words, though they may seem paradoxical, freedom should be felt to be the strongest bond of moral obligation; freedom from the interference of others requires the greater care of ourselves; freedom from tyrannical coercion must be accompanied by a willing subjection to reason and conscience; freedom from man should be devotedness and duty to God; freedom, in fine, must be self-restraint, sobriety, moderation, temperance, virtue, or its advantages and privileges will be but an imagination and a name. And there is the more occasion to say all this, though it may seem to be very simple and obvious, because there has as yet been so little real liberty in the world, that men have not learned rightly to use it; it is so rare a boon, that they are more apt to exult in its mere possession, than to reflect on it as a care and a trust; it has been so wrongfully withheld from multitudes, that they are liable, in obtaining it, to grasp it with violence, and to wrest it into extravagance and licentiousness. We might speak of the illustration, which this remark has received from the history of Spain and Portugal, and the Republics of South America. We might speak, and

we may say something before we close, of the illustration which the same remark is but too likely to receive in the great struggle for popular rights on which the whole civilized world is now entering. But it is meet, it is a part of that duty which we are endeavoring to inculcate, that we first look to ourselves. The visible contest for freedom has long since been brought to a triumphant termination; but the moral conflict is yet far enough from being ended, and it is a conflict on which every thing depends, as truly as it once depended on physical force or manly courage. The battle has been fought on our plains and upon our high places; it is now again to be fought in society and by our very firesides.

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SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THERE is a morality of our political situation. This, indeed, is the point which we have been endeavoring to state, in the general views which we have taken of the nature of free institutions. But we must venture in surveying more particularly the relations of freemen to one another, and to the whole body, to insist upon a strict application to them of the principles of Christian morality; an application more strict, if we mistake not, than is usually applied to them.—For the fact is undeniable, that vaguely and imperfectly as the principles of Christian morality are brought to bear as yet upon private life, their application to public and political conduct is still more loose and indulgent. Actions and principles of action, which would be thought intolerable in the ordinary relations of society, are admitted to a fair and honorable place, upon the theatre of political employments and party strifes.

Now we know nothing of two codes of morality, and we believe that heaven knows nothing of them. And humble as our aim may be, and little as it may avail, yet for the sake of our own rectitude of judgment, we must appeal to the one standard. And the first act of the freeman, which we would bring to this standard, is that which most distinctly denominates him as such—the act of suffrage. There are few things that men do with a weaker sense of moral obligation, or with a more entire absence of it, than the casting of their vote at an election. If, indeed, the offer were made to buy *their suffrage*, they would spurn it with indignation; and yet

they may as really sell their vote to a party, or to private interest, or to personal enmity, as if they sold it for a golden bribe.

The act of suffrage, to possess any dignity or value, must be performed as a grave duty. If, in our sober judgment, one candidate for office is better fitted for it than another, we are bound to vote for him without fear or favor, without passion or prejudice. We know, indeed, that this rule, strict as it may be thought, leaves room enough for mistake; for even in their sober judgment, men may judge very erroneously. And we say, therefore, still further, that every elector is bound to use his honest endeavors to free his mind from all undue biases. He owes this duty to his country; he owes it to his own interests. When he contributes to elevate an individual to the councils of the nation, he is helping to place there a power which is to be felt over a boundless extent of territory, and among twelve millions of people. Of such vast magnitude and peculiar sacredness is the trust which is committed to him; and he has no more right to disregard such interests, or to deal recklessly with them, than he has to sow the seeds of pestilence in the heart of a mighty city. He ought to feel, that he is acting, not for himself alone, but for millions; the welfare of the whole vast people should be before him; their imaginary presence should surround the spot where he gives his suffrage; and their call upon his fidelity and disinterestedness should banish from his mind every low, partial, and selfish aim. There is a law that requires us to 'love one another,' and to labor for the common weal. Is that law abrogated during the period of an election? Is a Saturnalian license in morals proclaimed for that period, and are we permitted to slander private character, and to sport with public interests, and to set at naught all the principles of order, justice, and self-respect? Are we, in short, permitted to forget that we are Christians in the zeal we indulge as partisans?

Yet, if we were *not* bound to act as Christians, if we were at liberty to adopt the most selfish principles in politics, even then we might be justly required to act with sobriety, moderation and candor. Even then the blind and insane zeal, too often seen in party warfare, would be unworthy of us. A few leaders may find it for their interest to hoodwink the people, and to drive them hard, in the career that is to carry themselves into office. But what interest of the people

is it, to be harnessed to the car, and to be lashed onward in the course; to be chafed and wearied for a while, and then to be turned out like useless cattle, when their task is done? Let every man consult his own self-respect and his own interest, and we believe there would be far more wisdom exhibited in our elections, than is now usually seen in them.— Would any one of us choose a mercantile agent who was incapable, or unprincipled, because he held certain views of trade in common with us? Why, then, shall we commit the most weighty trusts to political associates, if they are destitute of ability or worth? We must think, in our simplicity, that to choose none but good and able men would be a very safe proceeding. We are, the most of us, unqualified to form any very valuable opinion on difficult questions in the administration of the government. But we can form an opinion of the characters of men in our own districts, who may stand forth as candidates for office. And if we were to elect ‘good men and true;’ if we were to elect the wisest and best men, without exacting from them any pledges, every considerate man, it seems to us, must feel more confidence in their course, than he could in the measures of mere partisans; must feel more confidence in a legislature so formed, than he could in an assembly where every question was to be influenced by party considerations, that is, by considerations extrinsic to the question itself.

If any of our readers think we are in Utopia, we must take leave to stay there a little longer. We hear much of parties, and of the various principles on which they are founded.— We have heard of a ‘Christian party in politics;’ though the title is as deceptive as that of ‘Holy Alliance’ in the old world. But we wish with all our hearts, that there were indeed a *Christian party* in politics formed among us; that is, a thinking, liberal and conscientious party. We believe that there are materials for it. We are mistaken, if many superior minds in this country are not disgusted with the low tricks and cabals, and the degrading and ungenerous prejudices, that belong to most political associations. We suspect that some who stand high in their respective parties, are but cold partisans after all. We trust that there is a vast fund of good sense among the people, if it were properly appealed to; and the establishment even of one newspaper in this country, with an able editor, who should fairly present both sides of every political question, and make it his constant business

to disabuse the people of the thousand errors which the spirit of party is propagating through the land,—an undertaking like this, we say, could not fail, as we persuade ourselves, to have some effect on public opinion. And if but a small party could be formed of the impartial and candid, who threw off all other shackles, and felt themselves pledged to nothing but the truth, it might answer the purpose at least of a balance-wheel, to control the irregularities, and moderate the violence of the machinery of government.

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SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE next step we have to take after having contributed by the act of suffrage to the legislation of the country, is the administration of its laws in our courts of justice.

Some questions concerning this department of our civil duties will indicate our own apprehension of the defects of Christian morality to which it is exposed; and they are all that we, at the present, have space for.

Is the obligation of an oath sufficiently regarded? We have been shocked to hear from those who are familiar with our courts of justice, that perjury,—not the perjury, which as such is liable to indictment,—but perjury by construction, perjury in an intentional concealment or coloring of the truth, is by no means so uncommon as to excite surprise.

Again; does fairness in argument hold a sufficiently high place, and have a sufficiently strict interpretation among the forensic virtues? We see no moral barrier against arguing both sides of a question, though only one side can be right. There are two sides to every question, and it is meet that both should be considered in the inquiries of the judge and of the juror. We should feel, therefore, that although a cause were palpably wrong, there would be no violation of moral principle in fairly stating it. It is but doing what the judge or the juror ought to do for himself. But still this is a duty which requires, for its right performance, the supervision of a jealous and vigilant conscience. If the advocate declares, that he solemnly believes that to be just, which he knows to be unjust, or if he urges an unjust claim, knowing it to be unjust, *as though* he fully confided in its rectitude, no Christian or righteous law can exonerate him from the charge of a serious moral dereliction. Words are words,

they have their meaning and force, they are amenable to the obligations of truth and sincerity, as much in a court of justice as out of it. There are not two rules to walk by; but the rule is one, eternal and immutable. It is true, that in many cases, justice consists very much in a balance of opposing claims, and there is much to be said and earnestly said, on both sides. But where there can be no compromise, where a palpably unrighteous claim is set up, unhappy is his conscience who can speak as heartily for what he knows to be the wrong, as for what he knows to be the right, and can speak with the greater air of sincerity and earnestness, the worse he knows his case to be! Or, unfortunate is his mind, to whom every cause *becomes* right, which he undertakes to advocate; for his mind, on this supposition, must have become extremely mechanical, or utterly perverse, and must have forsaken the broad range of wholesome inquiry into the noble and generous principles of legal science, for the narrow and crooked by-paths of selfish and artful litigation,

We are ready to hear remonstrance against the views now stated; and we should expect it to be in terms like these;—‘Nay, but something must be conceded to human infirmity. If a man takes up one side of a question to defend, he is very apt to see only what makes for that side, and he is liable to urge insufficient arguments, and to support a bad cause with an air of sincerity and confidence.’ We are willing to concede *much* to human infirmity, but not one iota of principle. And we think it most seriously behoves those who would keep a conscience void of offence in the profession of which we are speaking—that it most seriously behoves those who would make their daily studies and avocations minister to their intellectual and moral improvement, carefully to weigh the circumstances that have so much to do with their rectitude both of mind and heart. The pursuits to which we devote our whole lives should be paths,—we deem it not too serious to say,—paths that lead to heaven. It is certain, that no other will lead us there!

Once more; we ask if moral turpitude is properly treated in our courts of justice? In civil causes, are not duplicity and unfairness oftentimes so much a matter of course, that the most serious deviations from principle are looked upon with indifference or levity? In criminal prosecutions, too, are not the feelings with which crime is generally regarded, *we had almost said*, at the farthest possible remove from the

spirit of Christianity? The unhappy man charged with a criminal offence—unhappy, if not guilty, most unhappy if he is so—is brought to the bar for trial. How is his appearance received, and how is the prosecution conducted? Is it in the spirit of Christian men; engaged in the sad task of investigating the offences of an erring and unhappy fellow-being? Is even that humane principle of the law regarded, that the accused man be held innocent, till he is proved to be guilty? Does the lowering brow of the spectators, or the proud and scornful glance of the eye, or the mocking gibe and jest that passes around, show any consideration, any pity, any humanity? Does the office of the prosecutor assume its highest dignity, or its most impressive character, when he testifies more satisfaction than displeasure, more of eager delight than of grave indignation or sorrow, as he traces the successive steps in that dark and mournful career of iniquity, that is fast bringing his victim to ignominy and sorrow? We admit that there are difficulties in the Christian discharge of this office; that there is a strong temptation to let professional zeal go too far. But it is a temptation, like all others, to be guarded against. And, in our view, it is important, that it should be guarded against, in order to the most salutary and effective administration of justice. For it is evident, that all the effect that is produced upon the *mind* of the offender, is to exasperate, not to reform him, to render him more hostile than ever to society, and, in short, to make him, after his trial and his punishment are over, tenfold a worse man, and a more dangerous member of the community than he was before. The spirit of prison discipline is fast improving; that of our courts ought to keep pace with it.

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SAME SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

BUT we propose now, in the third place, to pass from these slight notices of the duties and functions of freemen, to consider that grand condition which lies at the foundation of a free government;—we mean, the equality of its citizens. This has been long enough our boast; let us consider its difficulties and dangers? Our remarks on this head will be excursive, though they must necessarily be brief.

The condition of equality, to be healthful and happy, to be stable and well-ordered, must be a state of higher duty,

of more mutual forbearance, of more Christian consideration and kindness, than any other political situation whatever. It has been often said, and it is unquestionably true, that the theory of Christianity is essentially republican. But it is equally true, that the practice, under republican institutions, must be essentially Christian, that the spirit of society must be Christian, or those institutions can never be permanent nor useful. That level, to which every thing is tending among us, which the distribution of property and the rotation of office are as certain to preserve, as the law of gravitation is to preserve the even surface of the ocean,—that level must not be like the low and marshy ground where floods sometimes sweep, and rank vegetation at other times springs up, and stagnant exhalations arise; but it must be rather like the broad and lofty table-land, which is sometimes found upon the tops of the mountains. We repeat, and would insist, with what emphasis we can give to language, that equality, such as exists among us, must be a state of great moral improvement, of high and holy duty, or it is not a safe, it is not even a desirable state.

We entertain a strong persuasion, that the mass of the people in this country have by no means yet come to understand this moral necessity, which presses, as an unchangeable bond, upon their favored condition. We know that there is a general and vague conviction, that virtue is necessary to sustain institutions like ours. But it is not virtue in general that will suffice; still less is it negative virtue,—the absence of intemperance, dissoluteness, and disorderly manners. There are positive and specific virtues required to make our condition a happy one. Neither is the just idea of this happy condition to be satisfied by general prosperity. The revenue, the census, the statistics of the country may all tell us of prosperity. Business, among a people whose enterprise is unrestricted, may show great results. But if we would understand the real state of things among us, we must go beneath these general and gratifying representations, to the relationships of individuals, the interior condition of families, and the personal feelings that arise from the vaunted equality in which our civil institutions place us.

Look, for instance, at the relations of employer and employed, of householders and domestics, among us. We must be permitted to doubt whether these relations are yet as happy in this country, as they are among the more unequal and

despotic institutions of the old world. We have no predilection, it is scarcely necessary to say, for distinct orders in society. Be it pride, or passion, or philosophy, that makes them so, they are, at any rate, to our republican tastes, altogether intolerable. We have too much respect for human nature, to survey these arbitrary distinctions with any patience, even at a distance. We abhor the tone and style in which superiors are allowed to speak to inferiors in such a state of society, or in which the low are obliged to address the high and privileged. We think it a totally false condition for human nature to be placed in, a condition at war with the spirit of Christianity, and entirely adverse, so far as it goes, to the formation of that character which becomes rational and immortal beings.

All this we hold to be true; and yet it is equally true, that the degree of moral cultivation among a people may be such, as to make distinct orders in society more favorable to happiness than universal equality. In that case, much is fixed, that may be safest in being so fixed; there are barriers which are not to be broken over; the collisions of mind with mind, and passion with passion, are, in many respects, curtailed and limited. Rights, by such a constitution of things, are fewer, and claims are fewer, and differences and disputes, jealousies and heart-burnings, are, in that proportion, lessened.

Now, it is perfectly obvious, that if the members of such a community were placed at once on a footing of equality, they would require, in order to their mutual good understanding, their tranquility of mind, and social happiness, an increase of virtue proportioned to the greatness of the change.

Such is our condition, and upon us is laid the same moral requisition. We must learn to live together as Christians, if we can,—with mutual respect, with mutual forbearance, with the desire, not to exact service, not to enforce homage, but to promote each other's welfare; or we cannot live happily together. Very selfishness must here put on an aspect widely different from what it would do among the nobles and serfs of Russia, or among the grandes and peasants of Spain, ay, or among the gentlemen and commons of England. Stern command will not do here; abject obedience has no place; and, in their stead, must be gentleness, courtesy, true self-respect, true kindness, or society will be held together by no peaceful bond. May our favored condition be doubly blessed

in the enforcement of the great Christian law of love; for, truly, in no other way can it be blessed at all above other conditions of civil society.

The principle of equality, the claim which men are putting forward to be respected as men, threatens to assume dangerous forms, in the creation of parties among us. If ever the wealthy and powerful shall, by proud assumption, or unrighteous oppression, array the mass of the people against them, they will be answerable for that anarchy, which may sweep every thing before it, and their own prosperity and pretensions with the rest. If ever the numerical strength of the country, without that apology, ay, or with it, rise and combine against property and talent, to level them in the dust, they will have the poor consolation of reflecting that they have destroyed the only system that gives them any liberty, or makes them of any account. We have, however, only to ask of any Middling-interest, or Working-men's party, that they will respect the true principle of equality, that they will respect themselves as men; and we shall feel that from this quarter, all is safe.

For the safe operation of this great principle of Republicanism, we are bound to be the more anxious, because it is the principle that is now going forth to do its work among the nations; and every people looks to us, to keep bright and clear the beacon-light, by which they are guided.

It is impossible not to hope every thing, and we had almost said, to fear every thing, from that contest for human rights among the nations of Europe, which has for some time been as evidently approaching, as it is now evidently begun. Men are demanding to be respected as men. Who does not feel that they must at length succeed?—that the strongest claim of human nature must prevail, if it once arise in its true character and its sovereign majesty? But when this great claim is no longer the meditation of philosophers alone, when it is no longer a fair and beautiful theory, but has become a feeling, and a universal feeling; when human nature is awaking with indignant might, from long ages of oppression; when entire nations are stirred throughout by the spirit of Revolution, and the popular impulse heaves from its whole ocean-bed, it is impossible not to look with trembling to the issue. We fearfully ask, and the fear is not a vague one, will there be enough courage and wisdom and sobriety and moderation, successfully to work out the great reform? Or, according to

the prediction of one of our own Sages, must the civilized world wade through oceans of blood to a state of freedom and happiness?

In this great contest, far as we are from it, much is to depend on us. Let it not be said with boasting, but in all humility and fear and trembling. The spectacle of disorder, disunion, and failure among us, will dishearten the friends, and embolden the foes of liberty, all over the world. It will be a dark cloud in the West, that will spread blackness and fear upon the paths of coming generations.

Let it be said, then, and let it be repeated, that this united Republic owes to itself, and to the world, a mighty duty. Every member of this vast and favored community is bound to consider it, and to act upon that deep and sober consideration. The world has hitherto been working out its way to virtue and happiness, under the weight of burdensome and oppressive institutions. The great relations of government and society, indeed, have been improving since the feudal age; in Germany, in France, and in England, they have made considerable advances, but in this country, they have a free course; and here, to adopt the language of Scripture, prophetic of moral progress, here, if any where on earth, they must 'be glorified.' The hope of the world's improvement, the noblest and most sublime of all hopes, that are limited to this world, associated with philanthropy and with piety, with the love of human kind and the loftiest contemplations of Providence,—that hope must, if any where, have its fulfilment here.

This is no vague declamation. It is in the homes of human affection; it is in human hearts overshadowed and darkened till now; it is in the souls of men, degraded and borne down by ecclesiastical, by political, and social error and folly; it is in the children of our bosoms, and in our children's children, that we wish to see this blessed improvement.

We say, then, and repeat, that this country, where a new theatre is opened by Heaven for human improvement, owes to the world, to humanity, to suffering and sorrowing human nature, a solemn and stupendous duty;—a duty, vast as its empire, its spreading population, and its yet unproved resources. It owes that duty to the thousands who have sighed for so happy a condition, and so noble an opportunity; owes it to the sages of old philosophy, to the suffering apostles of

religion, to the martyrs of liberty; owes it to the Ciceros and the Senecas, to the Hampdens and the Sidneys, to the noble spirits all over the world, that, struggling against oppression, have fallen in sacrifice on the very altars which their virtues had built! And if we fail in this duty, if we are unfaithful to this great trust, if we prove recreant and false to the great behest that is laid upon us, the blood of the scaffold and the stake will make inquisition for the tremendous default; the groans of a thousand battle-fields will rise against us; the sorrows of an hundred generations will reproach the base desertion of our trust;—our memory will live in the accusing voice of all coming ages, our epitaph will be the lamentation of the world!

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#### EFFECTS OF CIVIL LIBERTY UPON THE MIND.

I ACCOUNT civil liberty as the chief good of states, because it accords with and ministers to energy and elevation of mind. Nor is this a truth so remote or obscure as to need laborious proof or illustration. For consider what civil liberty means. It consists in the removal of all restraint, but such as the public weal demands. And what is the end and benefit of removing restraint? It is that men may put forth their powers, and act from themselves. Vigorous and invigorating action is the chief fruit of all outward freedom. Why break the chains from the captive, but that he may bring into play his liberated limbs? Why open his prison, but that he may go forth, and open his eyes on a wide prospect, and exert and enjoy his various energies? Liberty, which does not minister to action and the growth of power, is only a name, is no better than slavery.

The chief benefit of free institutions is clear and unutterably precious. Their chief benefit is, that they aid freedom of mind, that they give scope to man's faculties, that they throw him on his own resources, and summon him to work out his own happiness. It is, that, by removing restraint from intellect, they favor force, originality, and enlargement of thought. It is, that, by removing restraint from worship, they favor the ascent of the soul to God. It is, that, by removing restraint from industry, they stir up invention and enterprize to explore and subdue the material world, and *thus rescue the race from those sore physical wants and pains,*

which narrow and blight the mind. It is, that they cherish noble sentiments, frankness, courage, and self-respect.

Free institutions contribute in no small degree to freedom and force of mind, by teaching the essential equality of men, and their right and duty to govern themselves; and I cannot but consider the superiority of an elective government, as consisting very much in the testimony which it bears to these ennobling truths. It has often been said, that a good code of laws, and not the form of government, is what determines a people's happiness. But good laws, if not springing from the community, if imposed by a master, would lose much of their value. The best code is that, which has its origin in the will of the people who obey it; which, whilst it speaks with authority, still recognizes self-government as the primary right and duty of a rational being, and which thus cherishes in the individual, be his condition what it may, a just self-respect.

We may learn, that the chief good and the most precious fruit of civil liberty is spiritual freedom and power, by considering what is the chief evil of tyranny. I know that tyranny does evil by invading men's outward interests, by making property and life insecure, by robbing the laborer to pamper the noble and king. But its worst influence is *within*. Its chief curse is, that it breaks and tames the spirit, sinks man in his own eyes, takes away vigor of thought and action, substitutes for conscience an outward rule, makes him abject, cowardly, a parasite and cringing slave. This is the curse of tyranny. It wars with the soul, and thus it wars with God. We read in theologians and poets of angels fighting against the Creator, of battles in heaven. But God's throne in heaven is unassailable. The only war against God is against his image, against the divine principle in the soul, and this is waged by tyranny in all its forms. We here see the chief curse of tyranny; and this should teach us that civil freedom is a blessing, chiefly as it reverences the human soul, and ministers to its growth and power.

Without this inward, spiritual freedom, outward liberty is of little worth. What boots it, that I am crushed by no foreign yoke, if, through ignorance and vice, through selfishness and fear, I want the command of my own mind? The worst tyrants are those which establish themselves in our own breasts. The man who wants force of principle and purpose, is a slave, however free the air he breathes. The

mind, after all, is our only possession, or, in other words, we possess all things through its energy and enlargement; and civil institutions are to be estimated by the free and pure minds to which they give birth.

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EXTRACT FROM THE 'VISION OF LIBERTY.'

*An old Gothic Castle reared by despotism, is on fire.*

BUT soon it spread—  
 Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,  
 From wall to wall, from tower to tower,  
 Raging with resistless power;  
 Till every fervent pillar glow'd,  
 And every stone seem'd burning coal,  
 Instinct with living heat, that flow'd  
 Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,  
 Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.  
 At length a crackling sound began;  
 From side to side throughout the pile it ran;  
 And louder yet, and louder grew,  
 Till now in rattling peals it flew.  
 Huge shiver'd fragments from the pillars broke,  
 Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.  
 The shatter'd walls were rent and riven,  
 And piecemeal driven  
 Like blazing comets through the troubled sky.  
 'Tis done; what centuries had rear'd  
 In quick explosion disappear'd,  
 Nor even its ruins met my wond'ring eye.

But in their place,—  
 Bright with more than human grace,  
 Robed in more than mortal seeming,  
 Radiant glory in her face,  
 And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming;  
 Rose a fair majestic form,  
 As the mild rainbow from the storm.  
 I mark'd her smile, I knew her eye;  
 And when, with gesture of command,  
 She waved aloft the cap-crown'd wand,  
 My slumbers fled mid shouts of 'LIBERTY!'

Read ye the dream? and know ye not  
 How truly it unlock'd the word of fate?  
 Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,  
 And spreads it not and burns in every state?  
 And when their old and cumbrous walls,  
 Fill'd with this spirit, glow intense,  
 Vainly they rear their impotent defence,—  
 The fabric falls!  
 That fervent energy must spread,  
 Till Despotism's Towers be overthrown;  
 And in their stead,  
 Liberty stand alone!

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## EXTRACT

*From a Speech delivered in the House of Representatives, April, 1832.*

SIR, I have, particularly of late, heard a political sentiment avowed, and which seems to me to be fast gaining ground, that, in a political contest, those who are successful, are to be considered as victors, and those who are unsuccessful, as the vanquished; and that the offices in the gift of government, are 'spoils of victory,' to be distributed exclusively among the victors, as rewards for service. From which principle, I suppose, it is claimed as a corollary, that as places and offices are spoils to which the vanquished have no right, neither have they any right to inquire on whom they are bestowed, or how they are conducted. Sir, I take occasion to enter my protest against this doctrine. It is one of the most pernicious and unjust political principles that was ever broached, at any time, or in any country. It is opposed to the genius of our constitution—to the policy of our institutions—to the purity of public sentiment and private integrity—to the virtue of those in, as well as those out of power—to the National interests—and to the very existence of our government. This principle assumes the erroneous and demoralizing ground, that the offices of the government are not public trusts, for the benefit of the people exclusively, and to be distributed as their interests require, but that the power of appointment is to be exercised solely for the purpose of promoting the personal and political aggrandizement of those who possess it. This doctrine will, I trust, scarcely be openly

avowed in terms by any person. It has been expressly disavowed by the present Executive, in his first message to Congress—apparently, however, I regret to say, for the purpose of justifying removals from offices, against which complaints had arisen, rather than as a broad universal principle, applicable at all times to those in, as well as those out of office. It had been long before publicly and pointedly condemned by Mr. Madison, and his testimony is on record against it. This principle is destructive of the purity of those in power, because it is calculated to withdraw them from their sense of responsibility to the people. By imbuing them with the idea that their offices have been bestowed on them for their own individual aggrandizement or benefit exclusively, its tendency is to engender feelings the most arbitrary, partial, and despotic. Nor is the doctrine less injurious to the public interest. It necessarily narrows the field from which the officers of the government are to be chosen, by limiting it to a particular class of partizans, and ordinarily disfranchises about one half of the community—because, unhappily, the country is now, and has been during a considerable portion of its existence as an independent nation, divided into two parties of nearly equal numbers. The principle which I controvert, deprives the public of the services of all those men, however competent in ability and integrity, who differ in opinion from the party in power. Yet it is well known, that there are always very many individuals in the minority, equally capable and honest with any of those in the majority, and whose services might be most usefully called into requisition. Finally, this principle of proscription is directly calculated to destroy the very foundation on which our government rests—namely, *the prevalence and independent exercise of an enlightened and honest PUBLIC OPINION*. The people of this country are the source of all power, and every public agent is responsible to them for the use of the power with which he is entrusted by them. Hence the obvious necessity of intelligence and virtue in the people individually, that they may rightly judge and act on all matters of public concernment. But public opinion is only the mass of the opinions of the individuals who compose the public or the people. Whatever, therefore, is calculated to divert individuals from a clear and unprejudiced view of public affairs, or to deter *them* from the most entire freedom in expressing their sentiments, in private or at the ballot boxes, whether it be by

temptation or intimidation, strikes at the very source of intelligence and virtue, and consequently endangers the public liberty. Now, it is perfectly obvious, that whenever the principle is established, or an apprehension entertained that it may be, that a person is to be disfranchised from office for holding or avowing particular political opinions, he is assailed with a temptation or threat—too powerful, alas! for ordinary men to resist—to conceal or misrepresent his sentiments, and to act, not as he feels to be right, but as he considers to be politic. So far as individuals are induced to act thus, so far exactly is the government changed from one founded on public opinion to one which is nothing better, if it is not in fact a despotism.

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#### AGENCY OF RELIGION IN HUMAN AFFAIRS.

RELIGION is the mightiest agent in human affairs. To this belongs preeminently the work of freeing and elevating the mind. All other means are comparatively impotent. The sense of God is the only spring, by which the crushing weight of sense, of the world, and temptation, can be withstood. Without a consciousness of our relation to God, all other relations will prove adverse to spiritual life and progress. I have spoken of the religious sentiment as the mightiest agent on earth. It has accomplished more, it has strengthened men to do and suffer more, than all other principles. It can sustain the mind against all other powers. Of all principles it is the deepest, the most ineradicable. In its perversion, indeed, it has been fruitful of crime and woe; but the very energy which it has given to the passions, when they have mixed with and corrupted it, teaches us the omnipotence with which it is imbued.

Religion gives life, strength, elevation to the mind, by connecting it with the infinite mind; by teaching it to regard itself as the offspring and care of the infinite father, who created it that he might communicate to it his own spirit and perfections, who framed it for truth and virtue, who framed it for himself, who subjects it to sore trials, that by conflict and endurance it may grow strong, and who has sent his son to purify it from every sin, and to clothe it with immortality. It is religion alone, which nourishes patient, resolute hopes and efforts for our own souls. Without it, we can hardly

escape self-contempt, and contempt of our race. Without God, our existence has no support, our life no aim, our improvements no permanence, our best labors no sure and enduring results, our spiritual weakness no power to lean upon, and our noblest aspirations and desires no pledge of being realized in a better state. Struggling virtue has no friend; suffering virtue no promise of victory. Take away God, and life becomes mean, and man poorer than the brute.—I am accustomed to speak of the greatness of human nature; but it is great only through its parentage; great, because descended from God, because connected with a goodness and power from which it is to be enriched forever; and nothing but the consciousness of this connection, can give that hope of elevation, through which alone the mind is to rise to true strength and liberty.

All the truths of religion conspire to one end, spiritual liberty. All the objects which it offers to our thoughts are sublime, kindling, exalting. Its fundamental truth is the existence of one God, one infinite and everlasting father; and it teaches us to look on the universe as pervaded, quickened and vitally joined into one harmonious and beneficent whole, by his ever present and omnipotent love. By this truth it breaks the power of matter and sense, of present pleasure and pain, of anxiety and fear. It turns the mind from the visible, the outward and perishable, to the unseen, spiritual, and eternal, and, allying it with pure and great objects, makes it free.

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#### FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

It has pleased the all-wise disposer to encompass us from our birth by difficulty and allurements, to place us in a world where wrong doing is often painful, and duty rough and perilous, where many voices oppose the dictates of the inward monitor, where the body presses as a weight on the mind, and matter, by its perpetual agency on the senses, becomes a barrier between us and the spiritual world. We are in the midst of influences, which menace the intellect and heart, and to be free is to withstand and conquer these.

I call that mind free, which masters the senses, which protects itself against animal appetites, which contemns pleasure and pain in comparison with its own energy, which pene-

trates beneath the body and recognizes its own reality and greatness, which passes life, not in asking what it shall eat or drink, but in hungering, thirsting and seeking after righteousness.

I call that mind free which escapes the bondage of matter, which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison wall, passes beyond it to its author, and finds in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the infinite spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

I call that mind free, which jealously guards its intellectual rights and powers which calls no man master, which does not content itself with a passive or hereditary faith, which opens itself to light whencesoever it may come, which receives new truth as an angel from heaven, which, whilst consulting others, inquires still more of the oracle within itself, and uses instruction from abroad, not to supersede, but to quicken and exalt, its own energies.

I call that mind free, which sets no bounds to its love, which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect, which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering wherever they are seen, which conquers pride, anger and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free, which is not passively framed by outward circumstances, which is not swept away by the torrent of events, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts from an inward spring, from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

I call that mind free, which protects itself against the usurpations of society, which does not cower to human opinion, which feels itself accountable to a higher tribunal than man's, which respects a higher law than fashion, which respects itself too much to be the slave or tool of the many or the few.

I call that mind free, which, through confidence in God and in the power of virtue, has cast off all fear but that of wrong doing, which no menace or peril can enthrall, which is calm in the midst of tumults, and possesses itself, though all else be lost.

I call that mind free, which resists the bondage of habit, which does not mechanically repeat itself and copy the past,

which does not live on its old virtues, which does not enslave itself to precise rules, but which forgets what is behind listens for new and higher monitions of conscience, and rejoices to pour itself forth in fresh and higher exertions.

I call that mind free, which is jealous of its own freedom which guards itself from being merged in others, which guards its empire over itself as nobler than the empire of the world.

In fine, I call that mind free, which, conscious of its affinity with God, and confiding in his promises by Jesus Christ, devotes itself faithfully to the unfolding of all its powers, which passes the bounds of time and death, which hopes to advance forever, and which finds inexhaustible power, both for action and suffering, in the prospect of immortality.

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#### PLEASURES OF A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

Oh! blest of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs  
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes  
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
Of pageant honor, can seduce to leave  
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
Of nature fair imagination culls  
To charm th' enlivened soul! what though not all  
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
Of envied life, though only few possess  
Patrician treasures or imperial state;  
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,  
With richer treasures and an ampler state,  
Endows at large whatever happy man  
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns  
The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,  
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring  
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand  
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch  
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.  
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;  
*And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,*

And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind,  
By this harmonious action on her powers,  
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft  
In outward things to meditate the charm  
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
To find a kindred order, to exert  
Within herself this elegance of love,  
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers  
Refine at length, and every passion wears  
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
On nature's form, where, negligent of all  
These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd  
The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far  
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
Of servile custom cramp her generous power?  
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth  
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?  
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds  
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
The elements and seasons: all declare  
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd  
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves  
His energy divine; he tells the heart,  
He meant, he made us to behold and love  
What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
Of life and being; to be great like him,  
Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself  
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,  
With his conceptions; act upon his plan;  
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

## THE BEACON.

THE scene was more beautiful far, to my eye,  
 Than if day in its pride had array'd it:  
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure arch'd sky  
 Look'd pure as the spirit that made it.

The murmur arose, as I silently gazed  
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion,  
 From the dim distant isle till the beacon fire blazed,  
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast  
 Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers;  
 The sea-bird has flown to her wave-girdled nest,  
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers.

I sigh'd as I look'd from the hill's gentle slope;  
 And hushed was the billows' commotion;  
 And I thought that the beacon look'd lovely as hope,  
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,  
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star,  
 That blazed on the breast of the billow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
 And death stills the soul's last emotion,  
 O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
 Like a star on eternity's ocean.

## SOCIETY.

SOCIAL intercourse is a primary means of education for man. It is by this intercourse that he is delivered from the savage and brutal life of the senses, and introduced into the life of the affections and of thought; and the same influence accompanies him as he enters into the moral life.

As language, instituted in the first place for reciprocal communication, becomes an instrument by which each individual develops, forms and fixes thought and judgment; in observing others, we unconsciously study ourselves as in a mirror; even the differences we discover instructing us, by multiply-

ing companions and contrasts. Thus, social intercourse becomes a school for reflection. In discovering what we are, we also perceive what we may become; and, called to choose in presence of the future, we are led to consult ourselves.—The struggle of interests and pretensions brings out the sentiment of justice; benefits received, teach gratitude, and thus we are led from equity to love; moreover, the exchange of affection teaches devotion, and devotion, the generosity which introduces virtue.

How profound are the designs of Providence in thus constituting the laws of human nature, putting the spur of a want wherever there is a means of progress! The first of these means is the social state, which is first a necessity, and then an attraction. Our faculties make progress by exercise, and activity is first a sense of want which seeks exercise, society afterwards preserving the movement, by offering infinitely varied opportunities of satisfaction: infancy and youth have especial need of support and guidance, and they are adorned with graces, that charm and attract all hearts; love springing from being beloved. Affection thus excited towards those who are entering life, protects them; and by its benignant countenance teaches the lesson of love, by means of which they are softened and touched; and learn to understand; and the young themselves, pressed on by the necessity of being cherished, invoke and solicit affection, as a great object of life, without knowing the assistance it will lend them. They soon, however, learn the nature and value of this assistance, and feeling that they must merit esteem, if they would preserve such blessings, they would do something to obtain it; they would respond to the sentiment of which they are the objects, and in which they find a support and protection. What confidence it inspires to see ourselves beloved! And what an argument may be derived from the above views, that those who have the care of youth should be good! By this alone they give knowledge and strength. But it is not to the morning of life alone that this influence is extended.—Throughout our moral education, if we know how to concur with it, by the co-operation which it requires, this influence may be beneficial; but it can be modified and consequently adulterated, as our relations become extended and complicated.

The social inclination has something in it eminently moral; it puts in motion many precious faculties; it opens the soul,

and makes it expand with many honorable sentiments. How solemn, touching and noble is the impression which we receive of the dignity of humanity, when we find ourselves in the midst of an assembly of men of different conditions, with whom we have no point of contact and no collision of interests. It is the same kind of impression, more extended but less vivid, that we receive in the midst of our own family. We are strengthened by the great alliance; and generous sentiments take the ascendancy rapidly and surely. Such an impression is often received when we mingle with the crowd, on those days set apart to sacred rest. The impression is deepened, if this assembly is in the midst of the simple scenes of nature; or if its attention is directed towards some grave and majestic work of art; or if it is gathered round the statue of a great man; or if it fills a solemn temple;—in short, if some moral or religious thought is present with all. The soul is penetrated with emotions of a strong and elevated character. This is the natural influence which we should constantly receive from social intercourse, if it were not adulterated by the hostile dispositions, which spring out of our rivalries, and our secret desires of invading and subduing others. But the hostilities of which we are the object do not as much interfere with it, as those of which we are the authors. The wounds that the first cause us, are envenomed by ourselves; we seem to take delight in inflaming them; we allow the envy that we might despise to irritate us; the criticism that might enlighten, to wound us; and we are mortified even by indifference. Our self-love, especially, wages with the self-love of others a silent and concealed but continual and implacable war. We complain of being carried away by the influence of example; but we give it the power that it exercises over us. On examination, we shall find that the examples so easily followed, meet a secret propensity within, and that we have a secret interest in following the tracks of others: this happens, especially, in regard to those whom we would flatter; for there is no adulation more delicate.

We complain of the extreme corruption of the world, of the discouragement and sadness that it makes us feel; but we should guard against declamation, and appreciate things according to their just value. At our entrance into the world, we generally presume too much upon the goodness of other men, and so require too much; afterwards we fall into the

opposite exaggeration, through the effect of the surprise which our mistake has made us experience. If we are sincere, we shall acknowledge that the vices with which we especially reproach the world, are those by which our vanity, our repose, or our pretensions have suffered; and that our judgment has a little the character of revenge. We are disconcerted with ourselves, and wreak this discontent upon others; we look at them through the medium of a chagrin, which springs from being ill at ease. We have hardly studied to discover and to note what society may contain of hidden virtues, of pure and just sentiments. Besides, how great is the weakness of our reason, if morality loses its authority in our eyes, because it loses its credit in the world!—Is worldly success necessary, as a sanction or a proof? Does it become an illusion, because some frivolous men misconceive it? If so, let us go upon the theatre of the world, as generous defenders of this misconceived cause, instead of flying and yielding to pusillanimous fears. In seeking to make it honored and attractive, we shall better feel all that it contains of the true, beneficial and celestial; we shall feel the necessity of supporting our defence by our character. The progress of philosophy and science is indebted chiefly to the controversies that truth has encountered; each party has gathered new truths springing out of the discussions; morality may draw similar fruits from similar collisions. The good man will confirm the solidity of his principles by this noble contest; he will learn to proclaim aloud the sacred maxims of duty in the face of human passion, and to do good for goodness [sake; he will be inflamed with new ardor for morality, when he sees it misunderstood, exiled, persecuted; he will come from the field where he has devoted himself in its cause, more manly, great and independent.

The honor of carrying this kind of devotion to heroism is granted to but few; it is a favor that Providence has reserved to those privileged souls who appeared on earth as the glorious witnesses of eternal truth. But each of us, in his own circle, may participate in this glorious vocation; each of us, in struggling against prejudice, vicious passion, indifference, and frivolity, may become a confessor of morality, fulfil a kind of apostleship, confirm it by his success and sacrifices; and gather new strength in learning to resist.

## TEMPER.

It is a kind of moral Proteus, which so governs our intellect, that we think we really see things such as it suggests them to us, and which so governs our will, that we think we wish for what it prescribes to us. There is nothing logical or argumentative in it; we know not whence it comes, or at what it aims. Every thing about it, seems spontaneous and capricious. It is not one of our faculties, and yet it is identified and incorporated with them, modifying them at pleasure, and concealing them from our own observation. It moulds our minds and characters; sometimes giving them so singular and unexpected an aspect, that we can hardly recognize them ourselves. Sometimes smiling and severe, it delights to adorn objects, and exhibit them in their most agreeable aspects; making every thing seem easy to us; flattering our hopes, quieting our vexations, disposing us to calmness, to forgetfulness of self, and seeming to bring both our inward life and all that surrounds us into harmony. Sometimes sad, restless, and even savage, it throws a pall over nature, peoples the future with dark phantoms, agitates us without cause, pursues us with vain terrors, makes us torment ourselves, seems to rob us of our dearest affections, to corrupt, to poison every thing, even our thoughts, condemning our hearts to a kind of exile, and urging us to diffuse abroad our internal troubles. Thus it disconcerts the pre-conceptions of philosophy and morality; sometimes seeming to render their aid useless, so natural and light does it make the task which is imposed upon us; and sometimes seeming to render us unable to follow their counsels, so thick is the cloud with which it invests us.

We see it lavish its favors upon the most ordinary beings, and overwhelm with its tyranny the most distinguished; to sport with the same man, and put him in contradiction to himself, by making him feel by turns its tyranny or favors, not only at different periods of his life, but at different hours of the day. We are accustomed to call this power *temper*. Perhaps it has not occupied the attention of moralists sufficiently. There is something vague and confused in it, which escapes observation. But it would be rendering a great service to most men to mark it out for them, and teach

them to know it; for, like all imposters, it loses the greatest part of its means of success, as soon as it is unmasked.

Let those rejoice, whom this power has treated as favorites: let them accept its assistance, and profit by it, using their strength better, for the great object of life,—progress towards perfection. They would be guilty if they did no better than others, since it costs them less to do well. But let them have two reflections constantly present to their minds; let them not forget, that excellence, when it is only the effect of a happy temper, is a blessing rather than a merit, and that they must therefore take care not to glory in it, nor reckon it among their titles to esteem; and let them not forget how inconstant and changeable this disposition is, and let them expect to need greater courage, when it shall cease, or change into a contrary mood.

To those whom it has chosen for its victims, it offers most abundant cause for the exercise of self-control, which is more difficult in this case, as they must seize a fleeting shadow, and can hardly distinguish the features of the enemy they are to oppose, and as a great effort of reflection is requisite to be sure of its presence. It is also the more difficult because this enemy presses upon them on all sides, seizes them, as it were, bodily, and seeks to take possession of the arms that must be employed against him.

The external education, which the customs of the world give, teaches us to subdue the effects of temper, in our daily social intercourse, as a means of succeeding and pleasing: it teaches us that for the latter object, an enlightened and cultivated reason, fidelity to the affections, generous and delicate conduct, are not enough; perhaps, indeed, it teaches us that they are of much less importance than charming manners, facility of intercourse, condescension and grace. But, thus debarred from outward expressions, the temper may only make greater ravages than where it is unshackled. And we frequently see people, who wear in society a serene brow, and are gay and obliging, make those who impose less restraint upon them, pay dearly for the momentary sacrifice, vexing their own families with their temper, even obliging their friends to endure its effects, and their most intimate friends too; because they feel more safe in intimacy, and are more at ease. Yet the closer the ties are which unite us to others, the worse it is to deprive them of the enjoyment they expect from us—the worse it is to grieve them and make

them suffer; for we may thereby put them in danger of mistaking our true sentiments, may check the overflowings of confidence, destroy their self-surrendering trust, and interrupt the interchange of consolations and advice. Thus is sometimes produced and nourished that susceptibility, which makes us imagine we are constantly injured by those among whom we live, as if we enjoyed a kind of satisfaction and complacency in thinking others guilty, which susceptibility, after having made us commit real faults, suggests new ones to justify the first; so that, by a series of sad reactions, what was at first only an involuntary impulse, terminates in injustice, and sometimes embitters the most sacred and precious relations of life.

A peevish temper is the natural consequence of the satiety and disgust which accompany excess of pleasure; of the lassitude which succeeds to the violence of passion; and of the mistakes which punish presumptuous ambition. It arises from the contrast between our pretensions and our situation, between our means and our desires. It arises not only from our discontent with our fate, but from every species of uneasiness: it is the sad consequence of a want of self-satisfaction; of the remembrance of irreparable errors, and of our feeling the necessity of covering and concealing shameful weaknesses. A black vapor seems to arise from every moral distemper, and obscure the soul's horizon. Even the aberrations of virtue may produce a similar effect, through the abuse of solitude and the excess of austerity.

Hence temperance derives new motives to avoid all exaggeration, as well as new motives to moderate our wishes to the measure of the condition to which we are confined. Hence also arises a new argument for accepting the pleasures offered to virtue; for enjoying peace and serenity; for not breaking the alliance of duty and happiness; nor, of rejecting the doctrines, which, according to the instructions of morality, heighten the value of true and pure pleasures, and save us from exaggerations, which might render us too severe towards ourselves. If we wish to try a remedy, which, when we are beset by the vapors of a sad and gloomy temper, never will be inefficacious, let us seek to diffuse among others, consolation, happiness, or even mere pleasure. This remedy is infallible. If we are in a solitary situation, in which we can find no aid, and cannot be useful to others, the care of mere *animals*, relieving their sufferings, foreseeing their wants, and

procuring them comfort, has been known to clear away these vapors. Weak characters are most exposed to be surprised and governed by temper. Every thing wounds them, and they do not know how to resist. They cannot *will* what they desire. They contradict, belie, and torment themselves. They live in chaos. They are not firm enough to remain bound to their resolutions and principles. They are discontented with things, because they are unable to master them; and with themselves, because they continually disappoint their own expectations.

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## GREATNESS OF SOUL.

THERE is something so admirable in greatness of soul, that it cannot be contemplated without deep emotion. It excites an ardent emulation within us; it reveals to us something about the faculties of our nature, which we had not perhaps suspected, but which we recognize to be a gift of the human race. We feel a just pride in belonging to that common country, where such noble characters are produced; and, in the joy of this discovery, we almost feel confident that we are capable of imitating them. Greatness of soul unites in itself the two noblest traits which belong to the character of man; it borrows from love of excellence all that is generous, and from self-government all that is energetic. It points out the end to which our nature arrives; shows us the whole extent of our liberty; and thus teaches us of what we should be capable, if we dared.

Let there be glory then to those, whom magnanimity inspires! let it surround them like a luminous halo, that they may console and spread joy through the world by their examples! Let them come forth as the acknowledged flower of mankind, adorned with the richest coloring! Let them be considered as the ornaments of society! Let them appear like so many beacons, destined to awaken in all hearts, the virtuous affections; and to give encouragement by inspiring high and lawful hopes!

Greatness of soul is promoted by respect, admiration, and a holy and pure enthusiasm, for it looks upward, towards what is essentially excellent. It is the peculiarity of great souls to delight in homage paid to noble actions. Far from being accessible to envy, they feel a secret and deep joy in

seeing what is honorable honored. They promote, and call on all sides for the homage which is its due, and are, as it were, intoxicated with the triumph of virtue. He who does not feel the sentiment of respect, has no idea of truly elevated things; and he who is incapable of admiring what is great, is incapable of producing it. True enthusiasm is a mixture of admiration and love, directed to what is good and beautiful: it is an active all-conquering sentiment. In the arts it personifies; in morality it does more, it realizes. There are some minds so blinded by vanity as to pretend to find a proof of their superiority in their inability to admire. There are some men, who affect to disapprove of an enthusiasm they know nothing of; thus transforming their impotence into wisdom. Narrow souls give themselves credit for enthusiasm when they are merely astonished; and ardent imaginations think they have enthusiasm, when they are affected by external brilliancy. Let us beware of a critical spirit, and beware also of an immoderate thirst for success. The former will destroy, and the latter will mislead the generating principle of magnanimity.

The great in soul always have an eminently natural character; they appear to perform great actions with facility, at least their efforts are unrestrained and easy; and, that which is extraordinary to ordinary minds, is common and familiar to them. This is because the principles and germs of magnanimity are in our nature. They are stifled there, only when we paralyze them ourselves; they burst forth when the bonds of personal interest are loosened. Besides, everything is true in the views magnanimity inspires, as well as in the affections which promote it. It appreciates the intrinsic value of things: it is filled and penetrated with the love of what is good. The consciousness which it possesses gives it a just security, and an ease and calmness which impart something firm, free, and finished to the action performed.

There is a sublimity in characters as well as in the productions of the mind. It consists in sacrifice, entire sacrifice, to the voice of excellence, whenever the voice of excellence really requires a sacrifice so absolute. This, which makes common souls tremble with horror and affright, is embraced with so pure and true a joy by the great that it seems as if it were to them a reward, rather than a sacrifice. It is less for *them* a burthen to be borne, than a crown to be seized.

Sacrifice does not always consist in giving one's life; there are some men, who give their lives foolishly. In some circumstances there is more greatness of soul in awaiting death, than there would be in going to meet it; there is sometimes more greatness in consenting to live, and especially in being resigned to survive, than in braving or suffering death. There is a sacrifice, which comprises every moment and the whole of existence, which implies the renouncement of all our habits and inclinations, the sacrifice of our fortune, our plan of life and dearest affections; this is voluntary exile. Also, there are occasions, upon which we are called to brave opinion, the prejudices of our country and our age. The martyr of truth and virtue has more than once been touched by apparent ignominy; he has had to endure the judgment pronounced by vice and absurdity, and applauded by the vulgar. Let wordly heroes be silent and bow before such heroism. The former receive the applause of the world and its glory; but the latter only its injustice and the suffrage of conscience.

The sublime in mental productions is always relative; it requires a concurrence of favorable circumstances, preparation which prevents surprise, art which collects and concentrates in a single and rapid stroke. The sublime in character is absolute, independent, and permanent; it draws everything from its own nature; it has no need of the aid of art; it is not weakened by multiplying itself, and loses nothing by being explained.

The great in soul are not great because they are separated from the generality of men; and if we should all attain to this eminent dignity, it would lose none of its value. What elevates the soul to greatness, is loftiness of purpose, and the generosity of the effort necessary to attain our end.

#### POWER OF THE SOUL

*In investing external Circumstances with the Hue of its own Feelings.*

—LIFE in itself, it life to all things gives;  
 For whatsoe'r it looks on, that thing lives—  
 Becomes an acting being, ill or good;  
 And, grateful to its giver, tenders food  
 For the soul's health, or, suffering change unblest,

Pours poison down to rankle in the breast:  
As is the man, e'en so it bears its part,  
And answers, thought to thought, and heart to heart.

Yes, man reduplicates himself. You see,  
In yonder lake, reflected rock and tree.  
Each leaf at rest, or quivering in the air,  
Now rests, now stirs, as if a breeze were there  
Sweeping the crystal depths. How perfect all!  
And see those slender top-boughs rise and fall;  
The double strips of silvery sand unite  
Above, below, each grain distinct and bright.—  
Thou bird, that seek'st thy food upon that bough,  
Peck not alone; that bird below, as thou,  
Is busy after food, and happy, too—  
They're gone! Both, pleased, away together flew.

And see we thus sent up, rock, sand, and wood,  
Life, joy, and motion from the sleepy flood?  
The world, O man, is like that flood to thee:  
Turn where thou wilt, thyself in all things see  
Reflected back. As drives the blinding sand  
Round Egypt's piles, where'er thou tak'st thy stand,  
If that thy heart be barren, there will sweep  
The drifting waste, like waves along the deep,  
Fill up the vale, and choke the laughing streams  
That ran by grass and brake, with dancing beams;  
Sear the fresh woods, and from thy heavy eye  
Veil the wide-shifting glories of the sky,  
And one still, sightless level make the earth,  
Like thy dull, lonely, joyless soul,—a dearth.

The rill is tuneless to his ear, who feels  
No harmony within; the south wind steals  
As silent as unseen amongst the leaves.  
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,  
Though all around is beautiful. Nay, more—  
In nature's calmest hour, he hears the roar  
Of winds and flinging waves—puts out the light,  
When high and angry passions meet in fight;  
And his own spirit into tumult hurled,  
He makes a turmoil of a quiet world:  
The fiends of his own bosom people air  
With kindred fiends, that hunt him to despair.

Hates he his fellow-men? Why, then, he deems  
 'Tis hate for hate:—as he, so each one seems.

Soul! fearful is thy power, which thus transforms  
 All things into its likeness; heaves in storms  
 The strong, proud sea, or lays it down to rest,  
 Like the hushed infant on its mother's breast—  
 Which gives each outward circumstance its hue,  
 And shapes all others' acts and thoughts anew,  
 That so, they joy, or love, or hate, impart,  
 As joy, love, hate, holds rule within the heart.

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THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE.

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm,  
 That beat against my breast,  
 Rage on—thou may'st destroy this form,  
 And lay it low at rest;  
 But still the spirit, that now brooks  
 Thy tempest, raging high,  
 Undaunted, on its fury looks  
 With steadfast eye.

I said to Penury's meagre train,  
 Come on—your threats I brave;  
 My last poor life-drop you may drain,  
 And crush me to the grave;  
 Yet still the spirit that endures,  
 Shall mock your force the while,  
 And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours  
 With bitter smile.

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,  
 Pass on—I heed you not;  
 Ye may pursue me till my form  
 And being are forgot;  
 Yet still the spirit, which you see  
 Undaunted by your wiles,  
 Draws from its own nobility  
 Its high-born smiles.

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,  
 Strike deep—my heart shall bear;

Thou canst but add one bitter wo  
 To those already there;  
 Yet still the spirit, that sustains  
 This last severe distress,  
 Shall smile upon its keenest pains,  
 And scorn redress.

I said to Death's uplifted dart,  
 Aim sure—O, why delay?  
 Thou wilt not find a fearful heart—  
 A weak, reluctant prey;  
 For still the spirit firm and free,  
 Triumphant in the last dismay,  
 Wrapt in its own eternity,  
 Shall smiling pass away.

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#### THE LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF MAN.

Come, brother, turn with me from pining thought,  
 And all those inward ills that sin has wrought;  
 Come; send abroad a love for all who live.  
 Canst guess what deep content, in turn, they give?  
 Kind wishes and good deeds will render back  
 More than thou e'er canst sum. Thoul't nothing lack,  
 But say, 'I'm full!'—Where does the stream begin?  
 The source of outward joy lies deep within.

E'en let it flow, and make the places glad  
 Where dwell thy fellow men. Should'st thou be sad,  
 And earth seem bare, and hours, once happy, press  
 Upon thy thoughts, and make thy loneliness  
 More lonely for the past, thou then shalt hear  
 The music of those waters running near,  
 And thy faint spirit drink the cooling stream,  
 And thine eye gladden with the playing beam,  
 That now, upon the water, dances, now,  
 Leaps up and dances in the hanging bough.

Is it not lovely? Tell me, where doth dwell  
 The fay that wrought so beautiful a spell?  
 In thine own bosom, brother, didst thou say?  
 Then cherish as thine own so good a fay.

And if, indeed, 'tis not the outward state,  
 But temper of the soul, by which we rate  
 Sadness or joy, then let thy bosom move  
 With noble thoughts, and wake thee into love.  
 Then let the feeling in thy breast be given  
 To honest ends; this, sanctified by Heaven,  
 And springing into life, new life imparts,  
 Till thy frame beats as with a thousand hearts.

Our sins our nobler faculties debase,  
 And make the earth a spiritual waste  
 Unto the soul's dimmed eye:—'tis man, not earth—  
 'Tis thou, poor, self-starved soul, hast caused the dearth.  
 The earth is full of life: the living Hand  
 Touched it with life; and all its forms expand  
 With principles of being made to suit  
 Man's varied powers, and raise him from the brute.  
 And shall the earth of higher ends be full?—  
 Earth which thou tread'st!—and thy poor mind be dull?  
 Thou talk of life with half thy soul asleep!  
 Thou 'living dead man,' let thy spirits leap  
 Forth to the day; and let the fresh air blow  
 Through thy soul's shut up mansion. Would'st thou know  
 Something of what is life, shake off this death;  
 Have thy soul feel the universal breath  
 With which all nature's quick! and learn to be  
 Sharer in all that thou dost touch or see.  
 Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance;  
 Give thy soul air, thy faculties expanse:—  
 Love, joy,—e'en sorrow,—yield thyself to all!  
 They'll make thy freedom, man, and not thy thrall.  
 Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind  
 To dust and sense, and set at large thy mind.  
 Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,  
 And be, like man at first. 'A LIVING SOUL!'

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Debased by sin, and used to things of sense,  
 How shall man's spirit rise and travel hence,  
 Where lie the soul's pure regions; without bounds—  
 Where mind's at large—where passion ne'er confounds  
 Clear thought—where thought is sight—the far brings nigh  
 Calls up the deep, and, now, calls down the high.

Cast off thy slough! Send thy low spirit forth  
 Up to the Infinite; then know thy worth.  
 With Infinite, be infinite; with Love, be love;  
 Angel, midst angel throngs that move above;  
 Ay, more than Angel: nearer the great CAUSE,  
 Through his redeeming power, now read his laws—  
 Not with thy earthly mind, that half detects  
 Something of outward things by slow effects;  
 Viewing creative causes, learn to *know*  
 The hidden springs; nor *guess*, as here below,  
 Laws, purposes, relations, sympathies—  
 In errors vain.—Clear Truth's in yonder skies.

Creature all grandeur, son of truth and light,  
 Up from the dust! the last, great day is bright—  
 Bright on the holy mountain, round the throne,  
 Bright where in borrowed light the far stars shone.  
 Look down! the depths are bright! and hear them cry,  
 'Light! light!'—Look up! 'tis rushing down from high!  
 Regions on regions—far away they shine:  
 'Tis light ineffable, 'tis light divine!  
 'Immortal light, and life for evermore!'  
 Off through the deeps is heard from shore to shore  
 Of rolling worlds—'Man, wake thee from the sod—  
 Wake thee from death—awake!—and live with God!'

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#### DIGNITY OF CHARACTER.

MAN, a creature of God, bears upon his brow, and still more in the depth of his heart, the stamp of his origin. A candidate for a future existence, he carries within, the sign of this high calling; and, a citizen of the universe, he exercises in it a sort of magistracy and even priesthood. There is a bond of communication between the material and moral world, and becoming acquainted with the first through science, and governing it by industry, he enters into the second by means of religion, virtue, and free will.

What is dignity of character, but this very dignity of our natures, understood, cherished, and called forth in our lives? In what does it consist, but in sustaining, by our sentiments and actions, the rank which Providence has assigned us? The great in soul should keep guard over this common dig-

nity of mankind. It is a certain sign of a degraded and depraved character, to feel a secret desire to lower this dignity; indications of which, we sometimes perceive among those, who, perhaps, are at the same time vain, but certainly are very blind in their vanity.

But this original nobleness is maintained and justified by all which we know of moral progress. And it is by becoming better, that we find out its titles. And, also, in its turn, the sense of this dignity helps us to become better. This, for example, is manifested by certain public solemnities, dramatic representations, the sight of rewards decreed to real merit, in the influence they exert over those who share in and are witnesses of them. The emotions which such spectacles cause, by awakening in all hearts a deep sense of the primitive nobleness of human nature, inspire in each a secret desire to prove them in himself, and seem, also, to make him confident that he shall not fail. Under this happy influence, what is excellent will appear natural, easy and simple.

There is a natural dignity in what is true. Hence, sincerity and frankness are honorable. Dissimulation and falsehood may be profitable; they may be combined with skill; but they are always base. This is not only because all artifice is a sign of weakness, it is also because artifice relinquishes one of the titles, which constitute the excellence of our nature. Besides, we are seldom false but from a calculation of selfishness.

There is a natural dignity in every thing which expresses the accomplishment of a duty. That, which surrounds magistracy and paternity, is not only derived from the authority which is confided to them, but also from the importance of the duties imposed upon them, and which we are to suppose fulfilled; besides, this authority, in one respect, is really a great duty. Every profession, also, is honorable, because of the obligations it imposes upon those who hold it.

All abandonment of self-control, degrades us, drunkenness, for example,—which is the last degree of it. Analyse what renders a thing ignoble, and you will always discover a principle of shameful and extreme negligence. The familiarity which takes from dignity of character and manners, is not that which wears the condescension of kindness, and the simplicity of modesty, in our intercourse with inferiors; it is that which supposes a want of circumspection and self-vigilance.

Dignity of character involves a certain degree of severity in the habits of life, reserve in relations, sobriety in language, collectedness, gravity, and seriousness in manners. All these things show, that we know how to govern ourselves, and that we are animated with the love of the good and true. This is the attitude of a man, who lives in the presence of those lofty destinies, which Providence has assigned us beyond the confines of earth and the present life.

Old age owes a portion of its dignity to the authority which experience gives; and misfortune, to the protection with which Providence surrounds it, by recommending it to the generous. But old age and misfortune have still another kind of dignity, which the former receives from the proximity of a great future, where are resolved the moral destinies of man; and the latter, from what is placed in the very midst of trial, which explains and prepares us for that destiny. Besides, in the aged man, we see one who has long struggled; and in the man touched by adversity, one who is at the moment struggling. Both are consecrated by the exertion of strength of soul.

A character loses its dignity as soon as it finds itself deceiving expectation; contradicting and belying itself. Ridicule springs up wherever there is failure.

Agitation and inquietude injure dignity of character, because they are a sign of weakness. We sometimes think we shall acquire dignity by showing ourselves powerful and strong; but we are mistaken; we must first, and at the same time be good. In true dignity of character, there is not only something imposing, but something also which inspires confidence. The beholder feels, that in the habitual decisions of such a character, nothing is the fruit of personal interest, and consequently nothing can become hostile to him. In the man, who would only be strong, he might fear an oppressor, but in the strong and good man, he may hope for a protector. He sees the light of justice and truth shine in such a character, which will serve as a guide to him; he finds the maxims established by reason, personified, and therefore follows them without repugnance, for it is not the individual he follows, but the light of wisdom. The good man, in whose soul virtue is deep rooted, and who is consistent, exercises a natural, imperceptible, and mild magistracy upon the earth. We respect him without his commanding it, and obey him unconsciously; in his presence animosities are softened,

ambitious desires are calmed or shamed, the wicked turn pale, the weak are encouraged, and frivolous men are first astonished and then begin to reflect. The power he exercises over others is the more real, because he does not seek to exercise it. He does not intrude on us; but we go to him. We speak of him little; but we involuntarily draw near to him; we lean upon him; we consult him in silence; we feel ourselves better for contemplating and honoring him; we seek his esteem, and become more estimable for it. This dignity is the work of him who is clothed with it, and belongs to him exclusively.

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## HOMAGE TO MERIT.

THERE is grandeur, and an imposing grandeur, in the numerous and public testimonies, which society renders to merit, virtue and talent. It is a noble thing to see homage sincerely rendered to the excellent upon earth; it honors humanity, and improves it, in that it awakes in all hearts the purest of sympathies, and through this sympathy gives a new impulse to generous sentiments. Next to religious solemnities, it is the most magnificent festival which can be celebrated upon the earth; and most nations have associated the honors rendered to the memory of great men, with religious solemnities. There is certainly elevation and nobleness in the ambition which aspires to gain such laurels, and we cannot disparage an order of motives, which produces such great things. Who would wish to deprive society of the illustrious, or to disenchant human nature of the love of glory? But this great testimony is only acquired by him who deserves it, and not by him upon whom it might have fallen by chance or mistake: it is not the person who is praised, but the attribute which he is supposed to possess. It is only acquired by the man, who is inspired with worthy motives; it is not the external action merely, that is applauded, but its principle. The acclamation of the crowd is but a vain noise and senseless tumult, if there be not approbation in it, or if it be not just in itself. Let us, therefore, clearly understand the pure love of glory, with the conditions it supposes. It has a language which explains, and a sign which represents it. It is an authentic, solemn, brilliant and perpetual confirmation of internal approbation; such as might have been deserved, however, in silence. Let us seek true celebrity by means of what

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is worthy of being celebrated. Let us feel indifferent whether we receive this tribute of praise. Perhaps, then, we shall strive for it less ardently, and become still more worthy. Let the love of glory, in the scale of moral progress, be the presentiment of a rank much superior to glory. Let it be a light to reveal to us, and to make us esteem what is worthy of homage. Let it be a noble instinct, which may lead us to seek especially the approbation of our own conscience.

There is a lawful *pride*, which consists in making the character of man and the dignity of our nature respected in ourselves: as members of society, it is more than each one's right, it is a duty, not to suffer, that it should be outraged in our persons. We perceive how much this pride differs from arrogance; for there is nothing personal in it, nothing which centres upon the individual. There is also a just *pride* of virtue, which resists injustice and calumny, which rests upon the inward consciousness of pure intentions, feels its superiority over the power by which it is oppressed; which triumphs in the midst of trials, and takes pleasure in its obscurity; which consists in being able to come forth fearlessly and without disguise, and looks disdainfully upon gross interest; which is the companion of truth and liberty, and procures the satisfaction of feeling that we have been able to govern ourselves. Certainly, it is becoming to virtue, and is necessary to it, in the presence of the vain pomps which follow in the train of arrogance and frivolity; but it is a modest, serene, indulgent and gentle pride.

Modesty adorns virtue, as bashfulness ornaments beauty; it harmonizes with just pride, as moderation harmonizes with justice. It heightens dignity of character as simplicity enhances greatness; it adds to merit the same charms which candor adds to goodness of heart. What is modesty? Is it not a sense of excellence so deep and true, that the observance of duty appears a natural thing? Is it not so sincere a desire for what is excellent, that what is wanting is much more perceptible, than what is already obtained? Is it not so pure a love for what is good, that it even forgets the reward reserved for merit in the approbation of others?

## INWARD PEACE.

INWARD peace takes love into its bosom, and becomes a sanctuary for it: it therefore admits all just and honorable feelings. Inward peace results from the faithful accomplishment of the vocation, which has been traced out for us by nature; it cannot therefore, require us to contradict the purposes of nature. This peace is not a total exemption from suffering, as there are many legitimate sufferings and solitudes of the heart; it may harmonize with suffering and solicitude; for nothing which is lawful and true, takes away from the state of the soul, which is itself a sort of concert formed by justice and truth. We suffer therefore, but we suffer with firmness: suffering is accepted with resignation; sometimes indeed the peace becomes more exquisite; for suffering has secret but real relations with our destination. Nothing which belongs to the genuine order of Providence, can disagree with the internal order; tears may flow, but they are not weakness; they may be a tribute to nature, and they solace us because they are so. There is in this peace something healing, which soothes secretly and insensibly the wounds of the soul and even the sufferings of the body. The wise man, in this happy state of mind, is moved without agitation, and rests without ennui. He enjoys what falls to his lot, and supports the privations imposed upon him. His sight is obscured by no cloud; he is fatigued by no murmuring: alarmed by no phantoms, nothing agitates the depths of his heart. He does easily what is prescribed to him; nothing surprises him, or finds him off his guard, for he walks in the way traced out for him by nature. He enjoys fully the favor of the Creator, recognizing a blessing in the trials which are laid upon him, and finding in all things sources of satisfaction, as far as they are necessary to his condition, because he sees himself in the place which was assigned him in the designs of the Supreme Disposer.

In such a state of mind, all the faculties have free and more vigorous spring. Inward peace is, to the faculties of man, like the dewy morning to the plants of the earth, Light is diffused in the intellect; ideas are distinguished from each other, and are easily classed. We interrogate and answer ourselves without constraint; we penetrate easily into the depths of the soul; we render an account of what we

think and feel; we know better what we wish; our will is more decided and frank. How easy then does virtue appear to us! how delightful its contemplations; what recompense is anticipated in its practice; how pleased we feel with ourselves and others! Our intercourse with others partakes of the serenity which reigns within, good will becomes natural; we claim less, we forgive more; for we have less need of others, and are less vulnerable. Besides, the calmness within ourselves is spread over those around us, as it were, unconsciously. The peaceful man interposes, as a sort of mediator in the midst of hatred and animosities. If, as a beneficent messenger he appears in the midst of a discontented, disquieted, agitated crowd, his presence alone brings confidence and hope, producing similar effects to the chords of the melodies which soothe the storms of passion. So, after the tempest, the mysterious bow appears, which is drawn upon the heavens, but rests upon the earth. Inward peace is the expression of moral order; as beauty in an edifice proves the regularity of its proportions. It is the emanation of virtue itself, and therefore, when beaming on the brow of the good, it becomes a sort of eloquent language, which penetrates to the depths of the heart. Do we not owe to it, in an especial manner, the pleasure we take in the contemplation of nature; and, on the other hand, is it not because the contemplation of nature disposes us to recover inward peace, that it does us so much good? The image of peace, constantly reproduced in these varied scenes, these graceful pictures, becomes living and sensible; answering to us, and applauding us, if we are in harmony with ourselves, or bringing us back to this harmony, if we have been unfaithful to it. As nature only smiles upon the good, or those who are sincere in their return to excellence, she only receives innocence or repentance. The beauties of nature are the mirror of a virtuous soul.

Inward peace is a pledge of the constancy and perseverance of resolutions and sentiments; it is a conservative and tutelary principle. It is only when we are in agitation that we are changeable. The more we taste this peace, the more we are attached to it. Unlike the pleasures of sense and selfishness, this pleasure grows by enjoyment. It is an animated living pleasure, which, far from throwing us into stupor, *awakens* all the moral energies within us. Under its influence, the soul, feeling itself unshackled, raises itself from the

miseries which weigh it down, free, confident and dignified; gazing with joy upon the prospect of great things, and aspiring to undertake them.

If we ask men, whose examples excite our most just admiration, they will tell us, that it was in moments of peaceful self-collectedness, that they conceived those vast designs and generous resolutions, by which they have done honor to the human race.

Peace of soul beams ingenuously from the brow of those favorites of virtue, who, entirely faithful to the law of excellence, have preserved untouched the deposit of moral virginity. It rests, majestically serene, upon the brow of old age, when it is crowned by the remembrance of the good actions which have filled up the course of a long life. In the former is a calmness, which includes a fruitful activity; in the latter it is a merited repose, but a repose full of vigor. It confers upon the first a sweet pure dignity; it restores to the second a new youth. Perfect peace is one of the attributes with which we love to clothe those superior intelligences, those angelic natures, which seem to us to form an intermediate link between the divinity and man, and which occupy the highest summits of moral nature.

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#### CONVERSATION.

It would be useful to consider the art of conversation as a means of improvement. A considerable portion of our life is given to conversation, which we abandon to chance; yet there are few things from which wisdom might draw more advantage. Here, doubtless, we should guard ourselves against the exaggerations of method and regularity. Conversation resists a rigorous discipline. To turn it into a methodical dialogue would be to rob it of its naturalness and that truth of expression which produces communion of mind and heart. But without robbing it of this character, we can make it useful. Without pedantry, with modesty, even with gaiety, we can put in circulation true thoughts and honorable sentiments. Sincere good will serves as an easy passport.—And we cannot more delicately flatter, than to give others an opportunity of telling us what they know. Every thing may be thrown into conversation, and every thing may be gathered

from it. It yields favorable occasions to draw close the ties which unite us to others, and to discover the means of serving them. The talent of conversation is a great power in the actual state of society. Vanity and ambition have used it. Can we do nothing for the interests of truth and virtue by means of it? The liberal minded and generous can alone comprehend all the privileges of speech, and draw from it the means of moral conquests; for in order to captivate, they need only be known; in showing themselves superior, they are so natural, that, as they rise without effort, so they are contemplated without envy; always simple and sincere, they enlighten and persuade by the force of their own conviction, and by the ascendancy of the sentiments which inspire them; we feel better in their presence, because we are permitted to sympathise with them; they are the altars where our hearts are kindled and re-animated; they exercise an apostleship upon earth; the admiration which they excite, and the affections which they receive, being confounded with the worship of excellence, and language from their mouths becoming a celestial messenger, who announces the blessings of virtue. The good, also, supply, by the influence of their character, the want of a talent for conversation: we listen more willingly to the unpretending, whom we do not suspect of any artifice; and the desire of being useful has in itself a kind of eloquence. A talent of listening may contribute to our progress, and furnish us with the means of being useful. To listen to a sufferer is often the means of consoling him. In the manner of listening there is something which testifies good will, and which serves to obtain it. In the study of mankind, the ear is what the eye is in the study of nature.

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NATURE'S EVENING HYMN.

THE heavenly spheres to thee, O God,  
Attune their evening hymn:  
All wise; all holy, thou art praised  
In song of seraphim!  
Unnumbered systems, suns and worlds  
Unite to worship thee,  
While thy majestic greatness fills  
Space, time, eternity.

Nature,—a temple worthy thee,  
 That beams with light and love;  
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,  
 Whose stars rejoice above,  
 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs  
 That rise along the shore;  
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord  
 Of storm and ocean roar;

Her song of gratitude is sung  
 By spring's awakening hours;  
 Her summer offers at thy shrine  
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers;  
 Her autumn brings its ripened fruits,  
 In glorious luxury given;  
 While winter's silver heights reflect  
 Thy brightness back to heaven.

On all thou smil'st; and what is man  
 Before thy presence, God?  
 A breath but yesterday inspired,  
 To-morrow but a clod.  
 That clod shall mingle in the vale,  
 But, kindled, Lord, by thee;  
 The spirit to thy arms shall spring,  
 To life; to liberty.

## HYMN TO THE DEITY.

GREATEST of beings! source of life,  
 Sovereign of air, and earth and sea!  
 All nature feels thy power, and all  
 A silent homage pays to thee.

Waked by thy hand the morning sun  
 Pours forth to thee its earlier rays,  
 And spreads thy glories as it climbs;  
 While raptured worlds look up and praise.

The moon to the deep shades of night  
 Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;  
 While all the stars, that cheer the scene,  
 Thee, the great Lord of light proclaim.

And groves, and vales, and rocks and hills,  
 And every flower, and every tree,  
 Ten thousand creatures warm with life,  
 Have each a grateful song for thee.

But man was formed to rise to heaven;  
 And blest with reason's clearer light,  
 He views his Maker through his works,  
 And glows with rapture at the sight.

Nor can the thousand songs that rise,  
 Whether from air, or earth, or sea,  
 So well repeat Jehovah's praise,  
 Or raise such sacred harmony.

#### WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.

THE exclusion of a Supreme Being, and of a superintending providence, tends directly to the destruction of moral taste. It robs the universe of all finished and consummate excellence even in idea. The admiration of perfect wisdom and goodness for which we are formed, and which kindles such unspeakable rapture in the soul, finding in the regions of scepticism nothing to which it corresponds, droops and languishes. In a world which presents a fair spectacle of order and beauty, of a vast family nourished and supported by an almighty Parent; in a world which leads the devout mind, step by step, to the contemplation of the first fair and the first good, the sceptic is encompassed with nothing but obscurity, meanness, and disorder.

When we reflect on the manner in which the idea of Deity is formed, we must be convinced that such an idea, intimately present to the mind, must have a most powerful effect in refining the moral taste. Composed of the richest elements, it embraces, in the character of a beneficent Parent, and almighty Ruler, whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is awful in authority, whatever is touching in goodness.

Human excellence is blended with many imperfections, and seen under many limitations. It is beheld only in detached and separate portions, nor ever appears in any one character whole and entire. So that when, in imitation of the *Stoics*, we wish to form out of these fragments, the notion of a perfectly wise and good man, we know it is a mere fiction

of the mind, without any real being in whom it is embodied and realised. In the belief of a Deity, these conceptions are reduced to reality: the scattered rays of an ideal excellence are concentrated, and become the real attributes of that Being with whom we stand in the nearest relation, who sits supreme at the head of the universe, is armed with infinite power, and pervades all nature with his presence.

The efficacy of these sentiments in producing and augmenting a virtuous taste, will indeed be proportioned to the vividness with which they are formed, and the frequency with which they recur; yet some benefit will not fail to result from them even in their lowest degree.

The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property; that, as it admits of no substitute, so, from the first moment it is impressed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement. God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions; is continually growing more extended and refulgent, by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.

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#### LOVE TOWARDS GOD.

WE know no property of human nature more undoubted than its capacity and fulness of affection. We see its love overflowing in its domestic connections, in friendships, and especially in its interest in being separated by oceans and the lapse of ages. Let it not be said, that the affections, to which we here refer, have fellow beings for their objects, and do not, therefore, prove our capacity of religious attachment. The truth is, that one spirit runs through all our affections, as far as they are pure; and love to mankind, directed aright, is the germ and element of love to the Divinity. Whatever is excellent and venerable in human beings, is of God, and in attaching ourselves to it we are preparing our hearts for its Author. Whoever sees and recognizes the moral dignity of impartial justice and disinterested goodness in his fellow creatures, has begun to pay homage to the attributes of God. The first emotion awakened in the soul, we mean filial at-

tachment, is the dawning of love to our Father in heaven. Our deep interest in the history of good and great men, our veneration towards enlightened legislators, our sympathy with philanthropists, our delight in mighty efforts of intellect consecrated to a good cause, all these sentiments prove our capacity of an affectionate reverence to God; for he is at once the inspirer and the model of this intellectual and moral grandeur in his creatures. We even think, that our love of nature has an affinity with the love of God, and was meant as a preparation for it; for the harmonies of nature are only his wisdom made visible; the heavens, so sublime, are a revelation of his immensity; and the beauty of creation images to us his overflowing love and blessedness. To us, hardly any thing seems plainer, than that the soul was made for God. Not only its human affections guide it to him; not only its deep wants, its dangers, and helplessness, guide it to him; there are still higher indications of the end for which it was made. It has a capacity of more than human love, a principle or power of adoration, which cannot bound itself to finite natures, which carries up the thoughts above the visible universe, and which, in approaching God, rises into a solemn transport, a mingled awe and joy, prophetic of a higher life; and a brighter signature of our end and happiness cannot be conceived.

We are aware that it may be objected, that many and great obstructions to a supreme love of God, belong to our very constitution and condition, and that these go far to disprove the doctrine of our being framed for religion as our chief good. But this argument does not move us. We learn from every survey of man's nature and history, that he is ordained to approach the end of his creation through many and great obstructions; that effort is the immutable law of his being; that a good, in proportion to its grandeur, is encompassed with hardship. The obstructions to religion are not greater than those to knowledge; and accordingly history gives as dark views of human ignorance, as of human guilt. Yet who on this ground, denies that man was formed for knowledge, that progress in truth is the path of nature, and that he has impulses which are to carry forward his intellectual powers without end? It is God's pleasure, in his provisions for the mind, as well as for the body, to give us in a rude state the materials of good, and to leave us to frame from them, amidst *much conflict*, a character of moral and religious excellence; and in this ordination we see his wise benevolence; for by

this we may rise to the unutterable happiness of a free and moral union with our Creator. We ought to add, that the obstructions to the love of God do not lie wholly in ourselves. Perhaps the greatest is a false theology. This interposes thick clouds between the soul and its Maker. It darkens and dishonors God and his works, and leaves nothing to sustain our trust and love.

The motives which are most commonly urged for cherishing supreme affection towards God, are drawn from our frailty and weakness, and from our need of more than human succor in the trials of life and in the pains of death. But religion has a still higher claim. It answers to the deepest want of human nature. We refer to the want of some being or beings, to whom we may give our hearts, whom we may love more than ourselves, for whom we may live and be ready to die, and whose character responds to that idea of perfection, which however dim and undefined, is an essential element of every human soul. We cannot be happy beyond our love. At the same time, love may prove our chief woe, if bestowed unwisely, disproportionately, and on unworthy objects; if confined to beings of imperfect virtue, with whose feelings we cannot always innocently sympathize, whose interests we cannot always righteously promote, who narrow us to themselves instead of breathing universal charity, who are frail, mutable, exposed to suffering, pain, and death. To secure a growing happiness and a spotless virtue, we need for the heart, a being worthy of its whole treasure of love, to whom we may consecrate our whole being, in approaching whom we enter an atmosphere of purity and brightness, in sympathizing with whom we cherish only noble sentiments, in devoting ourselves to whom we espouse great and enduring interests, in whose character we find the spring of an ever enlarging philanthropy, and by attachment to whom, all our other attachments are hallowed, protected, and supplied with tender and sublime consolations under bereavement and blighted hope. Such a being is God.

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TRUST IN GOD.

THOU art, O Lord, my only trust,  
When friends are mingled with the dust,  
And all my loves are gone.

When earth has nothing to bestow,  
And every flower is dead below,  
I look to thee alone.

Thou wilt not leave, in doubt and fear,  
The humble soul, who loves to hear  
The lessons of thy word.

When foes around us thickly press,  
And all is danger and distress,  
There's safety in the Lord.

The bosom friend may sleep below  
The churchyard turf, and we may go  
To close a loved one's eyes:

They will not always slumber there;  
We see a world more bright and fair,  
A home beyond the skies.

And we may feel the bitter dart,  
Most keenly rankling in the heart,  
By some dark ingrate driven:

In us revenge can never burn;  
We pity, pardon; then we turn,  
And rest our souls in heaven.

'Tis, thou, O Lord, who shield'st my head,  
And draw'st thy curtains round my bed;  
I sleep secure in thee;

And, O, may soon that time arrive,  
When we before thy face shall live  
Through all eternity.

#### RELIGION NOT A MERE PROFESSIONAL CONCERN.

It is, we fear, an unquestionable fact, that religion, considered as an intellectual subject, is in a great measure left to a particular body of men, as a professional concern; and the fact is as much to be wondered at as deplored. It is wonderful that any mind, and especially a superior one, should not see in religion the highest object of thought. It is wonderful that the infinite God, the noblest theme of the universe, should be considered as a monopoly of professed theologians; that a subject, so vast, awful and exalting, as our *relation to the Divinity*, should be left to technical men, to

be handled so much for sectarian purposes. Religion is the property and dearest interest of the human race. Every man has an equal concern in it. It should be approached with an independence on human authority. It should be rescued from all the factions, which have seized upon it as their particular possession. Men of the highest intellect should feel, that if there is a God, then his character and our relation to him throw all other subjects into obscurity, and that the intellect, if not consecrated to him, can never attain its true use, its full dimensions, and its proper happiness. Religion, if true, is central truth, and all knowledge, which is not gathered round it, and quickened and illuminated by it, is hardly worthy the name. To this great theme we would summon all orders of mind, the scholar, the statesman, the student of nature, and the observer of life. It is a subject to which every faculty and every acquisition may pay tribute, which may receive aids and lights from the accuracy of the logician, from the penetrating spirit of philosophy, from the intuitions of genius, from the researches of history, from the science of the mind, from physical science, from every branch of criticism, and, though last not least, from the spontaneous suggestions and the moral aspirations of pure but unlettered men.

It is a fact which shocks us, and which shows the degraded state of religion, that not a few superior minds look down upon it as a subject beneath their investigation. Though allied with all knowledge, and especially with that of human nature and human duty, it is regarded as a separate and inferior study, particularly fitted to the gloom of a convent, and the seclusion of a minister. Religion is still confounded, in many and in gifted minds, with the jargon of monks, and the subtleties and strifes of theologians. It is thought a mystery, which, far from coalescing, wars with our other knowledge. It is never ranked with the sciences which expand and adorn the mind. It is regarded as a method of escaping future ruin; not as a vivifying truth through which the intellect and heart are alike to be invigorated and enlarged. Its bearing on the great objects of thought and the great interests of life is hardly suspected. This degradation of religion into a technical study, this disjunction of it from morals, from philosophy, from the various objects of liberal research, has done it infinite injury, has checked its progress, has perpetuated errors which gathered round it in times of barbarism.

and ignorance, has made it a mark for the sophistry and ridicule of the licentious, and has infused a lurking scepticism into many powerful understandings. Nor has religion suffered alone. The whole mind is darkened by the obscuration of this its central light. Its reasonings and judgments become unstable through want of this foundation to rest upon. Religion is to the whole sphere of truth, what God is to the universe, and in dethroning it, or confining it to a narrow range, we commit very much such an injury on the soul, as the universe would suffer, were the Infinite Being to abandon it, or to contract his energy to a small province of his creation.

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#### THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION UPON LITERATURE.

THE injury done to literature by divorcing it from religion, is a topic worthy of discussion. Literature has thus lost power and permanent interest. It has become, in a great measure superficial, an image of transient modes of thought, and of arbitrary forms of life, not the organ and expression of immutable truth, and of deep workings of the soul. We beg not to be misunderstood. We have no desire that literature should confine itself wholly or chiefly to religious topics, and we hardly know a greater calamity which it could incur, than by degenerating into religious cant. Next to profaneness, we dread the affectation of piety and the mechanical repetition of sacred phraseology. We only lament, that literature has so generally been the product and utterance of minds, which have not lived, thought and written, under the light of a rational and sublime faith. Severed from this, it wants the principle of immortality. We do not speak lightly when we say, that all works of the intellect, which have not in some measure been quickened by the spirit of religion, are doomed to perish or to lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulchre, when it disjoins itself from the Universal Mind. Religion is not always to remain in its present dark, depressed condition. Already there are signs of a brighter day. It begins to be viewed more generously. It is gradually attracting to itself superior understandings. It is rising from the low rank of a professional, technical study, and asserting its supremacy among the objects of the mind. A new era, we trust, is opening upon the world, and all literature will feel its power. In

proportion as the true and sublime conception of God shall unfold itself in the soul, and shall become there a central sun, shedding its beams on all objects of thought, there will be a want of sympathy with all works which have not been quickened by this heavenly influence. It will be felt that the poet has known little of nature, that he has seen it only under clouds, if he have not seen it under this celestial light. It will be felt, that man, the great subject of literature, when viewed in separation from his Maker and his end, can be as little understood and portrayed, as a plant torn from the soil in which it grew, and cut off from communication with the clouds and sun.

We are aware that objections will spring up to the doctrine, that all literature should be produced under the influence of religion. We shall be told, that in this way literature will lose all variety and spirit, that a monotonous and solemn hue will spread itself over writing, and that a library will have the air of a tomb. We do not wonder at this fear. Religion has certainly been accustomed to speak in sepulchral tones, and to wear any aspect but a bright and glowing one. It has lost its free and various movement. But let us not ascribe to its nature what has befallen it from adverse circumstances. The truth is, that religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles, in giving a free and manifold action to the mind. It recognises in every faculty and sentiment the workmanship of God, and assigns a sphere of agency to each. It takes our whole nature under its guardianship, and with a parental love ministers to its inferior as well as higher gratifications. False religion mutilates the soul, sees evil in our innocent sensibilities, and rules with a tyrant's frown and rod. True religion is a mild and lawful sovereign governing to protect, to give strength, to unfold all our inward resources. We believe, that under its influence, literature is to pass its present limits, and to put itself forth in original forms of composition. Religion is of all principles most fruitful, multiform and unconfined. It is sympathy with that Being, who seems to delight in diversifying the modes of his agency, and the products of his wisdom and power. It does not chain us to a few essential duties, or express itself in a few unchanging modes of writing. It has the liberality and munificence of nature, which not only produces the necessary root and grain, but pours forth fruits and flowers. It has the *variety and bold contrasts* of nature, which, at the foot of the

awful mountain, scoops out the freshest, sweetest vallies, and embosoms in the wild, troubled ocean, islands whose vernal airs, and loveliness, and teeming fruitfulness, almost breathe the joys of Paradise. Religion will accomplish for literature what it most needs; that is, will give it depth, at the same time that it heightens its grace and beauty. The union of these attributes is most to be desired. Our literature is lamentably superficial, and to some the beautiful and the superficial even seem to be naturally conjoined. Let not beauty be so wronged. It resides chiefly in profound thoughts and feelings. It overflows chiefly in the writings of poets, gifted with a sublime and piercing vision. A beautiful literature springs from the depth and fulness of intellectual and moral life, from an energy of thought and feeling, to which nothing, as we believe, ministers so largely as enlightened religion.

So far from a monotonous solemnity overspreading literature in consequence of the all-pervading influence of religion, we believe, that the sportive and comic forms of composition, instead of being abandoned, will only be refined and improved. We know that these are supposed to be frowned upon by piety; but they have their root in the constitution which God has given us, and ought not therefore to be indiscriminately condemned. The propensity to wit and laughter does indeed, through excessive indulgence, often issue in a character of heartless levity, low mimicry, or unfeeling ridicule. It often seeks gratification in regions of impurity, throws a gaiety round vice, and sometimes even pours contempt on virtue. But, though often and mournfully perverted, it is still a gift of God, and may and ought to minister, not only to innocent pleasure, but to the intellect and the heart. Man was made for relaxation as truly as for labor; and by a law of his nature, which has not received the attention it deserves, he finds perhaps no relaxation so restorative, as that in which he reverts to his childhood, seems to forget his wisdom, leaves the imagination to exhilarate itself by sportive inventions, talks of amusing incongruities in conduct and events, smiles at the innocent eccentricities and odd mistakes of those whom he most esteems, allows himself in arch allusions or kind-hearted satire, and transports himself into a world of ludicrous combinations. We have said, that on these occasions, the mind seems to put off its wisdom; but the truth is, that in a pure mind, wisdom retreats, if we may

so say, to its centre, and there unseen, keeps guard over this transient folly, draws delicate lines which are never to be passed in the freest moments, and, like a judicious parent watching the sports of childhood, preserves a stainless innocence of soul in the very exuberance of gaiety. This combination of moral power with wit and humor, with comic conceptions and irrepressible laughter, this union of mirth and virtue, belongs to an advanced stage of the character; and we believe, that in proportion to the diffusion of an enlightened religion, this action of the mind will increase, and will overflow in compositions, which, joining innocence to sportiveness, will communicate unmixed delight. Religion is not at variance with occasional mirth. In the same character, the solemn thought and the sublime emotions of the improved Christian, may be joined with the unanxious freedom, buoyancy and gaiety of early years.

We will add but one more illustration of our views. We believe that the union of religion with genius, will favor that species of composition to which it may seem at first to be least propitious. We refer to that department of literature, which has for its object the delineation of the stronger and more terrible and guilty passions. Strange as it may appear, these gloomy and appalling features of our nature may be best comprehended and portrayed by the purest and noblest minds. The common idea is, that overwhelming emotions, the more they are experienced, can the more effectually be described. We have one strong presumption against this doctrine. Tradition leads us to believe, that Shakspeare, though he painted so faithfully and fearfully the storms of passion, was a calm and cheerful man. The passions are too much engrossed by their objects to meditate on themselves; and none are more ignorant of their growth and subtle workings than their own victims. Nothing reveals to us the secrets of our own souls like religion; and in disclosing to us, in ourselves, the tendency of passion to absorb every energy, and to spread its hues over every thought, it gives us a key to all souls; for in all, human nature is essentially one, having the same spiritual elements, and the same grand features. No man, it is believed, understands the wild and irregular motions of the mind, like him in whom a principle of divine order has begun to establish peace. No man knows the horror of thick darkness which gathers over the *slaves of vehement passion*, like him who is rising into the

light and liberty of virtue. There is indeed a selfish shrewdness, which is thought to give a peculiar and deep insight into human nature. But the knowledge, of which it boasts, is partial, distorted, and vulgar, and wholly unfit for the purposes of literature. We value it little. We believe, that no qualification avails so much to a knowledge of human nature in all its forms, in its good and evil manifestations, as that enlightened, celestial charity, which religion alone inspires; for this establishes sympathies between us and all men, and thus makes them intelligible to us. A man, imbued with this spirit, alone contemplates vice, as it really exists, and as it ought always to be described. In the most depraved fellow beings he sees partakers of his own nature.—Amidst the terrible ravages of the passions, he sees conscience, though prostrate, not destroyed, nor wholly powerless. He sees the proofs of an unextinguished moral life, in inward struggles, in occasional relentings, in sighings for lost innocence, in reviving throbs of early affections, in the sophistry by which the guilty mind would become reconciled to itself, in remorse, in anxious forebodings, in despair, perhaps in studied recklessness and cherished self-forgetfulness. These conflicts between the passions and the moral nature, are the most interesting subjects in the branch of literature to which we refer, and we believe, that to portray them with truth and power, the man of genius can find in nothing such effectual aid, as in the development of the moral and religious principles in his own breast.

We have given but a superficial view of a great subject.—The connection of religion with intellect and literature is yet to be pointed out. We conclude with expressing our strong conviction that the human mind will become more various, piercing, and all-comprehending, more capable of understanding and expressing the solemn and the sportive, the terrible and the beautiful, the profound and the tender, in proportion as it shall be illumined and penetrated by the true knowledge of God. Genius, intellect, imagination, taste, and sensibility, must all be baptized into religion, or they will never know, and never make known, their real glory and immortal power.

## THE HOPE OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE hope of human nature grows strong within us, we dare to say so, though we have many misgiving fears. We fear, because the current of things has so long gone against it, and still does, in so many quarters. We fear, too, because every thing is at stake. But then, we hope for the same reason, because we confide too much in the good providence of God, to believe that where every thing is at stake, all will be lost. We hope, too, because the lights of promise are kindling, one after another, in our horizon, and betoken a coming day. We hope strongly, when we contemplate the noble company of men in this country, and in England, and in France, too; a company, composed of the wealthy, the wise, and the good; a class hitherto, as a class, unknown in the world, who have stepped forth from their ordinary pursuits, and are uniting their counsels and labors to raise the human mind from ignorance and debasement; who, like Nehemiah of old, cannot be content with the splendors of Babylon, who feel a public and a pitying spirit amidst the pursuits of a too often selfish ambition and prosperity, whose 'countenances grow sad' even when they 'take up the wine' in the feastings of their palaces, and who ask leave of their magnificent offices and appointments and distinctions, to go forth, and 'build up the walls and the waste places of Jerusalem.'

We have spoken of what we trust we shall be accused of nothing fanciful for denominating, 'the hope of human nature;' and we wish it were possible to awaken a new feeling in the world concerning it. We aver that it is the great hope and only refuge, whether for the philanthropist or the philosopher. For philosophy, the philosophy of a moral being, must be dark, as well as philanthropy sad, but for the brightening of this hope. We will not measure our words here. We fearlessly say, that nothing on earth ought to be precious, or agitating, or delightful, or glorious, compared with the hope of raising human nature towards the virtue and nobleness and bliss, of which it is capable, and of which it has so lamentably failed. If any one should smile at our phrase, or our meaning—provided he were worth disputing with—we would say to him, 'every thing centres here. The cause of human nature is the great cause, compared with which every

thing on earth dwindles into insignificance. Every thing is suspended upon it. Every thing must rise or fall with it. Governments, institutions, laws, sceptres, dominions, are good or evil, only as they raise or depress the human soul. Freedom is but a name, wisdom is but craft, and learning is folly, if it do not help this cause. That glory of God, of which theologians say so much, must receive its chief illustration on earth, from the advancement of human nature. The mystery of providence grows dark without this prospect. The experience of ages has been wasted, if it does not come to this result; the long series of human griefs and struggles has been wasted; and toils and labors have been spent, and holy tears and precious blood have been poured out in vain, but for this. But for this, the visions of poetry are dreams; the brightest and most soothing imaginations of genius are unproductive reveries; and the word of inspiration will not accomplish that whereto it is sent; and holy prayers of faith will have gone forth into the empty air; and the rapt soul of the seer, and the watcher, and the waiting servant of God, 'rapt into future' and better 'times,' must have grown dark and desolate as the grave.'

The hope of human nature is the christian's hope. The master of christians labored, and prayed, and suffered for it. None of all the philosophers and sages, with whom he is sometimes compared, ever took human nature by the hand, stooped to it, in its lowest forms, communed with it in its deepest miseries, saw the treasure of great price beneath the despised garb of publicans and sinners; none ever approached even so far as enthusiasm towards the all-absorbing mission and aim of him, who came to save that which was lost. And nothing but his religion, we may add, will ever make men feel as they ought towards the improvement of their kind. The world, the ambitious, covetous, voluptuous, and selfish world, will idly pass it by. The infidel philosopher will scowl with misanthropic scorn, over the picture which he has drawn of human debasement. It is only christian men, who will take this holy cause home to their hearts, and ponder it, and pray over it, and so identify themselves with their race, as almost to feel that they individually rise or fall, prosper or fail, with the great cause of human nature. We know such men, and revere them; men, to whom these *thoughts come*, often and unbidden; who wear out many a *lonely vigil* with these meditations, whose words of lofty

reasoning and promise, strike upon our ears, we had almost said, like voices of inspiration and prophecy; men who live much in this great hope of human nature; who solace even their private and individual griefs with it; who bear up under the load of depressed spirits, and beguile their very sickness and pain with this cheering expectation.

Let us, if any will, be called enthusiasts on this theme. Projects of improvement, we hope, are not very extravagant things. Is not the world all alive to them? Look at our Agricultural Societies, and the zeal of men to improve soils. It is well; but we would there were a proportionable zeal to cultivate the neglected, the 'fallow ground' of human nature. And there are many that go forth, and we wish that we could go with them, to muse and moralize and kindle up glorious enthusiasm, amidst the ruins of ancient art. But we feel, that there are holier ruins all around us, the ruins of human nature, that is well compared to 'a city broken down, and without walls.' The crumbling columns and temples of the elder world, present no such ruins, at once so noble and mournful, as every man may approach in the unwall'd city, in the waste temple of his own mind.

The truth is, we have not yet considered what human nature might be. We have taken our ideas of it, rather from the abuse, than from the use, of its powers. Men have not made the requisite exertion, nor in the right direction, for their development. No age has been entirely favorable to this endeavor, no state of society, no maxims of life, no system of education. Things act upon the mind in combination; and even where one part of the system of influences is brought to considerable perfection, as learning, or liberty, for instance, there are so many things bad around it, as more than half to neutralize its good effects. And thus it has happened that even the best of religions has been often perverted to evil. The aggregate of social influences, at any rate, that have borne upon the human character, has been unfriendly to its elevation. We have seen, therefore, little of what men may be. On no subject, it is to be apprehended, are duller conceptions prevailing than on this; what man might be, what he ought to be, what a noble being was designed to stand forth the lord of this lower creation. Alas! men can more easily tell you the fine and desirable points of any thing, of a noble animal, of a splendid building, of any thing, more easily than that. And how is it strange, then,

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that men have thought meanly of their nature, and that the dignity of human nature, a theme that should shake our pulpits as with thunder, that should be sounded out with a voice as if to wake the dead, has been little better than a phrase of sickening sentiment, and a theme of puerile declamation.

We talk about the badness of human nature; but do any of us consider what a poor chance it has had? We have starved it, and dwarfed it; and, at length, we end the series of wrongs, by scorning it. Look abroad upon the face of society, and especially in the old world, and say, what chance is there, but that which the furnace gives to the ore, that amidst the feverish struggles of ambition, the graspings of covetousness, the obstinate hold of the selfish upon all they have, the proud exclusiveness of the higher classes, the jealousies of the lower, the toils of the poor, and the indulgences of the voluptuous—what chance there is, that any noble and manly virtues will grow up to their just height. What chance has there been for the mass of men in those countries, to be intelligent? And if not intelligent, what chance have they had of being free, virtuous, and happy? What chance is there, that wisdom will spring from the beaten paths of cruel and mechanical toil, from the dust and din of oppressive and unrelieved labor, or from gewgaw distinctions and titles; in one word, from that rubbish of superannuated folly in every form, that is so plentifully mingled with almost all the social and political institutions in the world? Do the spade and the plough teach knowledge? Do spinning-jennies discourse wisdom? Are stars and garters Masonic emblems? These questions will not be misconstrued, we presume, into a proposal rashly to abolish titles; much less to abolish toils. Nevertheless, we do conceive that this part of the system of life, is about as badly arranged as it can be, for the real improvement of men. It is work, work, work, on the one hand, and on the other a no less fatal leisure and independence. On the one hand, it is dire and reckless poverty; and on the other, a dissolute and reckless superfluity. If something of all this mighty exertion, and enterprise, and labor, and expenditure, which make up the active world, could be converted to the cause of human improvement; if all the energies of human nature and life could be combined, and devoted to this end; if we could see *individual men* putting forth their powers to the utmost effort and

trial, keeping a sleepless watch over themselves, pressing forward every day, and every day making new advances, regarding every attainment as a step, from which to reach higher and farther; if we could see men, stepping forth on the theatre of this world with the noble demeanor and countenance that would become beings so exalted, we should then begin to perceive what men might be, what they never have been. We should then be able boldly to point to such an example, to redeem the long abiding reproach of human nature.

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#### STATE OF SOCIETY.

It is a sad reflection, but we must dwell upon it. We must say, and will say, without hesitation, that we are dissatisfied, greatly, almost wholly with any state of society, that ever yet has existed, as a field for human improvement. When we look over the world, and the world's history, there is nothing that is so fitted to strike and pain the mind, as the extreme contrast between what the world was evidently made to be, and what it is. Even from the simple external aspects of things, we may gather this conclusion. It is a fair creation, and was fitted for noble influences and uses. The glorious canopy of the heavens was not designed to be spread over an ignoble race. And every thing beneath, the elements, waters, and groves, hills and vallies, are moulded into forms of enrapturing beauty, that have power, one might imagine, to impart their own beauty to the minds that dwell among them. And the human soul is capable of being touched to these finer issues. And if, knowing all this, a stranger from some distant world, should alight upon our planet—if a stranger to the actual state of things, but knowing what it might be, should alight amidst the fair and rich scenes of our summer landscapes, he would expect the inhabitants of such a world to sweep by him, with the majestic step and mien of angels with their robes of light, and their voices 'discoursing music.'—'These,' he would say, 'are the abodes of innocence. Here dwell inviolate truth and faith, and divine simplicity, and blessed friendship. Brethren dwell here, and this fair earth is not rent with violence, nor watered with tears, nor stained with blood, nor does it bear the footsteps of the proud and scornful, nor does it echo to the complaints of the neglected.

or miserable.' Alas! how different is the reality! How lamentable is the story of human fortunes, all over the world! Oh! it is wonderful, that a set of beings endowed with reason, endowed with sense, to say nothing of the moral soul, should have played the fool and the maniac as men have done. Look at things upon a great scale, or at things upon a small scale, and we find it every where the same. Look at war, that stupendous insanity. Look at the single history of that being, who has gone to his account with the blood of two millions of men staining his imperial robe, and the groans of millions unnumbered, to usher him to his audit—and yet listen to the canonizing shout of half the world, as the story of his wonderful and awful career is told, and compute, if you can, the immensity of the guilt on the one hand, and the folly on the other. Look, again, at the vast regions of groaning servitude; and then, at the more numerous, and more miserable slaves of vice, that are crowding the ten thousand avenues of death and hell, in the villages and cities of the world. Then, descend into the retreats of private and domestic life, and see how many untold miseries of evil passion are there; and, at last, penetrate into the recesses of the human heart, and see it, restless, disordered, and discontented, suffering wounds without cause, and afflictions without reason, miserable when it might be happy, evil, when to be good is its interest as much as its duty.

Add to all this, those delusions of opinion, those mistakes of abused human nature, those lies of the perverted heart, by which this mighty system of national, social, and individual sin and folly is supported, and it seems almost as if there was neither light nor hope. There is darkness upon the nations, and it is almost the darkness of despair; darkness in their institutions, their pursuits, their plans of enjoyment, their very ideas of happiness. After six thousand years of teaching, men have not learned to live, either as physical, or as intellectual, or as moral beings. The science of living well and happily, is the science least of all understood, or even studied. This reckless waste of life, and of all that is good in life, which we see every where; this universal seeking of happiness abroad, when the springs of it are within us; this blinding and bigoted folly of accounting sin a pleasure, and duty a task, tedious and irksome in the performance; and then these bewildering voices of ambition, avarice, and pleasure, which fill the world with strife and uproar; this press

and throng of selfish passions and worldly competitions; these contests for distinction, these jealousies of fashion, wit, and beauty, these bitter sighings of discontent—alas! what power, what mighty power is ever to correct these evils?

If we should answer, that we do not know, we should be false to our own principles. We do hope in human nature after all its mistakes. We do trust in the reason of man that it will yet be schooled to wisdom. We do confide in his conscience, that it will yet gather strength to resist temptation. We believe, that all experience is not to be lost upon a reasoning, inquiring, and suffering world. We believe in God, and are firmly persuaded, that his designs are better for us, than human life has yet unfolded. Something can, ought, and must be done. These are our watch words. We know that they will carry to many, a sound of enthusiasm, as well as of innovation. But the most captious and cold-blooded misanthropist might well take side with us in this matter, for nobody complains so much of the state of the world as he does. It is not he, that takes the world to be well enough as it is; and he ought to have patience, at least, if other men try to make it better and wiser. Or, if it will greatly relieve him, let him criticise. It is not that sound, that will stop the movement of the world. He may say, with the significant air of superior wisdom, that the movement of the world must be slow; but is that a good reason why no effort at all should be made for its advancement? When we say that something can be done, we do not say that it can be done in a moment.

But something can be done. We repeat; and let it be remembered, too, that every man can do something. Let each one begin with himself; let him make himself wiser and better. That is the first, and great work. But he should not stop with that. 'Let every man mind not his own things only, but also the things of another.' Let every man consider with himself, what he can do for that worthiest object of life, the improvement of his kind. Let those who are thus minded, go single-handed, and meet the evils of poverty and ignorance, in the thronged paths and crowded by-ways of our cities. Let others, if it please them, combine in their exertions to do good. Let the ingenious devise methods of human improvement, and the judicious correct them. Let him, whose heart can indite a good matter, and him who has the pen of a ready writer, bring his offering of earnest thoughts and words, to the great cause. Let the active give range to

their activity, wide as the regions of ignorance, and vice, and misery. Let some devote themselves to the suppression of intemperance. Let others search our prisons, and listen to the groans or the execrations that long have issued from them, unheard and unpitied. Let others still, build up the waste places of Zion, or go forth and erect altars to the true God, amidst the fanes of idolatry. Let the learned contribute their knowledge to this great work, the lofty their influence, the wise their legislation, the powerful their authority. Let the tone of education, and morality, and religion, be raised. Let the eloquent give their exhortation, and the rich of their wealth, and the faithful their endeavors, and the good their prayers, to the one great, united, universal effort, to make the world better and happier. Something of all this, we thank God, is beginning to be done; and we trust that what has been accomplished is only a pledge for what is yet to be undertaken.

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#### DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

In the wide field of exertion, we are led at present, to direct our attention to a single point; and we are not sure, that it is not the central and most prominent point of all. We mean, the diffusion of useful knowledge; and we mean by useful knowledge, all that information of every kind which may contribute to the welfare and happiness of human society. Let us make man intelligent. Let us try a new experiment for his improvement, and let us put it on the basis of his understanding. This is the only foundation on which to rear for him any exalted character or permanent happiness. His very virtues and affections are valueless without intelligence. And true devotion, the right contemplation of God, is the noblest act of reason, as well as the noblest exercise of feeling. And we aver, that experiment we propose, never yet has been tried on a large scale. Rome had her gifted and eloquent men, but her citizens were not intelligent. The Athenians were an acute people, but their acuteness appeared chiefly in wit and trifling. And the modern civilized world has not pretended to show any large masses of intelligent population, except in Scotland and in this country. But we are afraid that the intelligence of our own people is much *overrated*. We cannot call him an intelligent man, who is

all his life long turning over soils, of which he knows not the properties, or the process of improving, or who is using diagrams in mechanism, of which he understands none of the principles, or who, in political affairs, gives his suffrage at the instance of a party, without being able to assign any good reason for his choice. We should expect that those whose minds had been turned to the real love of knowledge—a thing that our schools hitherto have had very little tendency to bring about—would at least gain an acquaintance with those things, with which they are brought into close and continual contact.

It seems to us, moreover, and by itself considered, a grievous wrong to the human mind, that it should pass through a world like this, in such ignorance as generally prevails, of all the wonders it contains. It is a wrong, if we might say so, to the Creator. He has spread around us, on every side, miracles of his power and wisdom. He has filled all nature with the most beautiful and wonderful evidences of design and benevolence. He has crowded all the forms of animal and vegetable life, with models of unequalled art. He has fearfully and wonderfully made the human frame—made it, as one has said, 'a cluster of contrivances,'—and to what end has he done all this, but that it should be seen and understood? He has placed in this world one being, and only one that is capable of understanding it; and is it not an unnatural stupidity, and a grievous misfortune in this sole pupil of nature, if he knows nothing about it? This knowledge 'is not afar off, but it is nigh' to him. He cannot step from his door, but elements, forms, principles, illustrations press around him, as it were, and solicit his attention. The light, the air, the ocean, the solid earth are all filled with wonders. Philosophers who have inquired into these things, come back, and report to us the discovery of new worlds—worlds within worlds, beneath the covering of every animal and plant, and in the structure of every flower of the field, and every shell of the sea-shore. Each department of that world of mechanism which is found in every vegetable and insect, is made the subject of Philosophical Transactions, and elaborate works of science. And yet the mass of mankind pass through this magnificent theatre, richer than all that human imagination could devise and human art frame, as ignorant of its interior structure and symmetry, and the skill of its Architect, as if they had lived upon a barren mountain, or in a subterranean

mine. A world of wonders and beauties is, as it were, thrown away upon them.—And it is not for the want of time, that they are ignorant of all this. It does not require profound learning to understand it. Much time and study are indeed requisite for the examination of these subjects; but the results, the important results, are few, simple, and intelligible. Of the time which the active and the laborious portion of the world, which the body of mankind enjoys for leisure and amusement, one-tenth part would be sufficient for the most material and important acquisitions in useful science. Neither is there any want of means, of funds, to procure books, and form libraries. There is a want of nothing, necessary to the end, but inclination.

And it is from awakening this inclination among men, it is from the diffusion of useful knowledge of every sort, among the body of mankind, that we derive one of our strongest grounds of hope for human nature, and for the world. It was, for this reason, that we hailed the establishment of the mechanics' associations of England. And it is with the same hope and interest, that we now look for some aid in the great cause, to the Lyceums of this country.

Let us not complain of human nature, let not the world complain of the badness of its condition, till greater efforts are made for its improvement; till light is preferred to darkness; till knowledge is sought for as eagerly as wealth; till virtue commands more treasures and more labors in its cause, than vice; till projects for the public good shall acquire something of the zeal of projects for private aggrandizement. Till then, it would be premature to judge of the nature of man or of the wisdom of Providence, for we cannot fairly comprehend either.

The work to be done is great; but now is not the time to be discouraged. In darker ages, amidst untoward circumstances, in danger, if not despondency, the noble company of confessors and martyrs have been true to the cause of God, and of human welfare. Their commission, attested with holy vows and prayers, and sealed in their blood, they have sent down to us; and faint-hearted and false shall we be, if we do not and dare not accept the trust. They 'compass us about as a cloud of witnesses,' and enforce the apostolic exhortation, that we 'run with patience the race that is set before us.' Better times have come; let them not witness worse endeavors. Let the auspices of the age cheer us on. If

faith has held out in gloomier days, let it not fail now. It may be thought, that in the views we have given of the state of the world, we have made the ways of Providence dark. We cannot help the sad truth; we cannot make out the state of the human race to be better than we have represented; and we see not, indeed, that the inference with regard to Providence is darker in the case of the world, than in the case of an individual. But if there be a problem, a mystery, we lay on good men the charge to clear it up. They only can do it. One vigorous, persevering exertion, all over the world, to raise the human race to knowledge and virtue, would do more to 'vindicate the ways of God to man,' than the speculations of philosophers for centuries.

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MORAL BEAUTY.

'Tis not alone in the flush of morn,  
In the cowslip-bell or the blossom-thorn,  
In noon's high hour, or twilight's hush,  
In the shadowy stream, or the roses' blush,  
Or in aught that bountiful nature gives,  
That the delicate Spirit of Beauty lives.

Oh no! it lives, and breathes, and lies,  
In a home more pure than the morning skies;  
In the innocent heart it loves to dwell,  
When it comes with a sigh or a tear to tell  
Sweet visions that flow from a fount of love,  
To mingle with all that is pure above.

It dwells with the one whose pitying eye  
Looks out on the world with charity;  
Whose generous hand delight to heal  
The wounds that suffering mourners feel,  
Without a wish or a hope or thought  
That light should shine on the deeds it wrought.

It dwells in the heart that naught inspires,  
But manly feelings, and high desires;  
Where nothing can come like a selfish dream,  
When visions of glory around it gleam,  
Proud visions that show to the gifted mind,  
The boundless sphere of the human kind.

Sweet Spirit of Beauty! my dreams are thine,  
But I loose thee not when the day-beams shine;  
Thy image is still to my constant gaze,  
At midnight hour, or noontide blaze;  
And none but one with a heart unsold,  
Can know the bliss which thy lovers hold.

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#### SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,  
And wheels her course in a joyous flight;  
I know her track through the balmy air,  
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there;  
She leaves the tops of the mountains green,  
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,  
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight;  
Then she mounts again, and round her, flings  
A shower of light from her crimson wings;  
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,  
That silently fills it with ecstasy.

At noon she hies to a cool retreat,  
Where bowering elms over waters meet,  
She dimples the wave where the green leaves dip,  
As it smilingly curls like a maiden's lip,  
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,  
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve she hangs o'er the western sky  
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy,  
And round the skirts of their deepened fold,  
She paints a border of purple and gold,  
Where the ling'ring sunbeams love to stay,  
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,  
When her presence is felt with the deepest power,  
She silvers the landscape, and crowds the stream  
With shadows that flit like a fairy dream;  
Then wheeling her flight through the gladdened air,  
The Spirit of Beauty is every-where.

## THE FLOWER OF HOPE.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness in the desert air."—GRAY.

WHICHEVER way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness; in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in germination irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for, though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsula, without admiration. Can that being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger, and fatigue, traveled forward, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed.—Anecdote from Park's first journey in Africa.

Verses on the above affecting incident by Alexander Letham, a pupil of the Asylum for the blind, at Edinburgh.

Ah! lovely flower, what care, what power,  
In thy fair structure are displayed  
By him who reared thee to this hour  
Within the forest's lonely shade!

Thy tender stalk, and fibres fine,  
Here find a shelter from the storm;  
Perhaps no human eyes but mine  
Ere gazed upon thy lovely form.

The dew-drop glistens on thy leaf,  
As if thou seem'st to shed a tear;  
As if thou knew'st my tale of grief—  
Felt all my sufferings severe.

But ah! thou know'st not my distress,  
In danger here from beasts of prey,

And robbed of all I did possess,  
By men more fierce by far than they.  
Nor canst thou ease my burdened sigh,  
Nor cool the fever at my heart,  
Though to the zephyrs passing by  
Thou dost thy balmy sweets impart.  
Yet he that formed thee, little plant,  
And bade thee flourish in this place,  
Who sees and feels my every want,  
Can still support me by his grace.  
Oft has his arm, all strong to save,  
Protected my defenceless head  
From ills I never could perceive,  
Nor could my feeble hand have stay'd.  
Then shall I still pursue my way  
O'er this wild desert's sun burnt soil,  
To where the ocean's swelling spray  
Washes my long'd for native isle.

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## THOUGHTS FOR A NEW YEAR.

THE wise often feel themselves called on, and the most unthinking are sometimes compelled, by various occasions and events, to reflect with seriousness on the great objects and duties of life. Some are easily excited, while others are hardly to be roused; but there are few, or none, who have not their sober, or it may be, sad moments, in which they are brought to acknowledge that life is a trust, and to resolve that it shall be improved, or weep that it has been abused.

The circumstances are not to be numbered, which in this changing world, are the causes of serious thought to thinking men. A withered leaf, or a faded flower, the waning moon, or the setting sun, a public calamity or a private sorrow, the careless gaiety of childhood, and the faltering step of age, magnificence and misery, a splendid pageant, a solitary tear, a baptism, a funeral, accident, sickness and death, have all a voice, a moral, and a warning.

The seasons of the year, too, speak in almost human language; and men have been fond of tracing, in their various *phenomena*, resemblances to their own existence, feelings,

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and pursuits. Youth and spring have been joined together with bands of flowers; the fruits of summer have imaged our maturity; our decline is foretold by the brown hues of autumn; and winter has lent to age its hoar-frost and its snows.

The notice so generally taken of the day which has been fixed upon to commence our years, is proof that it is connected with many human sympathies. How, indeed, can we help being affected by the silent marks which measure out our lives, and serve as stated boundaries to the mysterious progression of time?

Religion gives a deep interest to notices like these, and leads us to value and improve them, and raises our thoughts from the divisions and events of time, to Him who is without beginning, and without end.

If we feel in a proper manner our dependence on God, and the responsibility of our actions, we shall often look back on the experience of the *past*, and forward to the promises and requisitions of the *future*. At the commencement of a new year, especially, we shall be disposed to think on what the last has received and returned, and on what the coming one should accomplish.

In the year which has gone by, we have been supported, as we have always been, by an arm which never tires, and supplied from a bounty which can never be exhausted. We have tasted of joys till we have expected them as our right, and comforts have been so liberally imparted to us, that we have ceased to remark them. We can recall many instances in which we have been rescued from sudden pain and death. Troubles have been averted, griefs have been alleviated, losses have been repaired. We have been saved when we had despaired of help, and snatched from the waters, when they had well nigh gone over us. Even the trials and afflictions which we have met with have resulted in our benefit. They have softened our tempers, or humbled our pride, checked us in an evil course, or fixed us in a good one, and thus have assumed at last the aspect, the offices, and the character of blessings.

How have we shown our sense of these favors? What has been our gratitude, and what service have we rendered? If we answer truly, we shall have little reason to be satisfied with our review. Our consciences will repeat a long and fearful account of opportunities neglected, talents unimproved, powers perverted, time mispent, warnings unheeded, and

promises unperformed. Many an evil consequence rises up to point at our misdeeds, and our bosoms will acknowledge their own unthankfulness. We shall be obliged to confess, that selfishness has often silenced the voice of our better feelings, that interest has prevailed over duty, fashion over propriety, and habit over conviction. We shall remember, and we ought to remember, with shame and contrition, that we have suffered ourselves to listen, again and again, to the suggestions of passion and temptation—to listen and to yield—though experience admonished, and instruction forbade, and principle resisted, and wisdom cried aloud.

We cannot, in our defence, plead ignorance, nor want of means. We cannot deny that we have had ample assistance, motive, and encouragement, from early education, from books, counsel, religion, Christian society, and Christian example.

But we trust that we have effected some good. We trust, that amid all our follies and sins, we have performed some actions which have proceeded from virtuous intentions, and terminated in beneficial results. Notwithstanding our weakness and rashness, we have sometimes resisted with success, and fled when flight was victory. Let us thank God for that; not, however, in the spirit of the Pharisee's thanksgiving; not to indulge a spiritual vain-glory, nor to flatter a false security; but with a feeling of humble gratitude, and that our souls may perceive the value, and the beauty of holiness. While we lament that we have done so little good, let us be truly grateful for the little which we have done, for if there is any thing to thank God for, it is that we have been able, in any degree, to imitate and obey him.

From this train of meditations on the past, our thoughts on the future will naturally follow. We cannot believe that God will cease to be merciful to us, that he will withdraw his support, or shorten his hand. Let us endeavor to evince our gratitude for his unmerited goodness, by complying henceforth more carefully with his injunctions. If he is our Father, let us do him better honor, and if he is our Master, let us serve him with a more constant fear. Our sorrow for our transgressions, if it is of any value, will stimulate our efforts to amend our lives; and the conviction of past inactivity and unprofitableness, if it is deep and strong, will give form and energy to our consequent resolutions.

And let us not linger, and delay, and look out for a more convenient season, as if we knew the measure of our days,

and held time and opportunity in our own hands. The experience of every day, casualty in every shape, death on our right hand and our left, should teach us a better wisdom. We aggravate our guilt exceedingly, by this foolish procrastination. Could we live the longest life of man, we should have little time enough to finish our task; but here we are without knowledge, and without security. The commencement of another year we may never see.

If we were to lie down in the dust, and in the sleep of death, without a hope of ever waking again, we might indeed, with some show of reason, take our own ways, and defy their consequences. But we *shall* wake again, and wake to a life whose awards and destinies will depend on the manner in which we have spent the years of our probation, whether they have been many, or whether they have been few.

While we have time, let us employ it as we ought, for time is succeeded by eternity. Let every following year, while years are continued to us, be more full of good, and more free from evil, than the last; for they must soon be numbered; and then we go to meet our Judge.

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#### GRATITUDE TO GOD.

GRATITUDE is an amiable feeling, a lovely virtue. There is no surer indication of depravity than its absence, and, on the other hand, wherever it is manifested, there is always some goodness left, of principle or disposition, though it be found in company with the worst vices and crimes. A sweet flower is growing amidst the wild weeds, and the soil may be reclaimed. It 'marks where a garden has been,' or may yet be.

In proof of this, let us examine the nature of true gratitude, and analyze the sentiment which it expresses. Its origin is obvious enough. It is produced by the reception of favors, or the exhibition of good will. And when produced, what is its language? If we are not much mistaken, the feelings of an obliged and grateful person to his benefactor might be thus translated into words. 'I perceive that you wish to please me, and make me happy. You have done so. In return, I feel the same disposition to please you, and make you happy, and I shall lose no opportunity in consulting your good.'

This is enough. It is all the return which the benefactor looked for, and he is satisfied. And he is not, and cannot be satisfied without it; for though he may, in any event, be rewarded by the consciousness of having done well, he yet cannot fail of being grieved and hurt, to see that his good offices should be returned with apathy, and that so remarkable a deficiency in duty should meet the performance of his own.

If this analysis of the principle of gratitude is just, it is nearly allied to benevolence. He who is grateful for a favor would, if he were able, confer one. Benevolence bestows benefits, and gratitude seeks to return them. The feeling which prompted the favor, and that by which it is acknowledged, are twin dispositions.

The expressions of gratitude are various. But the feeling itself is chiefly to be regarded. Two words will often signify more gratitude than two hundred; and even a look or a gesture is sometimes better than an oration.

In all that has been said on this subject, sincerity must of course be implied. We speak of sincere benevolence, and sincere thankfulness. Words, and even actions are to be valued, only as they are faithful interpreters of intention and disposition. Favors do not always spring from good designs; and thanks very frequently tell falsehoods. A gift is sometimes a lure, sometimes an affront, and sometimes an injury; and eloquent expressions of gratitude sometimes flow from a cold heart, and sometimes from a black one. But sincere benevolence really means to do good, and confer pleasure; and sincere gratitude really desires to requite benevolence by doing good, and conferring pleasure in return.

Our view of the principle of gratitude has thus far been confined to our human relations. In our relation to God, it will necessarily be affected and modified by circumstances which belong to that relation alone. The divine benevolence is altogether superior in its motives, its extent, and its effects, to any which can be exercised by a human being. Our dependence on God is entire, and our inferiority to him is measureless. We cannot strengthen his power, nor enlighten his wisdom, nor increase his happiness. Our gratitude to him cannot, therefore, be guided by precisely the same rules, nor can it be displayed in the same manner, as in our intercourse with men.

*The claims of the Almighty on our gratitude are not to be*

numbered, nor estimated. They are countless as the leaves of the forest, constant as time, and vast as they are constant and countless. He is the author of our lives, and the preserver of our lives, and consequently the original source of all our comforts, enjoyments and blessings, from the first moment of life to its last.

Why should we be grateful to the man who confers a benefit upon us, and not to the Being who gave him the power and the disposition to confer it? Why should we acknowledge those favors, the greatest of which must be limited by the ability which bestows them, and not those which would be attempted in vain by the mightiest human agency? What mortal hand could have spread out for us the magnificent canopy of heaven, or kindled the ever glowing furnace of the sun, or hung in the day-forsaken skies the lamp of the mild moon? What human power can bring one cloud upon a thirsty land, or bid one rain-drop to descend, or cause one blade of grass to grow? And who but the Almighty God could have wrapped the vast world in that transparent element, which sustains and binds together all breathing and living things?

These blessings are so constant and common, that we are not apt to appreciate them; and yet it is their very constancy and diffusion which places them above all value. The most tender and persevering kindness of a fellow being must at times be remitted, and the inevitable hour will come, when it must all cease; but if the supporting hand of God were for one moment withdrawn from us, in that moment we should be no more.

To die is the destiny of all; and all comparison ends between the mercies of God, and the good offices of man, when we extend our regards beyond our present habitation, to that succeeding state, of which man possesses no knowledge, and over which he has no control. When we lie upon our last bed, and all medicines have been given up as useless, and our eyes are closing on all outward things, what is our trust and consolation? Is it not on the mercy and truth of our Creator? And when our last grasp is relaxed, and we drop away from the world, where is it that we fall? Is it not into his arms?

The highest and worthiest object of our gratitude, therefore, above all rivalry or comparison, is God, the author of every good and perfect gift; the Being who breathed into us *the breath of life*, and who supports us while we live; who

endowed us with our intellectual faculties, our moral powers, sympathies, and affections, and who has assured us by a direct revelation, that death will only open another and a wider scene for their exercise, and never-ending improvement.

If our gratitude to God were proportioned to the claims on it, it would be constant as the dispensation of his mercies and boundless as the displays of his love. But such perfection cannot be expected from humanity. We should keep perfection in view, however, and strive to do our utmost, assured that we can never be too grateful to our Heavenly Father, and that the degrees of our gratitude will serve as the measure of our moral excellence, of the proper performance of our duty, and of our final acceptance.

Our gratitude to the Deity is to be manifested by mental and verbal acknowledgement, and by the obedience of our lives to the divine law.

We would not surely think ourselves justified in giving no intimation, either to ourselves or to others, of incalculable and ever increasing obligations. We would not live for years on the domains of God, indebted for our daily sustenance to his bounty, and not send one poor thought to acknowledge our fealty at his throne. If we were to dismiss the form of giving thanks, it is to be feared that the feeling of gratitude itself would soon follow of its own accord. By prescribing to ourselves a frequent confession of dependence and obligation, a thankful disposition is cherished, and kept alive, if not actually created. 'The breath of praise fans the flame of gratitude.'

But the best proof which we can give that we are sensible of our obligations to the Almighty, is our obedience to his commandments, and the performance of our duty. This is the great test of the sincerity of our gratitude, without which all forms and professions are but empty pretence. A son proves himself grateful to his father for the care, support, protection, and instruction which he has received from him, by observing his injunctions, by consulting his wishes, and by making such an improvement of his opportunities as to become an honor, and not a disgrace to the kind hand which furnished them. Our Heavenly Father requires a similar return. He has given us capacities, and he demands their exertion; faculties, and he looks for their cultivation; *opportunities*, and he calls for their improvement; *privileges* and *means*, and he expects that they will be imparted. What is

the value of feeling, if it be not brought forth into action? Where is the truth of our gratitude, if it be not manifested in our benevolence, and our virtue? Why do we thank God for his mercies to us, if we show no mercy to our brethren? And how can we dare, with a downcast face, and a humble voice, to confess that the Almighty Giver has poured out upon us comforts and blessings innumerable, and then go away, and act as if we had forgotten that in the whole world there was a single demand on our sympathy, our charity, or our labors?

Nothing can be more true, than that praise belongs to the Creator, and that thanksgiving is due to him from the creatures whom he has endowed with thought, affections, and language. But it is equally as true, that one drop of oil to the wounds of human suffering, one mite to the treasury of human happiness, is infinitely more expressive of our gratitude, and infinitely more acceptable in the sight of heaven, than all the barren, though perhaps loud and solemn acknowledgements, which mind can frame, or tongue can utter.

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DISTINGUISHED GOODNESS OF GOD TO MAN.

THY wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,  
In all thy works appear;  
But most thy praise should man record,  
Man, thy distinguished care.

From thee the breath of life he drew;  
That breath thy power maintains;  
Thy tender mercy, ever new,  
His brittle frame sustains.

Thy providence, his constant guard,  
When threatening ills impend,  
Or will th' impending dangers ward,  
Or timely succors lend.

Yet nobler favors claim his praise,  
Of reason's light possess;  
By revelation's brighter rays  
Still more divinely blest.

All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;  
O teach me to improve

Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,  
And crown them with thy love.

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### THE WORSHIP OF GOD,

*In the solitude of the woods.*

It is not only in the sacred fane  
That homage should be paid to the Most High;  
There is a temple, one not made with hands—  
The vaulted firmament: Far in the woods,  
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,  
At intervals heard through the breezeless air;  
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,  
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;  
When not a floweret bends its little stalk,  
Save where the bee alights upon the bloom;—  
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,  
The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon;  
Silence his praise; his disembodied thoughts,  
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend  
Beyond the empyrean—  
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,  
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy,  
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd  
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,  
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,  
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;  
Or shed a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,  
And wonders why he weeps; the volume closed,  
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings  
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd  
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,  
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth  
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state!  
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,  
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,  
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands  
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.

## THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given,  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dream'd of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child,  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,  
The first made anthem rang,  
On earth deliver'd from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam;  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,  
 The lark thy welcome sings,  
 When glittering in the freshen'd fields  
 The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
 O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
 Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
 A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
 As young thy beauties seem,  
 As when the eagle from the ark  
 First sported in thy beam.

For faithful to its sacred page,  
 Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
 Nor lets the type grow pale with age,  
 That first spoke peace to man.

#### THERE IS A TONGUE IN EVERY LEAF.

THERE is a tongue in every leaf:  
 A voice in every rill!  
 A voice that speaketh every where,  
 In flood and fire, through earth and air;  
 A tongue that's never still!

'Tis the great spirit, wide diffused  
 Through every thing we see,  
 That with our spirits communeth  
 Of things mysterious—life, and death—  
 Time—and eternity!

I see him in the blazing sun,  
 And in the thunder cloud,  
 I hear him in the mighty roar  
 That rusheth through the forest hoar;  
 When winds are piping loud.

I see him—hear him, *every where*,  
 In *all things*—darkness—light—  
 Silence—and sound; but most of all,  
 When slumber's dusky curtains fall  
 At the dead hour of night.

*I feel him in the silent dews,  
By grateful earth betray'd;  
I feel him in the gentle showers,  
The soft south wind—the breath of flowers—  
The sunshine—and the shade.*

*And yet—ungrateful that I am!  
I've turned in sullen mood  
From all these things, whereof he said,  
When the great whole was finished,  
That they were 'very good.'*

*My sadness on the loveliest things  
Fell like unwholesome dew;  
The darkness that encompass'd me,  
The gloom I felt so palpably,  
Mine own dark spirit threw.*

*Yet he was patient—slow to wrath,  
Though every day provoked  
By selfish, pining discontent,  
Acceptance cold or negligent,  
And promises revoked.*

*And still the same rich feast was spread  
For my insensate heart—  
Not always so—I woke again,  
To join creation's rapturous strain,  
'O Lord! how good thou art!'*

*The clouds drew up, the shadows fled,  
The glorious sun broke out;  
And love, and hope, and gratitude  
Dispell'd that miserable mood,  
Of darkness and of doubt.*

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#### DIFFERENT HUMAN CONDITIONS.

Our condition in life composes for us the most important part of the circumstances which educate us. It influences our character more than all the lessons of our masters; and, though independent of our will in some respects, yet it is modified by our co-operation, and even by the manner in which we resign ourselves to what is inevitable.

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How admirable are the design of Providence! Even the inequalities of human conditions may draw closer the ties of humanity. Were there no moral sentiments, inequality of condition might, indeed, produce too great an excitement of emulation. But, as the case is, it enhances the merit of probity and the virtue of contentment: it gives rise to the exchange of confidence and good faith, of generosity and gratitude. In the latter intercourse, especially, the benefit is evidently mutual. The generous not only render important services, but they receive them from the example of those they benefit. Beside the affections which cannot be bought, they receive the most necessary instruction:—lessons of patience and of fortitude, and the sublime knowledge which springs from adversity. Ignorant of life, in the presence of misfortune, we learn to understand it; ignorant of our own hearts, the sight of the unfortunate reveals them to us.

In order to measure and appreciate the means of moral progress, afforded by the different conditions of life, let us consider the means of doing good, which each of them offers. The usefulness of services is different for those who render and those who receive them, and it varies according to their nature and extent.

Services, rendered from compulsion, may corrupt the receiver by the temptation to pride, and degrade him who renders them, by placing him in dependence. This danger increases for the former in proportion as the services are more important, and for the latter, as the object of them is sordid. Voluntary services, on the contrary, render the one party disinterested, and the other grateful.

Services of a moral and intellectual nature contribute to the progress of those that render them, by developing activity of mind, as well as drawing more closely the ties which unite men. We learn better and learn anew what we teach to others; and are more deeply penetrated with the love of excellence, when endeavoring to inspire others with it. But what snares does not pride spread for those who may serve others in this elevated sphere! How much must they guard against the love of power, and the want of indulgence! How carefully should they avoid believing themselves better than others!

Services which have a grosser character degrade the condition of those who render them, and only serve as a nourishment to the selfishness of those who receive them. When

rendered to a single individual, they may consist with a most lively affection, but will admit of a dependence which threatens dignity of character. When rendered to a whole community, they have something in them more noble, but it is more rarely that they are appreciated.

Two other views present themselves, together with the preceding, which concur with them in determining the influence of the social relations on our improvement; one consists of the wants they excite in us, the other in the obstacles they oppose to us. Every want may become a principle of activity, or a cause of dependence, as it is more or less hostile or generous, more or less pure or gross. If the obstacles oppose moral developments, they will doubtless be unfortunate; but if they only oppose the pretensions of selfishness, though they may irritate the passions, they will favor virtue;—if they are of a nature that they ought to be, or can be, surmounted, they will exercise our courage, and strengthen self-government.

But—and it is this which it is of importance above all to impress deeply upon our minds—whatever may be the danger or the advantage of our situation in society, there is none so unfavorable that we cannot obtain from it the means of becoming better—none so favorable but that in it, we may morally perish. Our destiny is really in our own hands. The study of the advantages and disadvantages of different conditions, is useful, however, to guide us, when, as is sometimes the case, we can choose our condition; and to assist us in reaping all its advantages, when we cannot do so.

In general, where the greatest aids are found, the greatest dangers also are found, and the greatest duties. What are, in truth, the superior conditions of society, if there is not a mission conferred upon them, for the benefit of society itself? This is no less evident as regards those who are endowed with the gifts of fortune, than as regards those who are gifted with rank and power. Both are called to exercise patronage and fulfil a sort of guardianship. It is not sufficient for the former to make their authority subservient to the benefit of all. Because they are the strongest, they owe support and protection to the feeble, because they are more elevated, they owe the instruction of good example to all. It is not enough for the rich to be beneficent; they must serve as instruments to the development and diffusion of useful things. The superior classes rise above society, like the clouds above the

earth, to diffuse an abundant dew. What noble and beautiful duties! What a magnificent prerogative has been assigned them by Providence! The illusion of vanity, the selfishness of power and sensuality, the fatal error which would lead them to appropriate to themselves the favors of fortune, which they only receive as a trust—these are their dangers! The absence of obstacles, the facility of obtaining every thing,—these may still more increase their dangers. They may become weak, because nothing resists them. More than ordinary virtue is, therefore, necessary to them. Among their supports, the first rank is due to their remarkable opportunities for doing good; for nothing has so restoring an effect as the exercise of generosity. In giving, we learn to love; in aiding others, we become strong. Knowledge also gathers, from all parts, around him who is placed in an elevated situation: he has leisure to cultivate his faculties; he embraces a more extended horizon; elegance of manners and the habits of distinction tend to cherish in him nobleness of feeling: the attention of which he is the object, invites him to merit love by real claims of consideration and esteem. Every thing, even to the luxuries of the arts, surrounding him with images of beauty, favors the principle of generous emotions, if he will but allow these impressions to penetrate his soul.

Happy is he, who hath known from youth the rigor of fortune! He was prepared for the hardships of life in this moral gymnasium; he was familiarized early with serious ideas; he had a glimpse of the secrets of human destiny; his virtues took profound root; in short, he received a manly education. Gradually admitted to a happier situation, he will be less exposed to be corrupted; he will be better disposed to make it fruitful for others as well as for himself; he has learned to have a fellow-feeling with misfortune. And such is the natural progress of things, that the laborious and economical man will advance gradually to competence, unless crossed by unforeseen accidents.

In classing the professions, as we sometimes do, according to the false ideas of the world, discriminating those that are paid from those that are not, we seek a basis which has no reality. Whoever turns the fruits of his industry into the exchanges which compose general commerce, receives pay; that is to say, the just return for that which he delivers, *whatever may be the name that he gives to it.* There are *only two exceptions to this universal condition; the one con-*

cerns those, who have the happiness of being able to give gratuitously—without accepting any return—every thing they put into circulation; and this first exception is very rare: the other concerns those who do not conduce in any way by their own industry to the common welfare, but who, whatever may be the prejudices of the world, only consume without producing. From the highest public officer to the most humble day-laborer, all in effect receive pay. It is not pay which can humble and degrade; but the spirit in which it may be sought and received; venal intentions, cupidity, servility of character. In this necessity, which the constitution of society and the nature of things impose upon us, of receiving pay for labor, we are continually instructed, that it is our destiny to serve mankind, either in community, or as individuals.

Many of the professions have manuals prepared to guide them in the operations of art. Moral manuals would indicate the duties which belong particularly to each profession, the manner of fulfilling them, and the advantages to be drawn from their fulfilment. Thus each one may take a more just, and, at the same time, a more elevated idea of his condition, considering it as a means of accomplishing his destiny as a human being, of becoming better and more useful to others. The different professions, like different nations, have each its peculiar physiognomy, manners, habits, customs, relations, even language: the comic writers have seized upon these to ridicule them: the moralist might gather and promulgate the code of duties, which are peculiar to each of the professions. To the industrious professions, for instance, he would speak of method, activity, vigilance, prudence, faithfulness, delicacy, warning the heart against dryness, the mind against the narrow views, which spring from habits of calculation, intercourse with material things, and the debate of pecuniary interests. To the chief of an establishment he would speak of the benevolence and protection towards dependents, the examples to be offered to them, and the manner in which the spirit of family may be diffused, where we now see only the exchange of labor and salary. If he should address himself to the professions, which put us in daily communication with the public, how many grand views he could present of the manner of obtaining and justifying confidence, by discretion, devotion, fidelity; of the moral influences, which, in these relations, we can indirectly spread abroad or receive; of the

voluntary assistance, which zeal can join to necessary services. If he should address himself lastly to those humble, obscure, dependent professions; which our prejudices have degraded, with what tender solicitude, with what eager interest would he endeavor to elevate in their own eyes those who exercise them! What a reception he would give to these disgraced beings! How he would love to encourage them! He would show them how all their functions are ennobled by the sentiment of duty, how merit is measured by sacrifice, how loftiness of soul may be reconciled with exterior dependence, how virtue is more prized when under the veil of obscurity; he would discover to them a treasury of the affections, joy, and hope.

One of the most essential rules for drawing from our condition all its moral fruits, for guarding ourselves from its peculiar dangers, is to conform our sentiments, habits and views to our condition. We should guard ourselves, however, from misunderstanding this maxim, as condemning to servility of character the unfortunate. In the most humble condition, elevation of soul is the more necessary and desirable.

We need not fear that it would break the ties of subordination, or trouble the social hierarchy. True elevation of soul teaches contentment in adversity and obscurity. Your servant may be your superior in moral character and practical virtue, but he will therefore only fulfil more continually his duty towards you, and observe more exactly the consideration due to you.

#### REFLECTIONS AT MIDNIGHT.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of time  
 But from its loss: to give it then a tongue  
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke  
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,  
 It is the knell of my departed hours.  
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.  
 It is the signal that demands dispatch:  
 How much is to be done! My hopes and fears  
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
 Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.  
 A dread eternity! how surely mine!  
 And can eternity belong to me,  
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
 How complicate, how wonderful is man?  
 How passing wonder He who made him such!  
 Who centered in our make such strange extremes,  
 From different natures marvellously mix'd,  
 Connection exquisite of distant worlds!  
 Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!  
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!  
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!  
 Though sullied and dishonor'd, still divine!  
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!  
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!  
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!  
 A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,  
 And in myself am lost. At home a stranger,  
 Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd aghast,  
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels!  
 O what a miracle to man is man!  
 Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!  
 Alternately transported and alarm'd;  
 What can preserve my life! or what destroy!  
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;  
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof,  
 While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,  
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod  
 O'er fairy fields, or mourned along the gloom  
 Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep  
 Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,  
 Or scal'd the cliff, or danc'd on hollow winds  
 With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!  
 Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature  
 Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;  
 Active, ærial, towering, unconfin'd,  
 Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal;  
 Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day!  
 For human weal Heaven husbands all events:  
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?  
 Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs around

In infidel distress? Are angels there?  
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life, on earth  
Unkindled, unconceiv'd, and from an eye  
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall  
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.  
This is the desert, this the solitude:  
How populous, how vital is the grave!  
This is Creation's melancholy vault.

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#### PLEASURE AND REPOSE.

LABOR is not without some charm; the regular exercise of activity gives it an attraction, which becomes almost a want. The indolent give themselves to manual labor, merely to be delivered from the weight of inactivity; and the most of our diversions are an imitation of labor, being labor deprived only of a serious end. Labor besides, produces the pleasures and joys of repose, which is a privilege exclusively reserved to it. Pleasure also is elevated by labor, which gives to it the character of a recompense.

Nature is pleased to recommend to us, by the charm of enjoyment, what is useful to us. Thus, this charm only belongs to repose, during intervals in which it is necessary to repair the strength. It ceases and gives place to *ennui*, if repose is anticipated, or prolonged without measure.

Nature, like a provident mother, not only invites us by the attraction of pleasure, to seek out what will satisfy our wants, but, with an amiable and tender solicitude, she has also sown under our feet a crowd of innocent pleasures, which we too often disdain to taste, although they are gratuitously yielded. On all sides there are elegant forms, graceful shades, sweet harmonies and perfumes; the earth is clothed with fruits and flowers, the heavens are stretched out like a magnificent tent, the air which we breathe seems to be life itself, a vast banquet is prepared every day, to which man is invited, and which is served up with a liberality so sincere, that pleasures are not acquired by effort, but are offered most especially to that most numerous class of society, which is least favored by fortune, demanding only a little attention and a calm disposition. These pleasures are the more pre-

ciuous, as they are common, even universal: they are the more salutary, as they are limited within the bounds of moderation: they are inexhaustible, as their variety is infinite; and, succeeding each other, they constantly re-appear with the charm of novelty. Is it possible not to recognize in these dispensations the manifest design of a beneficent Providence? Do they not imply that the Creator of all things not only permits his feeble creature to enjoy happiness here below, but in a manner enjoins him to repose himself in happiness? In assigning to these innocent pleasures a place in the frame-work of our destiny, he has almost promoted them to the rank of duties. In accepting the refreshment allowed us, we learn also to bless Providence; the peaceful smile of contentment expresses gratitude. It would be a false wisdom which would reject the intentions of the Supreme Benefactor. By the natural course of things, we shall have conflicts enough to sustain, sacrifices enough to make, privations enough to endure; we should not neglect to restore our strength by moments of relaxation. A little seasonable pleasure does good to the soul, reanimating and sustaining virtue. Man accomplishes on earth only the youth of his destiny; recreation is necessary to youth. The more feeble we are, the more necessary is encouragement. Who then should proudly disdain innocent pleasure? It gives equanimity and serenity to temper, clearness to ideas, ease to action. The heart is expanded, and diffuses itself freely. Happiness does no harm, when it is lawful; and can there be a true happiness which is not lawful? The image of good appears embellished; devotedness seems natural, and without effort; self-sacrifice seconds good will; we feel it necessary to communicate the happiness we experience.

The natural effect of pleasure, is, to re-establish among the faculties, the equilibrium which is destroyed by fatigue. Labor especially, exercises some one branch of our active faculties; pleasure puts in play those which have remained inactive in labor; therefore to go from one occupation to another is often a sufficient recreation.

The natural effect of repose is to give to the faculties of the soul a secret and delightful calmness. After a season of repose, if it has not been abused, and if it was taken at the opportune moment, we find ourselves self-possessed; we feel more entirely, and comprehend better the inspirations of na-

ture; we experience greater confidence, are more strong against difficulty, and better prepared for happiness.

Unless these maxims are well founded, morality contradicts itself, counselling us to spread among others the enjoyments that we must ourselves reject. It would even condemn the satisfaction that we feel, in witnessing the pleasures of which we have been the authors.

There is then an art of tasting repose and pleasure in a moral view. This art is not only useful, it is laudable; there is almost an obligation for us to discover and to observe it. It embraces the time, measure, and choice of enjoyments; the circumstances which accompany, and the spirit which should be carried into them. Its rules are simple in the conception, but not always easy in observation.

Let pleasure and repose always fill up these intervals of labor, in proportion to its fatigues! Let them be always a reward of preceding efforts, and a necessary preparation to those which are to follow! The satisfaction which accompanies them, the new hopes which are excited, will enhance their price, and increase their sweetness. This moral intention, so just and so useful, will consecrate, as it were, the enjoyments which would have been almost entirely material, to which will be joined also even a religious sentiment, purifying and ennobling them. Pleasure and repose ought to be subjected, doubtless, to just limits, for the mere interest of enjoyment; but personal feeling has not the prudence to recognize and observe these limits: we ought to thank virtue for having instituted and guaranteed an economy so useful to our happiness. Besides, limits are necessary to preserve self-government and liberty: they attest the presence of the moral being even in the midst of pleasure, by the power exercised over pleasure, whether in accepting, rejecting, or moderating it. In the choice of pleasures, we should avoid whatever tends to degrade us; in tasting repose, whatever would stupify us. The refreshments of repose should be as animated as possible; those of pleasure, on the contrary, should preserve a certain degree of calmness. In both, we should avoid grossness, and whatever engenders agitation, or resembles self-abandonment. Repose does not exclude vigilance, pleasure invokes it to preserve itself from the intoxication by which it would be corrupted. The means of rendering pleasure more pure and its influence more useful, is to unite its secret relations, which address themselves to our

noblest faculties, to the sensible impressions which compose its train, thus interesting both the heart and mind. The senses ought never so to invade the existence of man, as to occupy him exclusively: this would be, on his part, an abdication of his nature. Pleasure should be an ornament of life; the images of order should be reproduced in enjoyment; for the sense of beauty and propriety, rendering enjoyment more delicate, preserves its purity.

Pleasure can only be legitimate and pure, can only be salutary, to him who is innocent of all pain caused to another. Not only so: pleasure to be complete, must be fed by social intercourse: solitary pleasure is always imperfect, narrow, and dry. Pleasures the most material take a new character, when tasted in common, and become a sort of symbol or channel, for the delightful affections of social intercourse. Pleasure disposing the heart to openness, the communication of enjoyment gives a deeper sympathy, and, reciprocally, sympathy gives to pleasure something tender and delicate. Selfishness is less displayed, when we thus enjoy the pleasure of others at the same time as our own. The tie which unites for a moment those, who sit down to the banquet of innocent pleasure, is one of the ties of humanity: it makes us feel and recall other ties, at least, confusedly, and thus raises what might have been entirely material in pleasure, indirectly favoring communication and overflowing of hearts, and the tacit engagement to reciprocal benevolence. These are pleasures really complete, shedding exquisite perfumes. Let us reanimate them by beneficence.

Philosophers have left to men of the world to eulogize gaiety: in this they have done wrong. They might have shown how an innocent gaiety strengthens and renovates the heart, in the midst of the fatigues of life; how gaiety prevents or dissipates the storms of passion; appeases anger, disarms enemies, dissipates the delusions of pride, brings us back to nature and truth, makes men approach each other, disposing them to confidence, indulgence, and mutual concession; how it favors the transmission of the most serious and useful truths, covering them with a veil, which softens their severity. We may often insinuate, under the shelter of gaiety, what we could not have made men adopt by the most rigorous demonstration. An innocent gaiety seems to be the smile of virtue, recommending her, by showing her amiable, and announcing her happy.

The unemployed, who are discontented with themselves, not being able to find in pleasure its true end, a refreshment and a preparation, demand of it emotions which may excite or divert them. Thus they are driven to seek it out of nature, and consequently, out of the conditions of truth, and the prescriptions of wisdom. They, therefore, find it a poison, instead of drawing from it strength.

There is a repose fruitful and full of activity: how few are the men who find it out; but what power they find in it, who know how to taste it!

Human nature exhibits a union of two different natures; and to this fundamental contrast, correspond a crowd of subordinate contrasts, originating from it; these are the active and passive faculties; infinite desire and limited strength; adherence to the past and avidity for the new; the instinct of imitation, and the deep desire of independence; inclinations and reason; influences peculiar to contemplation and influences peculiar to practice; to lonely and to solitary life; lastly, labor and repose, pleasure and pain. But, in this long train of contrasts, the struggle is only apparent, and harmony, like utility, arises from combinations, which reconcile opposite principles. This grand result, which has been foreseen from the first, is constantly confirmed by the development of our faculties, explaining our destiny, and affording a multitude of useful directions for our conduct. Man, a mixed being, aspiring to a better existence, yet subject to an imperfect condition, finds in it a remedy against pride, an encouragement for weakness, and a rule of temperance in every thing.

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#### INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS

##### *Conduces to Moral Progress.*

WHEN we speak of intellectual progress, in its relation to moral progress, it is necessary to distinguish two branches of the cultivation of the mind, which we are too much accustomed to confound; viz. that which consists in the acquisition of knowledge, and that which consists in the development of the faculties. By not having attended to this essential distinction, we have often perplexed important questions, and fallen into great errors.

*It is not, that there is no natural tie between these two orders of intellectual progress, for the faculties of the un-*

derstanding are only developed by exercise, and their cultivation profits by the acquisition of knowledge: while, on the other hand, in proportion as the faculties of the understanding are better cultivated, knowledge is more easily obtained, preserved, and applied. But these two kinds of progress do not go on always in accordance, and do not exercise a similar influence upon the character. Reason itself does not always become wiser, as the mind is more enlightened. Instruction must have some relation to the notions we possess already, and the applications we propose to make. Incomplete, incoherent knowledge may become an embarrassment and a cause of error, unless this relation is preserved; the merit and usefulness of knowledge consists in its opportuneness and conformity to plan. Hence, every acquisition of knowledge is not profitable to the character; that alone is profitable, which is connected with the art of improvement, and is in relation with our condition and destination. There is sometimes a salutary ignorance, which protects our happiness, in preserving us from indiscreet desire and deceptive ambition. There are also some truths, which we may abuse, and which may become, in our hands, hurtful instruments because we have not sufficient experience to employ them, or, because we are not placed in a situation favorable to apply them, or, in fine, because we ourselves have not the dispositions, the qualities, and the strength necessary to use well an instrument, the management of which is much more difficult than we think. For we must remember that knowledge is only a means, lending itself in active life to every kind of effect; and it may be made subservient to evil as well as to good. Not that knowledge is in fault: the fault is in the want of address, the imprudence, and especially in the blind vanity, which turns what might be a good into a poison.

There is, however, an influence which the intellectual faculties exercise over the moral faculties. This influence is directly propitious, and, as long as the intellect is well balanced, continues to be so: it begins to be hurtful only when the equilibrium of the intellect is lost, and one faculty usurps an exclusive sway. In other words intellectual progress is always in itself favorable to moral progress. But we must not admit that the first can supply the place of the second. The first only imposes, on the contrary, a greater necessity and a greater duty of laboring for the latter, in order to preserve constantly the harmony of the two systems.

Neither do we say, that one conducts necessarily to the other. We only remark, that progress of mind furnishes valuable aid for moral amelioration, but it rests with us to make this aid, of avail in self-education; hence, we should be careful that the cultivation of the mind should tend to this noble end of human destiny.

It is true, that, in general, the cultivation of the mind, when it is well directed, tends of itself to nourish the sentiment of what is noble, pure and distinguished; bringing us back constantly to truth, which is the essence of good, and to beauty, which is its resplendence: it makes us feel a want, a presentiment of virtue; it is a foretaste nourishing the love of virtue, rendering the practice of it more easy and delightful when its sacred flame shall have penetrated the heart, to which it is attached by the most enduring ties. The sentiments of the true and of the good, being in their nature essentially disinterested, dispose the soul to generous movements, and prepare it also for acts of devotedness. We consult our own testimony in the moments of self-recollection, when, free from the search after the treasures of intellect, having succeeded in seeing them, we enjoy them fully, and, when following the traces of genius and gathering its lessons, a new truth, or sublime conception takes captive our mind. How far are we then from the regions agitated by passion, or withered by selfishness! Is there not in the profound conviction produced by truth, in the emotion excited by the beautiful, a secret power, which renders us more capable of feeling what is honorable, just, praiseworthy, moral? If at this moment we meet other men, do we not greet them with a deep and more animated good will? If at this moment an opportunity for a good action is presented, do we not accept it more naturally and earnestly? There is in truth, a solemn character, which disposes to respect; in the beautiful, an amiable character which attracts us. The acts of approbation and esteem strengthen the soul, and give it repose: admiration elevates, purifies, expands the heart. To draw these salutary influences, however, from the exercises of the mind, our faculties must be directed to cherish the love of truth and the beautiful; too often, we must confess, we abuse these gifts, so that the mind corrupts and withers the heart.

## SHOWERS IN SPRING.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now shut up  
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of Heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarce staining either; but by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,  
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:  
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life: but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath  
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves  
Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd  
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry-sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off:  
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests, seem impatient to demand  
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let their moisture flow,  
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.  
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander through the forest walks,  
Beneath the' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?

Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;  
And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well shower'd earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
Th' illumin'd mountain; through the forest streams,  
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,  
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.  
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,  
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks  
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
Whence, blending all, the sweeten'd zephyr springs.  
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red,  
To where the violet fades in the sky.  
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds  
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;  
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd  
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;  
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,  
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away.

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#### RELIGION,

*Considered as the accomplishment of Man's education.*

*If all the moral faculties of man aspire to Religion, Religion, by satisfying their desires, in her turn, gives them the*

most favorable culture. The religious sentiment, placed by Providence in the heart, awaits its development in most men from the simple and sublime idea of a Supreme Benefactor. This sentiment is unfolded as naturally as filial affection in the heart of an infant who knows its parent. Constantly strengthened and enlightened by experience and reflection, it germinates in the bosom of conscience, as in its native soil; explaining, enriching, bringing to perfection every moral impulse in man. Without it, the intelligent creature is but an abortion, a fruit detached from the universal tree of creation before it had attained its maturity.

In the origin of civilization, Religion is seen as the first instructor of human society. She is the mother of arts, of sciences, of public morals, and even of laws. As civilization advances, she affords clearer light; applying herself to morals, and to happiness, she becomes, in relation to man, more beneficent, more grand, and more pure. So she begins with individuals, impressing the heart of the young child with the first knowledge of the just and good; awakening the sentiment of duty; and, after having accompanied him in all the trials of life, she brings him new strength and opens new perspectives, when his organs become weakened, and terrestrial things vanish before him. Never does she appear more touching or more venerable than when she enlightens with her divine rays the morning and evening of existence. She is the Alpha and Omega of our destiny: she is the wisdom of infancy, and the youth of old age. If, as we have seen, the road traveled by us here below, is but a great and continual preparation, we may remark, that religion embraces its whole course, contributing to our education, and possessing all the conditions which are necessary to render this education as complete and fruitful as possible. Very different from that given to the intellect, this education is addressed to the most intimate faculties of the soul; nourishing and developing them at the same time that it regulates their exercise; cultivating them together, and in harmonious accord; directing them incessantly to a practical application; addressing their vital principle, to give them the highest degree of purity and energy. The religious sentiment, the sentiment which is expressed by adoration, includes at once love, respect, submission, gratitude, and confidence: it is a worship rendered to power, wisdom, infinite goodness, and infinite justice: there is, then, not a moral sentiment which it does

not embrace, at the same time strengthening its principle and extending its sphere. While it communicates to the soul a singular elevation, it also constantly recalls it to simplicity and modesty. It restores while it softens; moderates while it animates; associates self-distrust with the most heroic courage; and, as it at once offers to the creature, both the model of that ideal perfection towards which it directs the noble affections of the heart, and the perspective of an unbounded futurity as a better existence, it constantly excites him to progressive improvement; at the same time powerfully aiding these efforts by the communion it establishes between the soul and its eternal Creator.

It is by loving that we learn to love: it is by loving what is truly worthy of being loved, that we comprehend this great sentiment. Love, in the bosom of religion, has recognized its essence and original source; it flows from it constantly, living, and animated with immortal youth; it is purified in celestial fire, and spreads over the earth with abundant fullness, enriching and enlightening all. If the relations of a moment, founded on a community of interests so limited, suffice to create lively affections, what must be the effect of those eternal bonds, which embrace all that is most profound and most real in our existence? In all beings, who are united to us by society or by nature, man, instructed by religion, recognises a sacred deposit, confided to him by perfect and infinite love; the connection of a grand fraternity is discovered; humanity becomes a family bond, a community of the future; there is nothing unknown, there is no stranger for him who reads, on the forehead of his brother, the character imprinted by the hand of God himself. Piety, from one extremity of the earth to the other, becomes the holy and magnificent sympathy of hearts. And what name shall we give to the affections—nature's most precious gift—if we despoil them of the religious sentiment, which is their soul? Will they be a charm or a poison? Shall we be satisfied or deceived by them? Without this sentiment, what would remain to be shared with those we love? In what thoughts should we understand one another? What poverty would there be in our language; with what trembling would our eyes meet! What despair on the farewell day, on which we should lose each other! Should we really belong to each other here below? Our souls would but touch, in passing; *they could not mingle together.* Love and happiness, the

apparent ends of our destiny, would contradict each other. The selfish man would alone be prudent. Let selfishness and irreligion triumph together: snows, darkness, and annihilation are their empire. But deprived of religion, what is man? What does he find in himself to love, to cherish, to protect? What a melancholy sterility remains even in the eyes of selfishness! Ah! give this feeble, restless creature religion; he can then love himself justly and really, and taste some sweetness, and find some fruit in this solitary affection: the instinct which leads him to self, will be legitimate and satisfactory: separated from all created things, seeing all disappear from vision, all will still remain to him; the Infinite will remain, the object of his worship, the end of his hopes.

The universal attraction of insensible matter completely attains its end; preserving the universal harmony of visible nature. Will the noble attraction of hearts be deceived in its object! Will they gravitate towards each other to be forever repulsed? Can there be a principle of perpetual and general discord in the most beautiful region of the universe?

Religion excites to sacrifice; and sacrifice has been the general and fundamental condition of religious worship, in all times and places. Without taking pains to seek the explanation of this historical phenomenon, is it not because love, even unconsciously to itself, is the vital principle of religion? We love but to bestow: the stronger our affection, the more it tends to self-sacrifice: thus man has never found any thing sufficiently precious for a holocaust. This exercise of immolation is then the education of generosity; but what will it cost to give ourselves for our fellow-men, when we feel that in this we devote ourselves to God! This is the real holocaust which piety seeks, and goodness points out.

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#### SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

RELIGION is a science, simple in its elements, but immense in its applications. Is not the beautiful definition of Bacon eminently applicable to it? for where is there a more 'grand interpretation of nature?' And that portion of nature, best interpreted by it, is precisely that which touches us the most nearly, is the most essential to our happiness, the most necessary to the exercise of our activity—that which alone comes home to us, and is our very destiny. But it tells us more of

the least insect and plant, than all the art of the zoologist or botanist: they show us the work, Religion the author. Religion alone unrolls the chain of causes, and explains the notion of cause; for there are no causes without the great First Cause: and what is true science but the theory of causation? Besides, what exercises give more grave or serious habits to the mind? What conceptions give a more vast sphere to its ideas, or place it at a point of view so elevated? What actions make it better comprehend order, that great instrument in the operations of the human mind? What influences introduce it better to meditation, rendering meditation easier, sweeter, and at the same time more profound? Religion is the lamp of the intellectual life, the inward teacher, carrying the eye of reflection over all the secrets of the soul. It is the polar star of genius, the supreme link of the greatest plans, the high revelation, which connects the visible to the invisible, the known to the unknown, the universe to thought. Thus poetry and the arts, when they attempt their highest flight, when they wish to immortalize their works, if they dare not directly invoke this celestial power, seek, at least in their fictions, the appearance of her shadow, and some features stolen from her venerable image.

Mind, without Religion, wanders through the universe, exiled, solitary, and, as it were, lost; perceiving only a surface, from which it is reflected, but finding no focus for its rays. With Religion it finds a country: her light becomes a vivifying ray, instead of being a fugitive spark.

What is most remarkable in the education, given by Religion to the affections of the heart and the powers of the mind, is, that in developing them, she directs with certainty, and by open and short paths; towards that moral perfection, which is their proper object.

There is not a single one of the duties, prescribed by natural morality, that Religion does not prescribe and ennoble by consecrating; there is no counsel of wisdom or prudence, that is not recommended by her, that is not raised to a higher degree of perfection, and established upon a firmer basis. The code of excellence receives from her an august promulgation; and as, in fact, this code is engraven on our hearts by God himself, morality, eternal as its author, is thus revealed in its origin and essence. The consequence re-ascends to its principal, to receive a new confirmation: it is not solely *the law*; it is the Legislator himself, who appears and unveils

himself, to declare and sanction his work in the sanctuary of conscience.

The understanding of the rules of duty may be obscure, and difficult; by this, all becomes clear, fixed, simple; rules take a form. Prescriptions of duty may appear dry and hard in abstract speculation; in religion, they become animated, personified, full of sentiment, and express themselves in most eloquent language. When presented to the religious man in their true aspect, the order of society appears to him as an institution founded by the Author of all things: the justice of human laws, becomes an expression of eternal justice; legitimate power, a delegation from on high; the place assigned to himself, a vocation: thus he accepts his lot whatever it is, and lives, because he knows whom he obeys, because in obeying he trusts him.

Man is but an instrument; Religion confirms this truth: but what a noble instrument he becomes in her hands. Of all visible agents he becomes the first, because he alone knows the invisible Mover to whom he serves as a lever; he alone associates himself in the designs of this great Director by the power of thought. If, in disposing of himself, he exercises a control, this control supposes an authority, a right. Who confers them upon him? This empire over himself, that we called a magistracy, we may now call a priesthood; for man becomes in regard to himself, the minister of God, and the dispenser of his benefits: an emancipated child, he rejoices in his liberty, because he may freely accomplish the paternal will. Invested with religious dignity, he respects himself; he esteems himself without pride; and, in circumstances reputed lowest by the prejudices of the world, claims a noble title, of which the world is ignorant. This sense of dignity will be so much the more modest and benevolent, as it is more just. What does he possess but the benefactions of the common Father? and why does he possess them, but that he may spread them? Behold him freed from the tyranny of opinion. What imports the judgment of the frivolous spectators, who directed it? He moves in the presence of a high witness, even truth itself. Supported under the weight of his own weakness, secured in danger, comforted in grief, surrounded by an all powerful protection, attached to a better world by bonds which nothing can sever, he does not exhaust himself by a stern resistance, but seeks refuge in a serene and gentle resignation, born of submission and confi-

dence. Through the sombre clouds, accumulated round him by heart-rending sorrows, wounded in all his affections, he sees that luminous ray, which, descending from heaven, shines through and dissipates the gloom. The religious man, alone, deserted by the whole world, still finds one to console him; condemned to unlimited suffering, still preserves hope.

Even the inferior order of our sensitive faculties is awakened, and escapes the narrow bounds of animal life, roused from the tomb of matter by the holy voice of religion; all nature takes a soul, and a language responding to our spirit; the universe is opened, as the temple of the Most High: meteors appear as his messengers; the fruits of the earth grow as witnesses and organs of his kindness; the simplest flowers speak his indulgent goodness; the sight of clear sky, a starry night, the air we breathe, the ocean, even the tempest, all speak to us of God. Public worship, spreading over the earth, like heavenly dew, vivifies, consecrates, decorates the imposing scene of creation, by associating it with His Spirit. Private worship favors by religious meditation the exercise of self-recollection and reflection. Domestic worship purifies and protects the obscure asylum, in which the days of our earthly life pass, and exhibits the holiest spectacle on earth, virtue in adoration of God; making of the little spot a sort of universe, filled as it is by the presence of God. Public worship transforms civil society into a moral community, and the concourse of individuals who were strangers to each other, into a family union. Its festivals are a necessary rest, both in rural and in city life; its solemnities break the monotony of time, and give a charm to the repose merited by long labor: its ceremonies hallow the most important eras of human destiny, as well as the revolutions of seasons; giving to joy a graver character, to grief a mysterious sweetness; nourishing pious remembrances, and keeping up a holy communion between those who survive and those who have departed, and covering the tomb with emblems of immortality.

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#### HYMN ON THE SEASONS.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing Spring

THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes THY glory in the Summer months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:  
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks:  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, and falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, and hollow-whispering gales  
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms  
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.  
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,  
 And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, streaming thence  
 The fair-profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales,  
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:  
 Oh, talk of HIM in solitary glooms!  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,

Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him!  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy CREATOR, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world:  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,  
Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,  
Ye valleys, raise; for the GRAET SHEPHERD reigns;  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song  
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.  
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,  
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn; in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardor rise to heaven.

Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll!—  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:  
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste as in the city full;  
 And where he vital breathes there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go  
 Where Universal Love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;  
 From seeming Evil still educing Good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in HIM, in Light ineffable!  
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

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#### LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

In looking back a few centuries on the progress which has been made in almost every department of knowledge, we cannot but perceive how much of it has been effected by the art of printing. This great invention, by multiplying copies of works with an almost magic facility, and at an expense, which, when compared with the prices paid in former times for manuscripts, appears as nothing, has not only increased to an incalculable degree the number of professed students and lovers of literature, but has communicated the benefits

of instruction to all classes and conditions of men. It has led forth learning from the ancient places of her seclusion, the academy, the cloister, and the dark grove, and has introduced her to the gay, the busy, and the poor; so that she now walks abroad in the streets and the highways, and over the fields, and converses freely with men in crowded marts, in splendid courts, in hostile camps, and by the cheerful fireside. Books are no longer the exclusive luxuries of the wealthy; they are no longer only to be met with chained to the dusty shelves of a monastic library, or clasped and hung to the girdles of churchmen; they lie on cottage window-seats, they are in the cabins of our ships, and in the tents of our soldiery, they are the familiar companions of the female sex, and they are scattered among the play things of children. Wisdom is no longer the torch of the Grecian game, passed down from separate hand to hand; it may rather be compared to the sacred fire, kindled, as travellers tell us, on the birth day of our Savior in the Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which is no sooner exposed to view, than the whole mass of devotees rush on to illumine their tapers at its flame, and in an instant a thousand lights are glancing through the temple.

The press, has, in short, sent forth such vast quantities of writings into the world, that it may be doubted whether any cause of destruction could obliterate these labors of the mind, which would not also exterminate the human race. Towards the accomplishment of such an object, a second Omar could effect nothing.

Its power is of course immense, both for good and for evil. It disseminates opinions of all kinds on every subject, and administers poison, as well as healthy nutriment. It is not surprising, therefore, that attempts should often have been made to restrain its liberty, and limit its power, not only by those interested persons who have feared that it would deprive them of unrighteous authority, but by the sincerely virtuous who have dreaded its corrupting effects on the morals of society.

The Church of Rome began very early to prohibit the reading of certain books, and about the year 1550, published a list of them, called an *Index Expurgatorius*, which has since been enlarged as occasions required. Even in protestant countries, overseers have been appointed by law, to peruse *all writings* intended for the public, and with authority to

license or suppress, as they should think proper. Such a body of licensers existed, and exercised their powers in England, till a little more than a century ago, when it was abolished by act of parliament. At present, although any person in that kingdom may print what he pleases, he is liable to punishment if the book is found to contain sentiments which the law pronounces to be pernicious.

I shall offer, as briefly as possible, a few considerations, to show that no restraint whatever, should be imposed on the freedom of the press, but that it should be left unquestioned and entire.

With regard to those countries in which it has been shackled the most, it will be necessary to say but a few words. Their example is proof sufficient, that the effect of literary despotism is ignorance and degradation. Their inhabitants are sunk in deep superstition; and when they talk of liberty, they hardly understand the meaning of the word. The illiterate believe any thing and every thing; a great part of the higher orders believe nothing, and the remainder do not know what to believe. All writings of a bold and manly character are withheld from the people; and it has been said that there is hardly a good work of morality or devotion, which has not been prohibited by the Roman Index.

• Nor has the licensing system, as it has been pursued in more free and enlightened parts of the world, any thing to recommend it. The licensers are men, with the prejudices, interests and passions of men, and will never be wholly impartial in their judgment. They may be very wise men, and very good men, but will not certainly be infallible. They will have their systems and their theories, on government and morals and religion, and will hardly grant an *imprimatur* to that author who writes against their party, or their church. And yet the author may be right, and they themselves wrong. They will be continually committing mistakes, and some of their mistakes will be of vital importance. With the best intentions possible, they may and must often misconceive the forms of fundamental truth. 'If it come to prohibiting,' says that great man, one only of whose praises it is that he wrote *Paradise Lost*, 'If it come to prohibiting, there is not aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself; whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors; even as the person is of many a great man slight and

contemptible to see to.' And when truth is acknowledged and permitted to pass, is it not humbled and disgraced by the permission? Can it not walk forth freely without asking leave, and going in leading strings, and wearing a mark and a collar, like a slave or a dog?

And now let us consider the mildest restraint which has been attempted on the liberty of the press, by punishing the authors or venders of pernicious books, and ask what good it has done? Let us reflect a little on some characteristics of human nature, and we shall see what harm it will do. Will it not be the invariable consequence of inflicting punishment on the publishers of bad books, that general attention will be excited to those books, and an uncommon desire be entertained to purchase and read them? And will not human ingenuity find out ways enough, in spite of all obstacles, to print and to sell them? And when they are read under these excitements, will not the impression which they make on the mind be far greater than in ordinary cases, and will not their mischievous effects be doubled? There is no doubt of it. The sympathy and curiosity produced by a judicial condemnation, will both increase the numbers of the obnoxious work, and induce people to read with interest what they would otherwise have soon thrown by in weariness or disgust.

If it be inquired, how is the evil to be counteracted? I answer, by the remedies of truth, reason, and argument. If the pernicious treatise be popular, let a popular treatise oppose it; if it pretend to be learned, let learning be enlisted on the other side. Is error so subtle that it cannot be refuted? Is virtue so foolish or so indolent, that she cannot or will not defend herself and her votaries? Is licentiousness so bold and successful that she cannot be shamed? Then shame on the virtuous, and shame on the pious, and shame on the learned; if their principles, and their zeal, and their education, and their scholarship, amount to nothing more than this, why, shame on it all! But it is not so; there are able champions in the cause of faith and righteousness, and they have conquered, and they will go on to conquer, and with them will fight all the honorable feelings, and high aspirations, and holy thoughts of man, all the pure and endearing relations of society and of home, and order, justice, *decency*, hope and gratitude.

*With regard to speculative inquiries, there are very few*

which I would even attempt to discourage by angry disapprobation. Many a truth do we discover, only by the examination of many falsehoods. To prove that one system is tenable, it is often necessary to show that others which have been offered are groundless; just as some theorems of Euclid are established, by reducing to an absurdity every position which contradicts them. The seeker after truth, like the hero of a fairy tale, is often obliged to pass through successive scenes of deception, and encounter numerous shadowy dangers and temptations, before he can arrive at the inner apartment of the castle, and dissolve the enchantment.

There are few theories, too, which do not contain much that is profitable to be known; for they who have the ingenuity to advance them, will generally say something useful, if it be only for their own refuting. In their very wanderings they will point out beacons and landmarks, which will denote with increased accuracy the pleasant country and the safe road. 'If the men be erroneous who appear to be the leading schismatics,' says Milton again, 'what withholds us but our sloth, our self will, and distrust in the right cause that we do not give them gentle meetings and gentle dismissions; that we debate not and examine the matter thoroughly, with liberal and frequent audience; if not for their sakes, yet for your own? Seeing no man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those, who not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world. And were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armory of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.'

Let then opinion meet opinion, on all grounds of debate and controversy. Let system combat system, and theory wrestle with theory. Let the press work on with all its activity; throw not over it a single fetter. Who says that truth is powerless, and friendless, and cannot prevail? She must prevail. Away with your fears of heresy and heretics, and your grave talk about latitudinarianism, and disorganizing tenets, and the destruction of faith, and the unbinging of society! Such alarms indicate but a slight estimation of that which should be most valued, and but a poor and doubtful reliance on that which should be most firmly trusted in—**TRUTH**. Truth will prevail at last—or there is no such thing as truth.

## EFFECTS

*Of the modern Diffusion of Knowledge.*

IN consequence of this general diffusion of intelligence, nations are becoming vastly better acquainted with the physical, moral and political condition of each other. Whatever of any moment is transacted in the legislative assemblies of one country is now very soon known, not merely to the rulers, but also to the people, of every other country. Nay, an interesting occurrence of any nature cannot transpire in an insignificant town of Europe or America, without finding its way, through the medium of the national journals, to the eyes and ears of all Christendom. Every man must now be in a considerable degree a spectator of the doings of the world, or he is soon very far in the rear of the intelligence of the day. Indeed, he has only to read a respectable newspaper, and he may be informed of the discoveries in the arts, the discussions in the senates, and the bearings of public opinion all over the world.

The reasons of all this may chiefly be found in that increased desire of information, which characterizes the mass of society in the present age. Intelligence of every kind, and especially political information, has become an article of profit; and when once this is the case, there can be no doubt that it will be abundantly supplied. Beside this, it is important to remark, that the art of navigation has been within a few years materially improved, and commercial relations have become vastly more extensive. The establishment of packet ships between the two continents has brought London and Paris as near to us as Pittsburgh and New Orleans. There is every reason to believe, that, within the next half century, steam navigation will render communication between the ports of Europe and America as frequent, and almost as regular, as that by ordinary mails. The commercial houses of every nation are establishing their agencies in the principal cities of every other nation, and thus binding together the people by every tie of interest; while at the same time they are furnishing innumerable channels, by which information may be circulated among every class of the community.

Hence it is, that the moral influence which nations are exerting upon each other, is greater than it has been at any antecedent period in the history of the world. The institu-

tions of our country are becoming known, almost of necessity, to every other country. Knowledge provokes to comparison, and comparison leads to reflection. The fact that others are happier than themselves prompts men to inquire whence this difference proceeds, and how their own melioration may be accomplished. By simply looking upon a free people, an oppressed people instinctively feel that they have inalienable rights; and they will never afterwards be at rest, until the enjoyment of these rights is guaranteed to them. Thus one form of government, which in any pre-eminent degree promotes the happiness of man, is gradually but irresistibly disseminating the principles of its constitution, and, from the very fact of its existence, calling into being those trains of thought, which must in the end revolutionize every government within the sphere of its influence, under which the people are oppressed.

And thus is it that the field, in which mind may labor, has now become wide as the limits of civilization. A doctrine advanced by one man, if it has any claim to interest, is soon known to every other man. The movement of one intellect now sets in motion the intellects of millions. We may now calculate upon effects, not upon a state or a people, but upon the melting, amalgamating mass of human nature. Man is now the instrument which genius wields at its will; it touches a chord of the human heart, and nations vibrate in unison. And thus he who can rivet the attention of a community upon an elementary principle hitherto neglected in politics or morals, or who can bring an acknowledged principle to bear upon an existing abuse, may, by his own intellectual might, with only the assistance of the press, transform the institutions of an empire or a world.

In many respects the nations of Christendom collectively are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal Republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding. The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries, and its individual interests; but the freedom of commercial intercourse is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collision of vastly less frequent occurrence. Local questions are becoming of less, and ge-

neral questions of greater importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights, and feel for the wrongs, of each other. Mountains interposed do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice, borne on the feeblest breeze, tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Let the arm of oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard every where, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much-abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and wo unto the man, wo unto the dynasty, wo unto the party, and wo unto the policy, on whom shall fall the scath of her blighting indignation.

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#### THE LOVE OF HUMAN ESTIMATION.

Is it true that a passion of such powerful and various operation, as that we have now been considering, is no where recommended in Scripture as a motive of action? Are we no where referred to the opinion of the world, no where expostulated with from a regard to reputation? Are there no appeals made by any of the messengers of God's will to our sense of shame, to our pride, to our ambition; to our vanity? Certain it is that such appeals are at least rarely to be met with. Our Savior, indeed, seems to have thought it hazardous, in any degree, to encourage a regard to the opinion of the world as a motive to action, because, however advantageous might be its operation in some instances, where a higher principle was wanting, still the most casual recommendation of a sentiment so natural, so seducing, and so universal, would have been liable to perpetual misconstruction and abuse.

Indeed, no man can read the discourses of our Savior, or of his apostles, without observing how utterly they are at war with the spirit of self-aggrandizement. Perhaps, however,

you may expect, that I should refer you to examples where this temper is clearly censured or punished. What think you, then, of the history of Herod Agrippa? 'On a set day,' says the historian, 'Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration unto the people. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.' I make no comments on this story. It is too solemn. Think only, if such was the punishment of a man for accepting the idolatrous flattery offered him, can they be guiltless in the eyes of Heaven, who cannot live but upon the honey of adulation, and whose whole life is but a continual series of contrivances to gain the favor of the multitude, a continual preference of the glory of themselves to the glory of their Creator? Is not this example of the requisitions of the Gospel sufficient?—Read then the dreadful woes denounced against the Jewish rulers, not merely because they did not receive our Savior, nor merely because they were continually meditating his destruction; but because they did all their works to be seen of men.

But as nothing, perhaps, is gained in point of practical improvement, by pushing these principles of indifference to the world to an extreme, or in declaiming indiscriminately against any prevailing sentiment of extensive influence, before we consider the restrictions under which the love of fame should be laid in the mind of a Christian, we will, as we proposed, endeavor to ascertain, and candidly to allow, all those advantages, which may result from this regard to the opinion of others, when more pure and evangelical motives are either wanting or not sufficiently established.

Here, then, we will allow, that much of the real as well as fictitious excellence, which has adorned the world, may be traced, in some degree, to the spirit of emulation. We allow, that it calls forth the energies of the young mind; that it matures in our colleges and schools some of the earliest products of youthful capacity; and that it offers incalculable aid to the lessons and to the discipline of instructors. When we look at our libraries, we can hardly find a volume, which does not, in a measure, owe its appearance to the love of fame. When we gaze on the ruins of our ancient magnificence, or the rare remains of ancient skill, we are obliged

to confess, that we owe these to the influence of emulation. Nay, more, when we read the lives of great men, and are lost in wonder at their astonishing intellectual supremacy, we are compelled to acknowledge, that for this we are partly indebted to the love of fame. We acknowledge, also, that it often supplies successfully the place of nobler motives; and that, notwithstanding the evils which grow out of its abuse, the world would suffer from its utter extinction. For the weight of public opinion is sometimes thrown into the scale of truth. We know that the popular sentiment will sometimes control the tyranny of the powerful, and counteract the influence of wealth; that it restrains sometimes the madness of lust, and sometimes the cunning of malevolence.—We are also sensible, that the influence of a regard to reputation is often favorable to the improvement of social intercourse. To a deference to the world's opinion, and to a love of its good will, are we to attribute much of that politeness and propriety, which are discoverable in manners, and much of that courtesy, which, by habitual observance, sheds perhaps, at length, a favorable influence on the disposition. It is this, which brings down the haughty to condescension, and softens the rough into gentleness. It is this which sometimes checks the offensiveness of vanity, and moderates the excess of selfishness. It causes thousands to appear kind, who would otherwise be rude,—and honorable, who would otherwise be base.

These genial effects upon the intercourse of society are sufficient to induce us to retain the love of human estimation in the number of lawful motives. It was probably a view of some of these influences partially supplying the place of real benevolence, which induced the apostle sometimes to recommend a regard to human opinion. He advises the Roman converts to 'provide things honorable in the eyes of all men.' To the Phillippians, after recommending all things honest, just, pure, and lovely, he ventures also to add 'whatsoever things are of good report.' Nay, more; he says not only, 'if there be any virtue,' but 'if there be any praise, think on these things.' We believe this is the most decisive testimony of approbation; which can be gathered from the Scriptures. We will add, also, in favor of the useful operation of this universal passion, that it perhaps cannot be completely engaged, like all the other passions, on the side of vice.—*For the highest degree of moral depravity is consistent only*

with an utter insensibility to the opinion of the world; and we are willing to believe, also, that, were it not for this, the form and profession of Christianity would be more frequently outraged than it now is, by those who secretly detest it.

And now, after all these acknowledgments, what new merit is conceded to our favorite passion? After it has done its utmost, it can only quicken the energies of the mind, restrain sometimes the other passions, afford occasional aid to the cause of order and propriety, soften some of the asperities of social intercourse, and perhaps keep the sinner from open and hardened profligacy. But it cannot purify the affections, melt the hardness of the heart, and break its selfishness, or elevate its desires to the region of purity and peace.

We have seen that this regard to human estimation, though a principle of universal, I had almost said of infinite influence, is confined to very narrow limits in the Gospel of Christ. Is there nothing, then, provided to supply the place of so powerful an agent in the formation of the human character? Is there nothing left to awaken the ambition of the Christian, to rouse him from sloth and universal indifference, to call forth the energies of his mind, and to urge him forward in the career of holiness? Yes, if we will listen to the language of an apostle, whose history proclaims that his passions were not asleep, that his emulation was not quenched by the profession of Christianity, and whose spirit ever glowed with a most divine enthusiasm,—I say, if we listen to him, we shall find that there is enough to stimulate all the faculties of the soul, and, finally, to satiate the most burning thirst of glory. Yes, 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.' Yes, our whole progress here, through all the varieties of honor and of dishonor, of evil report and of good report, is a spectacle to angels and to men. We are coming into 'an innumerable company of angels, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant, and to God, the Judge of all.' These have been the spectators of our course, and from such we are to receive glory, and honor, and immortality.

## GRANDEUR OF ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.

It was a pleasant evening in the month of May; and my sweet child, my Rosalie, and I had sauntered up to the castle's top to enjoy the breeze that played around it, and to admire the unclouded firmament, that glowed and sparkled with unusual lustre from pole to pole. The atmosphere was in its purest and finest state for vision; the milky way was distinctly developed throughout its whole extent; every planet and every star above the horizon, however near and brilliant or distant and faint, lent its lambent light or twinkling ray to give variety and beauty to the hemisphere; while the round, bright moon—so distinctly defined were the lines of her figure, and so clearly visible even the rotundity of her form—seemed to hang off from the azure vault, suspended in midway air; or stooping forward from the firmament her fair and radiant face, as if to court and return our gaze.

We amused ourselves for some time, in observing through a telescope the planet Jupiter, sailing in silent majesty with his squadron of satellites along the vast ocean of space between us and the fixed stars; and admired the felicity of that design, by which those distant bodies had been parcelled out and arranged into constellations; so as to have served not only for beacons to the ancient navigator, but, as it were, for landmarks to astronomers at this day; enabling them, though in different countries, to indicate to each other with ease, the place and motion of those planets, comets and magnificent meteors, which inhabit, revolve, and play in the intermediate space.

We recalled and dwelt with delight on the rise and progress of the science of astronomy; on that series of astonishing discoveries through successive ages, which display, in so strong a light, the force and reach of the human mind; and on those bold conjectures and sublime reveries, which seem to tower even to the confines of divinity, and denote the high destiny to which mortals tend:—that thought, for instance, which is said to have been first started by Pythagoras, and which modern astronomers approve; that the stars which we call fixed, although they appear to us to be nothing more than large spangles of various sizes glittering on the same concave surface, are, nevertheless, bodies as large as our sun, shining, *like him*, with original and not reflected light, placed at in-

calculable distances asunder, and each star the solar centre of a system of planets, which revolve around it as the planets belonging to our system do around the sun; that this is not only the case with all the stars which our eyes discern in the firmament, or which the telescope has brought within the sphere of our vision, but, according to the modern improvements of this thought, that there are probably other stars, whose light has not yet reached us, although light moves with a velocity a million times greater than that of a cannon ball; that those luminous appearances, which we observe in the firmament, like flakes of thin, white clouds, are windows, as it were, which open to other firmaments, far, far beyond the ken of human eye, or the power of optical instruments, lighted up, like ours, with hosts of stars or suns; that this scheme goes on through infinite space, which is filled with thousands upon thousands of those suns, attended by ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, all in rapid motion, yet calm, regular and harmonious, invariably keeping the paths prescribed to them; and these worlds peopled with myriads of intelligent beings.

One would think that this conception, thus extended, would be bold enough to satisfy the whole enterprise of the human imagination. But what an accession of glory and magnificence does Dr. Herschel superadd to it, when, instead of supposing all those suns fixed, and the motion confined to their respective planets, he loosens those multitudinous suns themselves from their stations, sets them all into motion with their splendid retinue of planets and satellites, and imagines them, thus attended, to perform a stupendous revolution, system above system, around some grander, unknown centre, somewhere in the boundless abyss of space!—and when carrying on the process, you suppose even that centre itself not stationary, but also counterpoised by other masses in the immensity of spaces, with which, attended by their accumulated trains of

‘Planets, suns, and adamantine spheres  
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense,’

it maintains harmonious concert, surrounding, in its vast career, some other centre still more remote and stupendous, which in its turn——‘You overwhelm me,’ cried Rosalie, as I was laboring to pursue the immense concatenation;—‘my mind is bewildered and lost in the effort to follow you, and

finds no point on which to rest its weary wing.'—Yet there is a point, my dear Rosalie—the throne of the Most High. Imagine that the ultimate centre, to which this vast and inconceivably magnificent and august apparatus is attached, and around which it is continually revolving. Oh! what a spectacle for the cherubim and seraphim, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who dwell on the right hand of that throne, if, as may be, and probably is the case, their eyes are permitted to pierce through the whole, and take in, at one glance, all its order, beauty, sublimity and glory, and their ears to distinguish that celestial harmony, unheard by us, in which those vast globes, as they roll on in their respective orbits, continually hymn their great Creator's praise!"

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#### THE CONJUNCTION OF JUPITER AND VENUS.

I would not always reason. The straight path  
Wearies us with its never-varying lines,  
And we grow melancholy. I would make  
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit  
Patiently by the way-side, while I traced  
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness  
Around me. She should be my counsellor,  
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs  
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,  
And there are motions, in the mind of man,  
That she must look upon with awe. I bow  
Reverently to her dictates, but not less  
Hold to the fair illusions of old time—  
Illusions that shed brightness over life,  
And glory over nature. Look even now,  
Where two bright planets in the twilight meet,  
Upon the saffron heaven,—the imperial star  
Of Jove, and she that from her radiant urn  
Pours forth the light of love. Let me believe,  
Awhile, that they are met for ends of good,  
Amid the evening glory, to confer  
Of men and their affairs, and to shed down  
Kind influences. Lo! their orbs burn more bright,  
And shake out softer fires! The great earth feels  
The gladness and the quiet of the time.  
Meekly the mighty river, that infolds

This mighty city, smooths his front, and far  
 Glitters and burns even to the rocky base  
 Of the dark heights that bound him to the west;  
 And a deep murmur, from the many streets,  
 Rises like a thanksgiving. Put we hence  
 Dark and sad thoughts awhile—there's time for them  
 Hereafter—on the morrow we will meet,  
 With melancholy looks to tell our griefs,  
 And make each other wretched; this calm hour,  
 This balmy, blessed evening, we will give  
 To cheerful hopes and dreams of happy days,  
 Born of the meeting of those glorious stars.

Enough of drought has parched the year, and scared  
 The land with dread of famine. Autumn, yet,  
 Shall make men glad with unexpected fruits.  
 The dog-star shall shine harmless; genial days  
 Shall softly glide away into the keen  
 And wholesome cold of winter; he that fears  
 The pestilence, shall gaze on those pure beams,  
 And breathe, with confidence, the quiet air.

Emblems of Power and Beauty! well may they  
 Shine brightest on our borders, and withdraw  
 Towards the great Pacific, marking out  
 The path of empire. Thus, in our own land,  
 Ere long, the better Genius of our race,  
 Having encompassed earth, and tamed its tribes,  
 Shall sit him down beneath the farthest west,  
 By the shore of that calm ocean, and look back  
 On realms made happy.

Light the nuptial torch,  
 And say the glad, yet solemn rite, that knits  
 The youth and maiden. Happy days to them  
 That wed this evening!—a long life of love,  
 And blooming sons and daughters! Happy they  
 Born at this hour,—for they shall see an age  
 Whiter and holier than the past, and go  
 Late to their graves. Men shall wear softer hearts,  
 And shudder at the butcheries of war,  
 As now at other murders.

Hapless Greece!  
 Enough of blood has wet thy rocks, and stained

Thy rivers; deep enough thy chains have worn  
 Their links into thy flesh; the sacrifice  
 Of thy pure maidens, and thy innocent babes,  
 And reverend priests, has expiated all  
 Thy crimes of old. In yonder mingling lights  
 There is an omen of good days for thee.  
 Thou shalt arise from 'midst the dust and sit  
 Again among the nations. Thine own arm  
 Shall yet redeem thee. Not in wars like thine  
 The world takes part. Be it a strife of kings,—  
 Despot with despot battling for a throne,—  
 And Europe shall be stirred throughout her realms;  
 Nations shall put on harness, and shall fall  
 Upon each other, and in all their bounds  
 The wailing of the childless shall not cease.  
 Thine is a war for liberty, and thou  
 Must fight it single-handed. The old world  
 Looks coldly on the murderers of thy race,  
 And leaves thee to the struggle; and the new,—  
 I fear me thou could'st tell a shameful tale  
 Of fraud and lust of gain;—thy treasury drained,  
 And Missolonghi fallen. Yet thy wrongs  
 Shall put new strength into thy heart and hand,  
 And God and thy good sword shall yet work out,  
 For thee, a terrible deliverance.

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#### PREVALENCE OF POETRY.

THE world is full of Poetry—the air  
 Is living with its spirit; and the waves  
 Dance to the music of its melodies,  
 And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is veil'd,  
 And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,  
 That close the universe, with crystal, in,  
 Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim  
 The unseen glories of immensity,  
 In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,  
 For aught, but beings of celestial mould,  
 And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,  
 Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.  
 The year leads round the seasons, in a choir  
 Forever charming, and forever new,

Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,  
 The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,  
 Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise  
 Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore  
 Of the wide ocean resting after storms;  
 Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,  
 And pointed arches, and retiring aisles  
 Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,  
 Skilful, and mov'd with passionate love of art,  
 Plays o'er the higher keys; and bears aloft  
 The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,  
 By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,  
 Voices of melting tenderness, that blend  
 With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,  
 Commingling with the melody, is borne,  
 Rapt, and dissolv'd in ecstasy, to heaven.  
 'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move  
 In measur'd file, and metrical array;  
 'Tis not the union of returning sounds,  
 Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,  
 And quantity, and accent, that can give  
 This all-pervading spirit to the ear,  
 Or blend it with the movings of the soul.  
 'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines  
 Man with the world around him, in a chain  
 Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till  
 He taste the high communion of his thoughts,  
 With all existences, in earth and heaven,  
 That meet him in the charm of grace and power.  
 'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,  
 In studied phrase and ornate epithet,  
 And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,  
 Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,  
 That overload their littleness—Its words  
 Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break  
 Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full  
 Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fir'd  
 The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,  
 His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts  
 Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,  
 Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye,

That reads its enemy with glance of fire,  
The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,  
That brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide  
The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,  
The hand firm-clench'd and quivering, and the foot  
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart  
Its vengeance, are the language, it employs.  
So the poetic feeling needs no words  
To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,  
And revels in the ecstasies of soul,  
And sits at banquet with celestial forms,  
The beings of its own creation, fair,  
And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,  
When earth was peopled in its solitudes,  
With nymph and naiad: mighty, as the gods,  
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,  
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;  
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand,  
And awful dignity of front, which bows  
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,  
Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,  
The image of a beauty, so divine,  
So masculine, so artless, that we seem  
To share in his intensity of joy,  
When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,  
And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of nature, blown  
Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else  
Doze on through life in blank stupidity,  
Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,  
They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,  
In deeds of energy, the rage within.  
Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,  
Than in the man of cities; in the child,  
Than in maturer bosoms. Art may prune  
Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train  
Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts  
To soft refinement, and amenity;  
But all its energy has vanish'd, all  
Its madd'ning, and commanding spirit gone,  
And all its tender touches, and its tones  
Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid

Among the measured notes, that move as dead  
And heartless, as the puppets in a show.  
Well I remember, in my boyish days,  
How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth  
On nature, in her loveliness, and storms.  
How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring  
Came from the sun with zephyrs, and with showers,  
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods  
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,  
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.  
O! how I gaz'd upon the dazzling blue  
Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves,  
That roll'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;  
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,  
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,  
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,  
Frowning and terrible; then sent abroad  
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,  
That roll'd, in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,  
The warning of its coming, and the sound,  
That usher'd in its elemental war.  
And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd,  
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds,  
Heav'd their dark billows on the roaring winds,  
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,  
A long hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,  
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high  
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure,  
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang  
Fresh from the hand, that wrought her; where the eye  
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,  
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,  
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,  
White, as the snow of Zembla, or the foam,  
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctur'd round,  
In easy undulations, with a belt  
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.  
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,  
Mantled in ebon darkness, strow'd with stars  
Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell  
The higher, as I gaz'd upon it, till,

Sphere after sphere evolving, on the height  
Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,  
In glory's full effulgence, and a wave,  
Intensely bright, roll'd like a fountain, forth,  
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd  
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,  
Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,  
In overflowing richness, from the breast  
Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,  
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave  
No utterance to the ineffable within.  
Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still  
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;  
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er  
Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue,  
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stor'd  
With all, the patriarchs of British song  
Hallow'd, and render'd glorious, cannot tell  
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.

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#### VALUE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

THE study of the ancient classics is a subject, as we must believe, of no small importance to those who are fond of letters, and interested in the advancement of national education. We take the present opportunity to offer a few remarks concerning it; and in the outset we ask, does classical learning deserve special encouragement, as a branch of instruction in this country? This question we answer without hesitation, in the affirmative, and proceed to give our reasons and express our opinions. Supposing the merits of the question to be known and allowed, so far as the classics are considered of importance in securing an early discipline of the mind, or esteemed as models of style, we shall pass rapidly over these topics on this occasion, and endeavor to show, that there are particular reasons, why the study of them ought to be promoted among us. We are not disposed to attribute benefits to the pursuits of the learned, which are not a consequence of them; nor to magnify the advantages, which they unquestionably confer. Be it, therefore, freely conceded, that in some things they have no very direct practical utility, that they do little towards promoting commerce or manufactures,

and that they contribute less towards increasing the national population, revenues, or territory.

While we disclaim any intention to ascribe to classic studies practical benefits, which they do not confer, or to exaggerate the good effects, which they are certainly calculated to produce, we may without fear of contradiction assert, that an acquaintance with them, and the discipline of the mind resulting from the exertions, which are necessary to gain that acquaintance, sharpen and invigorate the faculties, and thus form an excellent preparation for any active employment whatever. It will also be acknowledged, that these studies furnish an elegant and suitable occupation for men, who have retired from the busy scenes of action; that they form a pleasing *relief* in the character of the soldier and the statesman; that Germanicus, for instance, among the ancients, gains more of our admiration for having polished and improved his mind by the study of Grecian letters; or, to come to our own times and country, that the distinguished diplomatist, who fills the department of state,\* though learning confers no additional claim to the gratitude of the nation, deserves increased respect for his attainments as a scholar.

As none will contend, that the classics should be taught as a necessary branch in military schools, or in those principally intended for the training of youth for the mechanical or practical arts, so none will deny, that the study of them essentially belongs to that higher education, which proposes for its object the culture of the intellectual man. If the study of languages is of moment, the Greek and Latin have the first right to attention, because they are the more ancient, and therefore the more nearly original, because they have exercised an influence over all polished dialects of later nations, and because they are in themselves more perfect. To this we add, that they are *dead* languages, beyond the reach of change; the seal has been set upon them; their principles of construction and the force of their words are unalterably fixed; and, therefore, they best serve to illustrate the abstract principles of grammar.

What better inheritance can our country receive from the ancient republics than the writings, which contain the thoughts and sentiments of their finest minds? We say again, those writings deserve especially to be studied by us; because their

\* John Quincy Adams.

tendency is favorable to free institutions. The Athenians, though they sometimes flattered kings, never eulogised the regal form of government. They cherished the love of freedom to the last, and their regrets at its loss are almost as instructive as their pride in its possession. Nor should we forget, to what class of society the Grecian writers belonged. They were men, who, having enriched their minds by travel and intercourse with the learned of other countries, returned, like Plato, to ripen their powers and their knowledge by reflection.

Moreover, the ancients prized personal independence and freedom of public debate. Every thing of general interest was regularly communicated in the market places; and the comic theatre was the tribunal before which, as in modern newspapers, the characters of public men were scrutinized with unrestrained boldness. In their works of an elevated tone, in the orations of Demosthenes, for instance, the doctrine of liberty is taught on the principles which make it of universal value, and is supported, not merely because it makes a nation more prosperous, but because it is essential to the moral dignity and intellectual freedom of individuals, and equally essential to the honor of the state. We can but desire, that such views should be encouraged by all possible means; we need not fear, though the study of Homer should teach other lessons than those of passive obedience; we should find pleasure in being instructed, by 'the rules of ancient liberty,' how a people may provide for its prosperity and glory.

We may add, that ancient literature has become the common property of mankind. Some foreign assistance is needed in the great concern of national education. But if we make use of none but English books, or if we do not go beyond the literature of living nations, there is danger of being affected with some foreign taint; of supporting our intellectual existence by aliment not perfectly suited to our condition. The study of the classics deserves, therefore, to be encouraged as a means of preserving national literary independence.

A much stronger argument lies in the probable influence, which they would exert on national character. The Greeks preferred beauty to utility, glory to prosperity. Vast sums, employed for works of art, formed a large, and as it seemed to them, a necessary part of the annual expenditure of their states. If the tendency of our age were to ruinous extra-

gance, in all matters connected with public property, if one state were contending with another in the architectural perfection of its edifices, if the first settlers of the fertile banks of our western rivers had thought of nothing but cultivating the elegant arts, if the same spirit, which raised St. Peter's, or the York cathedral, were at work among our countrymen to the injury of good thrift, and in contempt of rational calculation, it would be the duty of every patriotic citizen to repress even the sublimity of enthusiasm, and to counteract the immoderate love of display, by sober and practical views of utility. But we are in no danger of being carried too far by our zeal for objects not directly necessary to our welfare. Our fathers have given us excellent political and civil institutions established on a solid foundation; commerce has enriched our cities; internal navigation is promoted by the grandest efforts of public and private enterprise; the springs of the Mississippi have already been turned into the Hudson; and the chain of the Alleghanies is to offer, it would seem, but a temporary barrier to the union of the Ohio and the Potomac. We have done, or are doing, every thing to further objects of public and private advantage. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the patriotic statesman to provide for the other sources of national glory and happiness; to cherish a disinterested passion for the elegant and ornamental arts, till our country shall surpass every other, not only in the value of its political privileges, and the prosperity of its citizens, but also in the perfection of its monuments. At this epoch, therefore, while the nation is so rapidly forming its character, and while it is still possible to introduce new elements, the study of classic letters deserves to be encouraged, because it tends to awaken and cherish a love for the arts, by which society is adorned and refined.

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#### PHILOSOPHY AND MORALITY OF TACITUS.

It is not for his style, that we principally admire this author: his profound views of the human heart, his just development of the principles of action, his delicate touches of nature, his love of liberty and independence, and, above all, the moral sensibility, which mingles, and incorporates itself with all his descriptions, are the qualities, which must ever render him a favorite with the friends of philosophy and of man.

Tacitus has been truly called the philosopher of historians; but his philosophy never arrays itself in the robe of the schools, or enters into a formal investigation of causes and motives. It seems to show itself here and there, in the course of his facts, involuntarily, and from its own fulness, by the manner of narration, by a single word, and sometimes by a general observation. Events, in his hands, have a soul, which is constantly displaying its secret workings by the attitude, into which it throws the body, by a glance of the eye, or an expression of the face, and now and then a sudden utterance of its emotions. It is not the prince, the senator, or the plebeian, that he describes; it is always man, and the general principles of human nature; and this in their nicer and more evanescent, as well as their boldest and most definite expressions. If we were not afraid of giving too violent a shock to classical devotees, we should say, that, in the particulars we have mentioned, Tacitus in history is not unlike Miss Edgeworth in fiction. There are, indeed, many circumstances, unnecessary to be pointed out, in which they differ; but there is in both the same frequent interspersions in the narrative of short remarks, which lay open a principle of human nature, the same concise development of character by discrimination and contrast, and the nice selection of some one trait, or apparently trifling circumstance, of conduct, as a key to the whole; traits and circumstances, which, though none but a philosopher would have pointed out, find their way at once to every heart. But the historian has none of the playfulness, the humour, and the mind at ease, which are seen in the novelist. He knew himself the register of facts, and facts, too, in which he took the deepest interest. He records events, not as one curious in political relations, or revolutions in empires, but as marking the moral character and condition of the age; a character and condition, which he felt were exerting a direct and powerful influence upon himself, upon those whom he loved, and with whom he lived.

The moral sensibility of Tacitus is, we think, that particular circumstance, by which he so deeply engages his reader, and is perhaps distinguished from every other writer, in the same department of literature; and the scenes he was to describe peculiarly required this quality. His writings comprise a period the most corrupt within the annals of man. The reigns of the Neros, and of many of their successors

seemed to have brought together the opposite vices of extreme barbarism and excessive luxury; the most ferocious cruelty and slavish submission; voluptuousness the most effeminate, and sensuality worse than brutal. Not only all the general charities of life, but the very ties of nature were annihilated by a selfishness, the most exclusively individual. The minions of power butchered the parent, and the child hurried to thank the emperor for his goodness. The very fountains of abominations seemed to have been broken up, and to have poured over the face of society a deluge of pollution and crimes. How important was it, then, for posterity, that the records of such an era should be transmitted by one in whose personal character there should be a redeeming virtue, who would himself feel, and awaken in his readers, that disgust and abhorrence, which such scenes ought to excite! Such a one was Tacitus. There is in his narrative a seriousness, approaching sometimes almost to melancholy, and sometimes bursting forth in expressions of virtuous indignation. He appears always to be aware of the general complexion of the subjects, of which he is treating; and, even when extraordinary instances of independence and integrity now and then present themselves, you perceive, that his mind is secretly contrasting them with those vices, with which his observation was habitually familiar. Thus, in describing the pure and simple manners of the barbarous tribes of the north, you find him constantly bringing forward and dwelling upon those virtues, which were most strikingly opposed to the enormities of civilized Rome. He could not, like his contemporary Juvenal, treat these enormities with sneering and sarcasm. To be able to laugh at vice, he thought a symptom, that one had been touched at least by its pollution; or, to use his words, and illustrate, at once, both of the remarks we have just made; speaking of the temperance and chastity of the Germans, he says, '*Nemo enim illic ridet vitia, nec corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocatur.*' Therefore it is, that, in reading Tacitus, our interest in events is heightened by a general sympathy with the writer; and as, in most instances, it is an excellence, when we lose the author in his story, so, in this, it is no less an excellence, that we have him so frequently in our minds. It is not, that he obtrudes himself upon our notice, but that we involuntarily, though not unconsciously, see with his eyes, and feel with his feelings.

In estimating, however, the moral sentiment of this historian, we are not to judge him by the present standard, elevated and improved as it is by Christianity. Tacitus undoubtedly felt the influence of great and prevalent errors. That war with barbarians was at all times just, and their territory and their persons the lawful prey of whatever nation could seize them, it is well known, had been always the practical maxim of the Greeks, as well as the Romans. Hence we are not to be surprised, that, in various passages of his work, he does not express that abhorrence of many wars, in which his countrymen were engaged, which we might otherwise have expected from him. This apology must especially be borne in mind, as we read the life of Agricola. The invasion of Britain by the Romans was as truly a violation of the rights of justice and humanity, as that of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards; and their leader little better in principle, than Cortez and Pizarro. Yet, even here, full as was Tacitus of the glory of his father-in-law and of Rome, we have frequent indications of sensibility to the wrongs of the oppressed and plundered islanders. The well known speech of Calgæus breathes all the author's love of liberty and virtue, and exhibits the simple virtues, the generous self-devotion, of the Caledonians, in their last struggle for independence, in powerful contrast with the vices and ambition of their cruel and rapacious invaders.

We have mentioned what appears to us the most striking characteristics of the author before us. When compared with his great predecessor, he is no less excellent, but essentially different. Livy is only an historian, Tacitus is also a philosopher; the former gives you images, the latter impressions. In the narration of events, Livy produces his effect by completeness and exact particularity, Tacitus by selection and condensation, the one presents to you a panorama—you have the whole scene, with all its complicated movements and various appearances vividly before you, the other shows you the most prominent and remarkable groups, and compensates in depth for what he wants in minuteness. Livy hurries you into the midst of the battle, and leaves you to be borne along by its tide: Tacitus stands with you upon an eminence, where you have more tranquillity for distinct observation; or perhaps, when the armies have retired, walks with you over the field, points out to you the spot of each most interesting particular, and shares with you those solemn and profound emotions, which you have now the composure to feel.

## THE STUDY OF LANGUAGES.

THE study of languages is usually and properly the first step in a liberal and enlarged system of education. The youthful mind is peculiarly fitted for the acquirement and retention of words; but not sufficiently expanded and vigorous to comprehend the nature, principles, and objects of positive science. Memory is the first faculty that unfolds itself, and perhaps the most susceptible of improvement. Languages, therefore, as a branch of elementary knowledge, should be early attended to. They are emphatically the key to science, and the spring of life cannot be more judiciously or advantageously employed than in acquiring them. A knowledge of what are termed the dead, and some of the living languages, I conceive to be absolutely indispensable to the character of a fine scholar, and an able and distinguished civilian and statesman; and it is exceedingly to be regretted, that these, especially the learned languages, are so much neglected in our country. This has arisen from a mistaken idea, that their attainment takes up too much time, and that the period usually devoted to their acquisition, might be better employed in acquiring more solid and useful information. No error can be more glaring than this; every day's experience demonstrates its fallacy.

The acquirement of the dead languages will be found to be attended with great and permanent advantages; among which, it will be sufficient barely to mention its tendency to improve the principal faculties of the mind, and to beget a purity and refinement of taste, that no other kind of learning can bestow. The memory, for example, must be invigorated by the habitual exercise it undergoes, in the acquisition and retention of strange words and foreign expressions; the judgment is improved, from the necessity the learner is under of selecting, out of many, the most suitable word to express the idea of the original—for the original gives the idea only; the imagination is chastened and improved by the exquisite imagery, and the rich, chaste, and beautiful coloring the ancient authors display; and the taste is improved by the fine models of purity and beauty, and the refined and delicate touches of nature, every where diffused over the pages of the Greek and Roman classics. The most eminent and distinguished men in oratory, poetry, history, law, &c. have been well versed in

those languages, and have had their minds early imbued with a love of these chaste and polished models of antiquity. Be, therefore, solicitous to master them; regard not the difficulties that may arise, at first, to impede your progress; they will soon, by a little perseverance and application, be surmounted, and, when you have reached that point of familiarity with them, which will enable you to relish their beauties, and feel and enjoy their excellencies, they will become a source of high and exquisite gratification that will never forsake you, even amidst the activity and realities of life. In acquiring those languages, it will be necessary to observe the peculiarities of style, the fine thoughts, and daring felicities of expression, which distinguish the authors you are reading, and to endeavor, frequently, to commit to memory, the finest and most beautiful passages, that are to be found in the poets of Greece and Rome. This will strengthen the memory, improve the taste, and furnish you with happy illustrations, and apt and appropriate allusions. It will be proper, too, to keep up this practice while reading modern poetry; you will find, as many of the most distinguished modern orators have found, that it is of much greater advantage than you may now be disposed to believe. Of the copiousness, harmony, grace, and beauty, of the Greek and Latin languages, it is unnecessary to say any thing. Those who study them, with that care and attention which they deserve, will soon be enabled to judge for themselves, and, of consequence, capable of relishing their various excellencies, without the aid of criticism. But of all the languages, ancient or modern, I conceive the Greek to be the most admirable. A knowledge of that language was deemed by the Latins to be an indispensable branch of study, and should be so considered by the present and every future age. It is the foundation of most other languages, and is so blended with the sciences, as almost to form their keystone and groundwork.

While I recommend such a proficiency in those languages as I have mentioned, I do not wish to be understood as conceiving it either important or essential, that you should be profoundly and critically versed in their different idioms and various metres, or be able to write them with fluency. I wish that degree of skill to be left to professors, who make teaching the occupation of life. It is enough that you can read them with such ease, as to be capable of feeling and relishing the numerous and exquisite beauties in which the

classical writers abound. To this point your efforts must be directed, and if you have even an ordinary tact for the attainment of language, you will be able to reach it without any very appalling difficulty; and when you have reached it, the acquirement of the modern languages will be a source rather of pleasure than of pain.

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CURIOSITY.

It came from Heaven—its power archangels knew,  
 When this fair globe first rounded to their view;  
 When the young sun revealed the glorious scene,  
 Where oceans gathered, and where lands grew green;  
 When the dead dust in joyful myriads swarmed,  
 And man, the clod, with God's own breath was warmed.  
 It reigned in Eden—when that man first woke,  
 Its kindling influence from his eye-balls spoke;  
 No roving childhood, no exploring youth,  
 Led him along, till wonder chilled to truth;  
 Full-formed at once, his subject world he trod,  
 And gazed upon the labors of his God:  
 On all, by turns, his chartered glance was cast,  
 While each pleased best, as each appeared the last;  
 But when she came, in nature's blameless pride,  
 Bone of his bone, his heaven anointed bride,  
 All meaner objects faded from his sight,  
 And sense turned giddy with the new delight;  
 Those charmed his eye, but this entranced his soul,  
 Another self, queen-wonder of the whole!  
 Rapt at the view, in ecstasy he stood,  
 And like his Maker, saw that all was good.

It reigned in Eden—in that heavy hour  
 When the arch-tempter sought our mother's bower,  
 Its thrilling charm her yielding heart assailed,  
 And even o'er dread Jehovah's word prevailed.  
 There the fair tree, in fatal beauty grew,  
 And hung its mystic apples to her view:  
 'Eat,' breathed the fiend, beneath his serpent guise,  
 'Ye shall know all things; gather and be wise!  
 Sweet on her ear the wily falsehood stole,  
 And roused the ruling passion of her soul.

'Ye shall become like God,'—transcendent fate!  
 That God's command forgot, she plucked and ate;  
 Ate, and her partner lured to share the crime,  
 Whose woe, the legend saith, must live through time.  
 For this they shrank before the Avenger's face;  
 For this he drove them from the sacred place;  
 For this came down the universal lot,  
 To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot.

It came from Heaven—it reigned in Eden's shades—  
 It roves on earth—and every walk invades:  
 Childhood and age alike its influence own;  
 It haunts the beggar's nook, the monarch's throne;  
 Hangs o'er the cradle, leans above the bier,  
 Gazed on old Babel's tower—and lingers here.

To all that's lofty, all that's low, it turns;  
 With terror curdles, and with rapture burns;  
 Now feels a seraph's throb, now less than man's,  
 A reptile tortures and a planet scans;  
 Now idly joins in life's poor, passing jars,  
 Now shakes creation off, and soars beyond the stars.

'Tis Curiosity—who hath not felt  
 Its spirit, and before its altar knelt?  
 In the pleased infant see its power expand,  
 When first the coral fills its little hand;  
 Throned in his mother's lap, it dries each tear,  
 As her sweet legend falls upon his ear.  
 Next it assails him in his top's strange hum,  
 Breathes in his whistle, echoes in his drum;  
 Each gilded toy, that doting love bestows,  
 He longs to break, and every spring expose.  
 Placed by your hearth, with what delight he pores  
 O'er the bright pages of his pictured stores!  
 How oft he steals upon your graver task,  
 Of this to tell you, and of that to ask!  
 And when the warning hour to-bedward bids,  
 Though gentle sleep sits waiting on his lids,  
 How winningly he pleads to gain you o'er,  
 That he may read one little story more!

Nor yet alone to toys and tales confin'd,  
 It sits, dark brooding, o'er his embryo mind.

Take him between your knees, peruse his face,  
 While all you know, or think you know, you trace;  
 Tell him who spoke creation into birth,  
 Arched the broad heavens, and spread the rolling earth,  
 Who formed a pathway for the obedient sun,  
 And bade the seasons in their circles run;  
 Who filled the air, the forest and the flood,  
 And gave man all, for comfort or for food,  
 Tell him they sprang at God's creating nod—  
 He stops you short, with—'Father, who made God?'

Thus, through life's stages, may we mark the power  
 That masters man in every changing hour;  
 It tempts him, from the blandishments of home,  
 Mountains to climb, and frozen seas to roam;  
 By air-blown bubbles buoyed, it bids him rise,  
 And hang an atom in the vaulted skies;  
 Lured by its charm, he sits and learns to trace,  
 The midnight wanderings of the orbs of space;  
 Boldly he knocks at wisdom's inmost gate,  
 With nature counsels, and communes with fate;  
 Below, above, o'er all he dares to rove,  
 In all finds God, and finds that God all love.

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#### HYMN

*For the second Centennial Celebration of the settlement of Charlestown, Mass.*

Two hundred years!—two hundred years!—  
 How much of human power and pride,  
 What glorious hopes, what gloomy fears,  
 Have sunk beneath their noiseless tide!

The red-man, at his horrid rite,  
 Seen by the stars at night's cold noon,  
 His bark canoe, its track of light  
 Left on the wave beneath the moon,—

His dance, his yell, his council fire,  
 The altar where his victim lay,  
 His death song, and his funeral pyre,—  
 That still, strong tide hath borne away.

And that pale pilgrim band is gone,  
That, on this shore, with trembling trod,  
Ready to faint, yet bearing on  
The ark of freedom and of God.

And war—that since o'er ocean came,  
And thundered loud from yonder hill,  
And wrapped its foot in sheets of flame,  
To blast that ark—its storm is still.

Chief, sachem, sage, bards, heroes, seers,  
That live in story and in song,  
Time, for the last two hundred years,  
Has raised, and shown, and swept along.

'Tis like a dream when one awakes—  
This vision of the scenes of old:  
'Tis like the moon when morning breaks,  
'Tis like a tale round watch-fires told.

Then, what are we?—then, what are we?  
Yes, when two hundred years have rolled  
O'er our green graves, our names shall be  
A morning dream, a tale that's told.

God of our fathers,—in whose sight  
The thousand years, that sweep away  
Man, and the traces of his might,  
Are but the break and close of day,—

Grant us that love of truth sublime,  
That love of goodness and of thee,  
Which makes thy children, in all time,  
To share thine own eternity.

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#### MUSIC OF NATURE.

In what rich harmony, what polished lays,  
Should man address thy throne, when nature pays  
Her wild her tuneful tribute to the sky!  
Yes, Lord, she sings thee; but she knows not why  
The fountains gush, the long-resounding shore,  
The zephyrs whisper, and the tempests roar,  
The rustling leaf, in autumn's fading woods,

The wintry storm, the rush of vernal floods,  
 The summer bower, by cooling breezes fanned,  
 The torrent's fall by dancing rainbows spanned,  
 The streamlet, guggling through its rocky glen,  
 The long grass sighing o'er the graves of men,  
 The bird that crests yon dew-bespangled tree,  
 Shakes his bright plumes, and trills his descant free,  
 The scorching bolt that from thine armory hurl'd,  
 Burns its red path, and cleaves a shrinking world;  
 All these are music to Religion's ear:—  
 Music, thy hand awakes, for man to hear.

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#### THE EFFECTS

*Which Christianity ought to produce on Manners.*

THE catalogue of natural vices exhibits a true and disgusting picture of man untaught, and unpurified by his Creator. The works of the flesh says he, are hatred, variance, strife, wrath, emulation, envyings, and seditions. But the Christian religion teaches another mind; the fruits of that spirit it would inculcate are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, and goodness. In this manner, the general scope of Christianity is pointed out in a few words, and a test afforded us, by which we may estimate our progress in religion. We say, in our language, to seize on the spirit of a thing; we talk of the spirit of our political constitution, of the spirit of our civil, and criminal law; and we seem to mean by the expressions, those few leading principles which uniformly pervade these respective codes, and give them consistency of character; in this sense, the apostle unfolds to us the spirit of Christianity, the object, and tendency of all its laws; they are instituted to increase love, and affection amongst mankind; to make us happy to diffuse peace, to inculcate forbearance, gentleness, goodness, and meekness. The fruits of the spirit are love.—By love, the apostle means philanthropy, the general love of our fellow-creatures, a passion dwelling more often on the lip, than in the heart, and rather a theme on which we declaim, than a motive from which we act. The mass of us, who are called Christians, do not hate our fellow-creatures, but we do not love them. Misanthropy is a compound of ill-temper, disappointment, and folly, which does not often occur. But most

men are indifferent to that part of the species, which is out of the pale of their own private acquaintance; the cry of public wretchedness never reaches them; they never seek for hidden misery; they shrink from that courageous benevolence which wades through mockery and contempt, and horror to curb the infamous with laws, and comfort the poor with bread; and when the rain, and the tempest blacken the earth, they gather round their comforts within; and make fast the bars of their gates against the crying Lazarus, and leave his sores to the dogs, and his head to the storm. Again, nothing can be more dissimilar from the fruits of the spirit, than that little indulgence, which our mutual faults experience one from the other. The character, and conduct of those with whom we live, is not only a very natural, but a very necessary object of inquiry. We should love, and act in the dark, if we were not to make it so; but the strong tendency to injustice, and ill nature is the thing to be corrected. Tear the veil off your heart, and look at it steadily and boldly; for a keener eye than yours shall one day pierce into its darkest chambers. Is there no secret wish to find the imputation true, by which another is degraded? Is there no secret fear that it should be refuted? Do these sentiments never lurk beneath the affectation of pity and condolence. Have you never concealed those circumstances and considerations, which you knew would extenuate the guilt of an absent, and an accused person? Have you never sat in the prudent ecstasy of silence, and seen the fame of a good, and an eminent man mangled before your eyes? Have you never given credit, and circulation to improbable evidence of crime? Have you examined the guilt of your neighbor, as you would examine the guilt of your child, with heaviness of heart, and in all the reluctant evidence of conviction? Have you never added to evil report? never in a bad hour, and with accursed tongue, and with unblushing face, heaped up infamy on a better man than yourself; and spoke that which was false of the helpless, the good, the wise, or the great? And if you have done it, if it forms the daily habit of your life, what title have you to the name of Christian? Or by what right do you call on Jesus the merciful and the good? Be not deceived; God is never scorned. Think you that he who set at nought the idle sacrifice of the Jews, who would not eat bull's flesh, or drink the blood of goats, will be mocked with bended knees, and uplifted hands? Are we the dis-

ciples of Christ, because we stand at this prayer, or rise at that, and sanctify the face, and strain at trifles, and fill the temple with the cry of God, God, and Lord, Lord? If these are our notions of religion, we walk on deceitful ashes, which will burn our bodies with flame. Christ came down from the mercy-seat of God to heal our woes, and minister to our infirmities, to soften the nature of man, and to bend his heart to mercy. If you truly venerate that holy name, walk in that spirit, with which he walked on the earth, forgive, as you would be forgiven, do unto others, as you would they should do unto you; judge your brethren in mercy, be slow to condemn, and swift to forgive, bearing always upon you the fruits of the spirit, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, and goodness.

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## SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

Few human creatures, indeed, are eminent either for birth, fortune, beauty, learning, or any thing on which the world sets a value, without considering such distinctions as a justification of pride in themselves, or the want of it, as a mark of degradation in others. The sole object for which they mingle in society, is to display what they possess, and to insinuate what the rest of the world want. Their intercourse with their fellow creatures, is an eternal mixture of ostentation and sarcasm; and they would seem to be certain beings of a superior order, made by some other God, and hoping for a more select salvation.

The effect of Christian faith upon daily behavior, is often, indeed, scarcely discernible, if it exists at all; every one is the greatest in his own eyes; our forms of speech only are humble, our hearts are full of disdain. And yet, there is nothing in the humility of a Christian, incompatible with the elegance of a gentleman: and that polish of manners on which the world places so great, and perhaps, so merited a value, proceeds chiefly from the indication of qualities, which it is so much the object of the Christian religion to diffuse. A man of graceful behavior counterfeits humility, throws a veil over his advantages and perfections; he discovers concealed merit, brings it into light, and gives it brilliancy and force. Nobody has any fault before him, he is in appearance gentle, long-suffering and benevolent. There is hardly any one Christian quality which a man, actuated by the mere vanity

of pleasing, does not assume to effect his object. Such oblique evidences in favor of Christianity, are not without force, and show that the disposition which it labors to inculcate, is precisely that which would render human happiness the greatest, by rendering society the most delightful; much more delightful than it ever can be, when we varnish over heart-burnings, jealousies, envyings, and seditions with Christian faces and more than Christian language.

There must exist in society, distinction of rank, as well as difference of natural endowments, and attainments the effect of study; but God ordained this inequality for wiser purposes than to minister to the pride of one being, and to wound the spirit of another; the mere knowledge of our superiority is not criminal, and indeed is frequently inevitable. It is the internal pride and contemptuous treatment of others, founded on such consciousness of superiority, which violate a law of the gospel most frequently repeated, and most clearly explained. After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and of man; behold him, a creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space, in all the grandeur of littleness; perched on a little speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul fleets from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the systems and creations of God, are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to revel in his greatness? Is this a creature to make to himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh and blood; and to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which they both will soon return? Does not the proud man err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape from the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error, and imperfection.

It is not merely with gross acts of vice, or with splendid virtues, that Christianity is conversant; this is not the true genius and nature of our religion; it descends even to that turn of mind and sentiment, which fashions the deportment of man to man; it not only guards society from daring enormities, but would render our lives more happy, by endearing

cares and engaging attentions; it teaches man to be gentle and kind to his fellow, to forbear with him, to forgive foibles, to forget injuries, to cheer the lowly with glad words and kind looks. This civil and gracious spirit, is perhaps the truest test of our progress in Christianity; every one is subject to occasional fits of generosity, but a humane consideration, a rational indulgence for others, evinced by a constant sweetness of manner, is, perhaps, the most indisputable proof, that Christianity has sunk deeply and intimately into the heart. Do not let this seem a frivolous and inadequate object for a divine lawgiver; it owes its importance to the moral constitution of man.

The causes of great happiness and misery rarely occur; little circumstances and events that appear trifling, singly considered, make up the sum of human enjoyment or misery. The retrospect of our past lives will show us, that the greatest misfortune we have suffered, is the sum total of useless vexation inflicted on ourselves and others, from the want of this Christian restraint upon temper, and Christian excitement to benevolence. Men are more pained by affront than by injury; affront implies the absence of esteem, and the presence of contempt; and to gain the one and avoid the other, seems to be almost the ruling passion of our lives. For, wherefore, are the greater part of mankind studious of riches, but from the consequence they reflect on their possessor? Of what good are hidden beauty, or concealed talent, or secret splendor of descent? All these we covet, as they enable us to move with greater dignity in the world. What is the sting of poverty? not the privation of luxuries, but ridicule and contempt, which men daily die to avoid, because they fear them worse than death. Esteem is the great stake for which we all play; and to show a human being, not rendered infamous by crime, that you despise him, is a cruelty which savors little of that gentle religion we profess, or that merciful Redeemer we adore.

The worldly motives to cultivate the fruits of the spirit—though subordinate of course to those of religion,—are numerous and strong. The resentment which proceeds from contempt, is as much to be feared as the affection excited by courteous conduct, treatment is to be desired and cherished. It is wretched policy to stimulate any human being to a keen inspection of our follies and our faults, for no character can bear the microscopic scrutiny of vindictive anger. Contempt

never passes unobserved, is seldom forgiven, and always returned with a rapid accumulation of interest. Every body makes league against insolence; the misfortunes of any insolent man, are a public rejoicing; his vices are exaggerated, his motives falsified, and his virtues forgotten; he must humble himself in dust and ashes, before the world can, or will forgive him; whereas, that security which arises from a consciousness of being generally beloved, is the great soother of life and the most delightful sensation that any human being can enjoy. He who affects to despise the verdict which the great tribunal of the world passes on his life and fame, says that which is not true, or that which is shameful, if it be true; the delicacy of our feelings, with regard to public opinion is extreme. To hear that we have been the subject of conversation in our absence, creates a sensation of anxious alarm; we glance instantly at the weak parts of our character, at the offence, or the benevolence we have previously awakened in our judges; and our hearts die within us, if we learn that we have been the object of general condemnation; but to reflect that we are beloved as widely as we are known, to think that there are many absent human beings who bear to us the seeds of good will, kindness and esteem, is a sentiment which cheers the sadness of life; we shall live so as never to lose it; it breathes a grateful tranquillity on the soul; it is a firm barrier against the waves of chance, a lasting, solid happiness which we bear about us, like strength and health, earned by temperance and toil.

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#### ON VANITY.

THOSE vices are not always the most dangerous, which are the most rapid of operation, but as effects strike the senses most, where they follow immediately from their causes, such vices have been more accurately observed, and more clearly explained, than any others. In the mean time there are many habits of thought little noticed, and little feared, which pollute, no less effectually the springs of the heart, and corrupt the purity of religion. We shudder at falsehood, at ingratitude, at neglect of serious duties, at hardness of heart; we look at vanity with a smile of contempt, at the vanity of the young and gay, with a smile of indulgence; it seems to *our improvident* view an harmless plant, that has got up in *the luxuriant soil* of youth and will quickly wither away in

more mature age; in the mean time up it climbs, and strangles in its grasp the towering, and lordly passions of the soul.

I mean by vanity, the excessive love of praise and I call it excessive whenever it becomes a motive to action; for to make men indifferent to the praise of their fellow creatures, as a *consequence* of their actions, is not, that I know of, any where enjoined by our sacred religion, nor would it be wise, if it were possible. The vanity of great men, when it stimulates them to exertions useful to mankind, is that species of vanity, which seems to approach the nearest to virtue, and which we most readily pardon for its effects; and indeed so much are we inclined to view actions by their splendor, or their importance, rather than by their motives, that we can hardly agree to call by the name of vain, a man who has exercised consummate, and successful ability upon great objects; whereas, there is a vanity of great, and a vanity of little minds, and the same passion regulates a ceremony, which saves, or ruins a kingdom. It is better to be sure that good—if it cannot be done from the best—should be done from any motive, rather than not be done at all; but the dignity of the act can never communicate purity to the intention. True religion consists not only in action, but in the mind with which we act; and the highest beneficence, which flows from vanity, though it may exalt us in the eyes of men, abases us in the view of God.

It is curious to observe this versatile passion of vanity in all the forms under which it loves to exist; every shape, every color, every attitude becomes it alike; sometimes it is a virtue, sometimes a decency, and sometimes a vice; it gives birth to the man of refined manners, the profligate, the saint, and the hero; it plays with the toy of the child; it totters on the crutch of age; it lingers on the bed of sickness, and gathers up its last strength to die with decent effect amidst the plaudits of the world. The fall of great cities, the waste of beautiful provinces, the captivity of nations, the groans and bleedings of the earth, whence have they sprung? that folly might worship, that fame might record, that the world might look on, and wonder; for these feelings have embittered life, accelerated death, and abjured eternity. One of the great evils of vanity is, that it induces hardness of heart. Compassion must have exercise, or it will cease to exist; the mind cannot be engrossed at once by two opposite systems of hopes, and fears; if we are occupied by the con-

sideration of what the world will think on every occasion, there is no leisure for reflection on those solemn duties which we owe to our fellow creatures; duties which God has not trusted to reason only, but towards which he has warned us by compassion and inward feeling. These feelings soon cease to admonish, when they are unheeded, and the voice of humanity when it has often spoken in vain, speaks no more. Soon the cry of him who wants bread will come up no longer to the ear, soon you will turn from the sad aspect of age, and your heart will become shut to the miseries of man, never again to be opened.

The havoc which vanity makes on the social feelings, is as conspicuous as that which it exercises on those of compassion; one of the most painful symptoms it produces is an impatience of home. The vain man has no new triumphs to make over his family, or his kindred; their society becomes tedious, and insupportable to him; he flies to every public circle for relief, where the hope of being admired, lightens up in him, that gaiety which never beams on those who ought to be nearest to his heart. Thus it is, that the lives of many in great cities are passed in crowds, and frittered away in a constant recurrence of the same frivolous amusements; after the poignant gratifications of vanity, every other species of sensation becomes insipid; the mind shrinks from duty, and from improvement, and the whole character becomes trifling and degraded. It is easy to misrepresent these observations, by supposing them to be levelled against pleasure, and amusement in general; whereas, it is not only lawful to enjoy the innocent pleasures of society in moderation; but it is unwise not to enjoy them. That pleasure only is to be censured, which becomes a business and corrupts the heart instead of exhilarating the spirits. Dignity of character is a very subtle thing, and, as the guardian of many virtues should be carefully preserved; but if there is any fault which extinguishes amiable and pious sentiment, hardens the heart, destroys delicacy of manners, and wipes off all bloom, and freshness from the mind, it is constant and eternal dissipation. The very essence of pleasure is rarity; admiration too eagerly pursued, leads infallibly to contempt; and the qualities which produce the greatest effect, are always those of which the possessor is profoundly ignorant.

Vanity is not only a dangerous passion but it is an absurd *passion*; as it does not in general attain the end it proposes

to itself. The way to gain wealth is to seek it; learning is only to be acquired by constant and eager labor; but to gain praise, you must be indifferent to it; for the rule of commendation is, and ought to be, the very reverse of the rule of charity; to give most to those who want it least, and thus by ill success to teach a better motive to action. Vanity is every day detected and disgraced; we know men, who believe themselves to be objects of universal admiration, while, in fact, they are objects of universal contempt; we see how difficult it is to conceal the passion, or prevent the ridicule consequent upon it; yet we are vain, and believe that acute malice will be blind for us alone. A vain man looks more to the pleasure, than the means of triumph, and experiences defeat, because he sings the song of victory, while he should be spreading his ranks for the battle; if he succeed, he loses even the inaccurate measure of himself which he before possessed, attempts greater, and still greater achievements, and is sure at last to fail, because it is the easiest of all things, to find difficulties superior to human powers.

A very vain person is seldom a very happy person; he lives under no certain law; the rule of his conduct is the caprice of those with whom he lives; he never knows to-day what he is to do to-morrow, and is constantly acting a part, before an audience, who become difficult to please in proportion as he is desirous to please them; he lives in constant perturbation, and is ever flushed with triumph, or pale with despair; he is a slave in essence, who feels that he has not dignity to be free, and erects every man he meets into a master and a lord. This love of praise, so strongly enfixed in our nature, it is rather our duty to direct, than to extinguish: the excellence which requires neither to be encouraged, nor corrected, exists not in the world; the commendation, or censure of enlightened men, is, perhaps, the best test here below, of the purity and wisdom of what we intend, and the propriety and success of what we do; and a wise man will always make this use of the decisions of the world; when he is blamed, he will listen with sacred modesty to the collected wisdom of many men, he will measure back his footsteps on the path of life; and which ever way he decides, he will know, that he has either obtained success or deserved it; he will receive praise as a probable, not as a certain evidence that he is right; nay, he will do more, he will rejoice in the approbation of his fellow-creatures; every feeling of his heart will

expand; it will cheer him in his long struggle, and dissipate that melancholy, which the best sometimes feel at the triumph of folly, and the fortune of vice.

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#### MORAL EDUCATION.

WE have abundant reason for gratitude to Heaven, and to those instruments in the hands of Heaven, our worthy ancestors, for the numerous and excellent institutions of learning, and means of education which we in this country enjoy.—For the most part, we evince our gratitude for them by the value which we set upon them; though we are not yet grateful enough, for we do not yet value them highly enough.—We do not value them highly enough, because we do not correctly appreciate nor universally understand the great purpose and end of instruction. Many among us are not in the habit of regarding this purpose as a moral purpose, and this end as a moral end. We are afraid that, from the poorest to the richest of us, the mind is considered as the principal object of education, and the information of the mind as education's peculiar and ultimate design. Though there exists very remarkably in our country, or at least in this part of our country, a great desire in parents to secure an education to their children, and a general willingness to spend their money for this gift, yet we believe that it is common for the poor to bestow what means of education they can on their children, under the sole idea of preserving them from the disgrace and the inconvenience of ignorance, and for the rich to furnish their children with every accomplishment which wealth can command, with the predominant impression and hope that they are qualifying them to push their way in the world, and make a figure in the eyes of society. They do not seem to extend their views, or if at all, not with a due anxiety, to that far nobler and more important office of education, which is simply and beautifully described in the words of the prophet Ezekiel. They seem not to apprehend that it confers its best and most finished endowment on their offspring, only when it has taught them 'the difference between the holy and profane, and caused them to discern between the unclean and the clean.'

This is education's perfect work. When it has done this, it has done every thing; and till it has done this, it has done

nothing effectually. Who has a finished education, as far as any education may be called finished? Not he who is often complimented by the world on its possession. Not he who has been through all the most expensive schools, and yet without learning his duty to God and his neighbor. No; if he is master of all accomplishments; if his brain is filled to its remotest cell, with all manner of knowledge, and still he does not discern, or does not act as if he discerned, between the unclean and the clean, his education is not finished in the most important respect; it is imperfect; it has stopped short of its destination, for it has stopped short of true wisdom, and the pupil is as yet immature, superficial, unfurnished. Who has a finished education? He has it, who, though he may have only learned to read and write, has learned, beside, the difference, the immense difference, between the holy and profane; has cultivated his moral capacities; has acquired sound opinions, and firm principles, and good habits; has preferred and chosen the paths and the rewards of virtue. His education is really finished, for its true end is attained; it has given him the wisdom to perceive, the ability to discharge, his personal, his social, his religious obligations; it has placed him as a column in the great fabric of human relations; and though he may not adorn that fabric, to the eye, as much as some other columns which art has more carefully enriched, he supports it quite as well in the simple beauty of strength and durability.

We mean not to say, that every thing which informs and enlarges and embellishes the mind, has not a natural tendency to educate the heart, and establish the character on enduring foundations. We cannot be such recreants to the noble cause and holy faith of letters. We believe that education, in all its fulness, and all its variety, has a powerful and beneficial influence on morals. It is precisely because we believe this, that we say it is never finished till it has exerted that influence; morals being its end. Mind is its first object, but it is not its only, nor its final object. Through the mind it must reach the moral sentiments and convictions, or it reaches not its mark. This is but a partial education, which does not lead its pupil to the knowledge and the practice of duty. That is a complete education, the education of a man, which makes a man feel himself one; an accountable creature of God; a free and a noble spirit, discerning the difference between the holy and profane, the unclean and the clean, and

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renouncing the evil and embracing the good, for his own sake, for society's sake, and for God's sake.

That by such an education, and in no other way, or in no other way so well, some of the greatest blessings of life are to be widely and permanently secured, we have no doubt.— If such an education is impracticable to any greater extent and degree than has already been attained, then, with all our faith in human improvement, we should be obliged to acknowledge that no further improvement was to be hoped for, in this world. A few remarks on some of the advantages which can only result from a general and thorough system of moral education, will best explain our reasons for attributing to it so great an importance.

We must be permitted to say, then, that we know not in what other way the best political blessings are to be secured to our country. We are as prosperous, as powerful, and as free as we are, chiefly because we have been thus far, and comparatively speaking, an intelligent and a moral people; because knowledge has been remarkably diffused among us, and our habits have been simple, and for the most part virtuous and religious. But luxury has increased with our wealth, corruption with our numbers, and ambition with our strength. The virtue which carried us through the time of our tribulation, may relax and be dissolved in the time of our prosperity. Those principles of honesty and justice and freedom which we only wrapped the more closely about us while the storms of persecution and poverty were blowing, may be loosened and perhaps thrown off under the warm sun of plenty and ease. It was a day of peril and of trial, when, to guard their rights and liberties against an arrogant and superior force, our fathers stood on the brink 'few and faint, yet fearless still,' and dared and suffered the worst; but if we are not greatly mistaken, our country may see a day more perilous and trying than that; the day when it will have to contend with the passions and the pride and the lust of its own children. If it escape from such a trial safely and with honor, it will be only owing to the prevailing moral sentiment of the people, diffused through their mass by all the efforts and means of a moral education.

We form a republic. We are all politically equal. The right of government is shared by every individual in the nation; and Heaven forbid that it should be otherwise. But this right of government must be delegated somewhere. We must

have rulers like other nations. We appoint these rulers ourselves, and in their hands we place in trust much of our happiness. What is to secure to us good rulers, rulers who will respect and watch that sacred deposit, but the widest diffusion of correct opinions and feelings through the influences of a moral education? What is to secure us against unprincipled rulers, but a deep respect for principle, and a stern, uncompromising demand for men of principle, and a universal determination to bestow no confidence on talent alone without principle? What is to secure us against the winding, specious, flattering arts of political quacks and demagogues, but an understanding sufficiently informed to detect those arts, and a virtue sufficiently elevated to despise them? What, in fine, is to carry the best men to the highest and most responsible places, but the existence and the predominance in the community of worth, of moral worth, which will appreciate and sympathize with, and seek out worth like its own, for honor, office, and trust? And how shall we secure this moral worth in the community, unless it is instilled, guarded, and confirmed by all the influences and appliances of a moral education universally diffused.

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SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

AND what, again we ask, is to preserve us from a national passion for war and the deeds of war, an admiration of military fame, a love of dominion, a thirst for conquest? What is to preserve us from these things, which have been among the deepest stains and curses of the world from the world's childhood, but a general sentiment, which, with purged and undazzled eyes, shall view war rather as a scourge, a judgment, than as a theatre of glory? Why should we not go on, as other nations have gone on, extending our possessions by the sword, and losing them by the sword, attacking and attacked, spoiling and spoiled, and devoting treasure, talent, and life, to the insane purpose of fighting with the rest of the world, and entailing on ourselves that misery, be it splendid or otherwise, which is always entailed by ambitious war, unless we are taught by experience and religion to regard war as that last, terrible resort, which good men in all ages, though not, alas! the multitude, have considered it to be? If we feel and think on this and kindred subjects as other

nations have thought and felt, why should we not take the path of other nations, and stride on through luxury, and what is called glory, to ruin and oblivion?

Every thing depends, under Providence, on the education and intellectual and moral habits of our people. Where each man has, as here, a voice and a vote, the fate of the whole hangs on the disposition and character of the majority. If the majority, the great mass of the nation, are brought up to entertain sober views, to regard consequences, to suspect their passions and respect their reason, to divest themselves of sectional prejudices, to study the things that make for peace, to know and to feel the difference between the holy and profane, and to value virtue more than fame or eloquence or any thing else that can be named, then there can be no fear for our liberty, our prosperity, our union, or stability; no fear of enemies without or factions within, no fear of bad rulers, or misguided mobs, or any permanently evil influence, for power will be righteous, and righteousness will be all powerful; there will be a natural junction of right and might which nothing human can overcome and disturb. But if the majority are to grow up uninformed, undisciplined, discerning nothing but the present, and that but partially and passionately, overflowing with local and petty antipathies, south against north, and east against west, easily inflamed, easily led, and always most easily by the most interested guides, then fear may augur the worst.

These remarks are made without any reference to the present promises or prospects of the country, which we are willing to believe are of a favorable description. We have merely been drawing inferences from the nature of our government. We, the people, govern ourselves. The main object of our solicitude, therefore, an object of far more importance than any temporary question of party politics, should be, to know *how* to govern ourselves, or, which with us amounts to the same thing, how we ought to be governed. In other words, our first political duty is a moral self-education, as thorough as possible, and as widely diffused. If we faithfully attend to this duty, it requires little sagacity to predict that our destiny is a truly glorious one, the most glorious that has yet been achieved on earth. If we neglect it, it requires as little to foresee, that if our fortune is not to be more melancholy than that of other nations has been, it will differ

but little from the common course; we shall follow in the beaten track, and pursue the accustomed trade,

'A wild and dreamlike trade of blood and guile,  
Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile!'

But we will pass from this topic, which may be thought to be of too general a nature, and touch upon one or two others which are more special and definite.

Let us speak of the influence of a moral education in suppressing or checking a vice which has been said, but we hope not truly, to be more common in this country than in any other. Whether more common or not, it is fearfully prevalent, and comparison is altogether unnecessary to impress us with a vivid sense of its magnitude. We mean the vice of intemperance. We need not describe it, its nature, character, or consequences. We need not tell how odious and degrading it is in itself, and how often it becomes the parent of other vices, as bad or worse. Its ravages have been so extensive and terrible, that within a few years the public attention has been most seriously directed to it, and various measures have been proposed and tried with the design of arresting its progress. For this purpose, societies have been formed, sermons have been preached, tracts have been distributed, newspapers have been established. These means have in some degree, perhaps we should say, in a great degree, effected their end. Let them not be sneered at because they have not effected every thing. There was never a society formed yet, by sensible men, with a moral object in view, which did not accomplish something toward that object. United thoughts suggest expedients, and united efforts arrest public attention. Thus much has been done, if no more, by the societies which have been formed for the suppression of intemperance. From the nature of the case, this is about all which they can do, or ought to be expected to do. Much remains to be done by education, by moral education, which nothing but a moral education can do. The lessons of moderation must be particularly enforced on the young. They must be made to see the sure connection between intemperance and shame and misery. They must be made to consider a spectacle of intoxication in the street, as a subject, not of mirth, but of pity and dread. They must be taught that there are other and better social pleasures than that of drinking; that there are other and more effectual consolations

in sorrow than that of drinking; and those pleasures and those consolations must be placed before them, and within their reach. They must be taught to feel that they have a nature too high and heavenly in its origin and capacities, to be enslaved to an indulgence lower than brutal. They must respect it, and fear to wrong and insult and debase it. They must be led to exercise self-government; to know their own strength, and to rejoice in it; to feel themselves superior to a poor temptation of appetite; to feel it to be impossible that they could ever sacrifice their respectability, their substance, their health, their talents, the feelings of their friends, and the favor of their God, to the vile solicitations of intemperance.

These are lessons which can and must be taught, more assiduously than they ever yet have been. These lessons of wisdom, prudence, and duty, begin at the beginning, and by preventing the vice, do better than cure it. They may be inculcated by various instructors, and in ten thousand different ways. They may be taught to the poor, as well as to the rich. There is nothing chimerical in the idea of such instruction. If there is, the idea of any improvement in this respect is chimerical. One thing appears to us very evident, which is, that nothing but lessons of morality and soberness, well taught and well learned, will make us a sober people; for nothing but a moral elevation will raise us above a moral reproach; and those who are low in their thoughts, sentiments, and principles, will be also low, and you cannot help it, in their pleasures and tastes.

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#### EXTRACTS

*From Remarks on the Character of Bonaparte.*

THERE has always existed, and still exists, a mournful obtuseness of moral feeling in regard to the crimes of military and political life. The wrong doing of public men on a large scale, has never drawn upon them that sincere, hearty abhorrence which visits private vice. Nations have seemed to court aggression and bondage, by their stupid, insane admiration of successful tyrants. The wrongs from which men have suffered most, in body and mind, are yet unpunished. True, Christianity has put into our lips censures on the aspiring and the usurping. But these reproaches are as yet

little more than sounds, and unmeaning common places. They are repeated for form's sake. When we read or hear them, we feel that they want depth and strength. They are not inward, solemn, burning convictions, breaking from the indignant soul with a tone of reality, before which guilt would cower. The true moral feeling in regard to the crimes of public men is almost to be created.

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We are willing to grant that war, abhor it as we may, often developes and places in strong light, a force of intellect and purpose, which raises our conceptions of the human soul. There is, perhaps, no moment in life, in which the mind is brought into such intense action, in which the will is so strenuous, and in which irrepressible excitement is so tempered with self-possession, as in the hour of battle. Still the greatness of the warrior is poor and low, compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion; the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth; who, alone, unsupported and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove, such a man is as superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us, to the low earth we tread beneath our feet.

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Military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius; for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. We grant that a mind which takes in a wide country at a glance, and understands almost by intuition the positions it affords for a successful campaign, is a comprehensive and vigorous one. The general who disposes his forces so as to counteract a greater force; who supplies by skill, science and genius, the want of numbers; who dives into the counsels of his enemy, and who gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee, manifests great power. But still, the chief work of a general is to apply physical force; to remove physi-

cal obstructions; to avail himself of physical aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order; and, accordingly, nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul; in imagination and taste, in the capacity of enjoying works of genius, in large views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings. The office of a great general does not differ widely from that of a great mechanician, whose business it is to frame new combinations of physical forces, to adapt them to new circumstances, and to remove new obstructions. Accordingly great generals, away from the camp, are commonly no greater men than the mechanician taken from his work shop. In conversation they are often dull. Works of profound thinking on general and great topics, they cannot comprehend. The conqueror of Napoleon, the hero of Waterloo, undoubtedly possesses great military talents; but we have never heard of his eloquence in the senate, or of his sagacity in the cabinet; and we venture to say, that he will leave the world, without adding one new thought on the great themes, on which the genius of philosophy and legislature has meditated for ages. We will not go down for illustration to such men as Nelson, a man great on the deck, but debased by gross vices, and who never pretended to enlargement of intellect. To institute a comparison in point of talent and genius between such men, and Milton, Bacon, and Shakspeare, is almost an insult on these illustrious names. Who can think of these truly great intelligences; of the range of their minds through heaven and earth; of their deep intuition into the soul; of their new and glowing combinations of thought; of the energy with which they grasped and subjected to their main purpose, the infinite materials of illustration which nature and life afford; who can think of the forms of transcendent beauty and grandeur which they created, or which were rather emanations of their own minds; of the calm wisdom and fervid impetuous imagination which they conjoined; of the dominion which they have exerted over so many generations, and which time only extends and makes sure; of the voice of power, in which, though dead,

they still speak to nations, and awaken intellect, sensibility, and genius in both hemispheres; who can think of such men and not feel the immense inferiority of the most gifted warrior, whose elements of thought are physical forces and physical obstructions, and whose employment is the combination of the lowest class of objects, on which a powerful mind can be employed.

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All despotism, whether usurped or hereditary, is our abhorrence. We regard it as the most grievous wrong and insult to the human race. But towards the hereditary despot we have more of compassion than indignation. Nursed and brought up in delusion, worshipped from his cradle, never spoken to in the tone of fearless truth, taught to look on the great mass of his fellow beings as an inferior race, and to regard despotism as a law of nature and a necessary element of social life; such a prince, whose education and condition almost deny him the possibility of acquiring healthy moral feeling and manly virtue, must not be judged severely. Still, in absolving the despot from much of the guilt which seems at first to attach to his unlawful and abused power, we do not the less account despotism a wrong and a curse. The time for its fall, we trust, is coming. It cannot fall too soon. It has long enough wrung from the laborer his hard earnings; long enough squandered a nation's wealth on its parasites and minions; long enough warred against the freedom of the mind, and arrested the progress of truth. It has filled dungeons enough with the brave and good, and shed enough of the blood of patriots. Let its end come. It cannot come too soon.

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#### APOSTROPHE TO EDUCATION.

NURSE of my country's infancy, her stay  
 In youthful trials and in dangers day;  
 Diffusive Education! 'tis to thee;  
 She owes her mountain-breath of Liberty;  
 To thee she looks, through time's illusive gloom,  
 To light her path and shield her from the tomb;  
 Beneath thine *Aegis*, tyranny shall fail,  
 Before thy frown the traitor's heart shall quail;  
 Ambitious foes to liberty may wear

A patriot mask, to compass what they dare,  
And sting the thoughtless nation, while they smile  
Benignantly and modestly the while;  
But thou shalt rend the virtuous-seeming guise,  
And guard her from the worst of enemies.  
Eternal power! whose tempted thunder sleeps,  
While heaven-eyed mercy turns away and weeps;  
Thou didst lead our fathers where to send  
Their free devotions to their God and friend;  
Thou who hast swept a wilderness away,  
That men may walk in freedom's cloudless day;  
Guard well their trust, lest impious faction dare,  
Unlock the chain that binds our birthright fair;  
That private views to public good may yield,  
And honest men stand fearless in the field!

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SUNRISE FROM MOUNT WASHINGTON.

THE laughing hours have chased away the night,  
Plucking the stars out from her diadem.—  
And now the blue-eyed Morn, with modest grace,  
Looks through her half-drawn curtains in the east,  
Blushing in smiles and glad as infancy.  
And see! the foolish Moop, but now so vain  
Of borrowed beauty, how she yields her charms,  
And, pale with envy steals herself away!  
The clouds have put their gorgeous livery on,  
Attendant on the day—the mountain tops  
Have lit their beacons, and the vales below  
Send up a welcoming;—no song of birds,  
Warbling to charm the air with melody,  
Floats on the frosty breeze; yet nature hath  
The very soul of music in her looks!  
The sunshine and the shade of poetry.

I stand upon thy lofty pinnacle,  
Temple of Nature! and look down with awe  
On the wide world beneath me, dimly seen;  
Around me crowd the giant sons of earth,  
Fixed on their old foundations, unsubdued;  
Firm as when first rebellion bade them rise  
Unrified to the Thunderer—now they seem  
A family of mountains, clustering round

Their hoary patriarch, emulously watching  
 To meet the partial glances of the day.  
 Far in the glowing east the flickering light,  
 Mellowed by distance, with the blue sky blending,  
 Questions the eye with ever-varying forms.

The sun comes up! away the shadows fling,  
 From the broad hills—and, hurrying to the West,  
 Sport in the sunshine, 'till they die away.  
 The many beauteous mountain-streams leap down,  
 Out-welling from the clouds, and sparkling light  
 Dances along with their perennial flow.  
 And there is beauty in yon river's path,  
 The glad Connecticut! I know her well,  
 By the white veil she mantles o'er her charms:  
 At times, she loiters by a ridge of hills,  
 Sportfully hiding—then again, with glee,  
 Out-rushes from her wild-wood lurking-place.  
 Far as the eye can bound, the ocean-waves,  
 And hills and rivers, mountains, lakes and woods,  
 And all that hold the faculty entranced,  
 Bathed in a flood of glory, float in air,  
 And sleep, in the deep quietude of joy.

There is an awful stillness in this place,  
 A Presence, that forbids to break the spell,  
 'Till the heart pour its agony in tears.  
 But I must drink the vision while it lasts;  
 For even now the curling vapours rise,  
 Wreathing their cloudy coronals, to grace  
 These towering summits—bidding me away:  
 But often shall my heart turn back again,  
 Thou glorious eminence! and when oppressed,  
 And aching with the coldness of the world,  
 Find a sweet resting-place and home with thee.

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#### SOURCES OF RELIGION.

THERE is religion in every thing around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in as it were, unawares upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement. It has no terror; no gloom

in its approaches. It does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of its author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit which pervades and quickens it.

It is written on the arched sky. It looks out from every star. It is on the sailing cloud, and in the invisible wind. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth—where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind, with its dark waves of green foliage. It is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is the poetry of nature. It is this which uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation:—which breaks, link after link, the chains that bind us to materiality; and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

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#### RELIGION.

RELIGION has planted itself, in all the purity of its image and sufficiency of its strength, at the threshold of human misery; and is empowered to recall the wanderers from their pilgrimage of wo, and direct them in the path of heaven. It has diffused a sacred joy in the abodes of poverty and wretchedness; it has illuminated the dungeon of the captive; it has effaced the wrinkles from the brow of care, shed a gleam of sacred joy to the chamber of death, gladdened the countenance of the dying with a triumphant enthusiasm, and diffused throughout the earth a faint foretaste of the blessings of futurity. It is as benign as the light of heaven, and comprehensive as its span. And it is in the eye of the christian, that it quickens perseverance with the promises of reward, reanimates the drooping spirit, invigorates the decrepitude of age and directs with a prophetic ken to the regions of eternal felicity. Like the sun, it gilds every object with its rays, without being diminished in its lustre, or shorn of its power.

## THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,  
In every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, or by sage,  
The universal Lord!

Thou great first cause! least understood;  
Who all my sense confined,  
To know but this;—that thou art good,  
And that myself am blind.

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me, more than hell, to shun,  
That, more than heaven, pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives;  
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound;  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw;  
And deal damnation round the land  
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong, O teach my heart  
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride  
Or impious discontent,  
At aught thy wisdom has denied,  
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo,  
To hide the fault I see;  
That mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am,—not wholly so,  
 Since quickened by thy breath,—  
 O! lead me, wheresoe'er I go,  
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot;  
 But all beneath the sun  
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;  
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all beings raise,  
 All nature's incense rise.

#### THE INWARD PRINCIPLE ALWAYS THE SAME.

'RELIGION is neither a discovery of the enlightened man, unknown to the ignorant man, nor an error of the ignorant man, from which he who is enlightened can free himself; but an indestructible principle, a disposition inherent in man. All that in material things belongs to nature, to the universe, to immensity; every thing in the moral world which excites tenderness and enthusiasm; the sight of a glorious action, of a generous sacrifice, of a danger courageously encountered, of the sorrow of another relieved or comforted, of a contempt for vice, of devotion to misfortune, of resistance to tyranny, rouses and cherishes this mysterious disposition; and if a habit of self-exaltation leads a man to smile at this, he will nevertheless smile at it with a secret shame, which he hides under an appearance of irony; for a silent instinct still teaches him that he is doing violence to the noblest part of his being.

But it is necessary to distinguish between the inward principle and the forms, between the religious sentiment and religious institutions. The inward principle is always the same, immutable, eternal; the form is variable and transitory. Thus the fact that any religious form is attacked, the fact that philosophy points its reasonings, irony its sarcasms, intellectual liberty its indignation, against this form; the fact that in Greece, for example, Evhemeros dethrones the gods of Olympus; the fact that at Rome Lucretius proclaims the mortality of the soul, and the vanity of our hopes; the fact

that still later Lucian insults the Homeric dogmas, or Voltaire the dogmas of his time; in fine, the fact that a whole generation seems to applaud the contempt with which they overwhelmed a long venerated faith—all these facts do not prove that man is willing to part with religion. It only proves that the form thus attacked, being no longer adapted to the human mind, the religious sentiment has separated itself from it.

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THE APOSTLE PAUL'S

*Noble defence before Festus and Agrippa.*

AGRIPPA said unto Paul, thou art permitted to speak for thyself.—Then Paul stretched forth his hand, and answered for himself.

I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself this day before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially, as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning—if they would testify—that after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers; to which promise, our twelve tribes, continually serving God day and night, hope to come; and, for this hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused by the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth: and this I did in Jerusalem. Many of the saints I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests: and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I often punished them in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto foreign cities. But as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at mid-day, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun,

shining round about me, and them who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking to me and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, who art thou, Lord? And he replied, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. But rise, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things, which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentile, to whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance amongst them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but showed first to them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and through all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple; and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue to this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses declared should come: that Christ should suffer; that he would be the first who should rise from the dead; and that he would show light to the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spoke for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, 'Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad. But he replied, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth these things, before whom I also speak freely. I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him: for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Then Agrippa said to Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' And Paul replied, 'I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds.

## THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

IN that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discolored foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss; where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into a most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forward with the liveliest expression of ardor in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view; and the summit of the highest they could before discern, seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: 'the mountain before thee,' said he, 'is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.'

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When pleasure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions

from the road, that his feeble companions often outstripped him. I observed that the muses beheld him with partiality; but truth often frowned and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him, who had first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal, and uninterrupted steadiness; for, besides the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist: and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more steep and rugged; the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill tasted; their sight grew dim; and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the passions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of ignorance, or the mansions of misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers who were endeavoring to draw away the votaries of truth from the path of science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence,—for so she was called,—far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from *beneath* their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom,

before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy langor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulf of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of indolence. The captives of appetite and passion would often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep, to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of indolence was constant and unremitted; and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain! But while, with uncommon ardor, I was pronouncing this exclamation, I saw standing beside me, a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. 'Happier,' said she, 'are they whom Virtue conducts to the Mansions of Content.' 'What,' said I, 'does Virtue then reside in the vale?' 'I am found,' said she, 'in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence, and to him that wishes for me, I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity!' While Virtue was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my slumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward; and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

## THE NOTES OF THE BIRDS.

WELL do I love those various harmonies  
That ring so gayly in Spring's budding woods,  
And in the thickets, and green, quiet haunts,  
And lonely copses of the Summer-time,  
And in red Autumn's ancient solitudes.

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,  
Or crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down  
With any of the ills of human life;  
If thou art sick and weak, or mournest at the loss  
Of brethren gone to that far distant land  
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,  
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—  
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear  
The thrilling music of the forest birds.

How rich the varied choir. The unquiet finch  
Calls from the distant hollows, and the wren  
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,  
And the thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs  
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid  
Amid the lowly dogwood's snowy flowers,  
And the blue jay flits by, from tree to tree,  
And, spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear  
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the robin comes,  
And in her simple song there seems to gush  
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth  
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom  
Of the deep twilight falls, she takes her perch  
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig,  
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song  
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn  
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest-field,  
And the gay company of reapers bind  
The bearded wheat in sheaves,—then peals abroad  
The blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,  
Bold plunderer, thy mellow burst of song  
Float from thy watch place on the mossy tree  
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone whippoorwill,  
There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,  
Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.  
Oft-times, when all the village lights are out,  
And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant  
Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes  
His lodging in the wilderness of woods,  
And lifts his anthem when the world is still:  
And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man  
And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dew  
To the red roses and the herbs, doth find  
No eye, save thine, a watcher in her halls.  
I hear thee oft at midnight, when the thrush  
And the green, roving linnet are at rest,  
And the blithe, twittering swallows have long ceased  
Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines  
The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge  
Is seldom visited by human foot,  
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks  
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness:  
And you may find her by some reedy pool,  
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,  
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom,  
Gray watcher of the waters! Thou art king  
Of the blue lake; and all the winged kind  
Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.  
How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,  
And seest the shining fishes as they glide;  
And, poisoning thy gray wing, thy glossy beak  
Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.  
Ofttimes I see thee, through the curling mist,  
Dart, like a spectre of the night, and hear  
Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream  
Of one whose life is perishing in the sea.

And now, wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear  
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye  
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,  
And find them midst those many colored birds  
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues

Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones  
 Are sweeter than the music of the lute,  
 Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush  
 So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

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TO A HUMMING BIRD.

BIRD of the Summer bower!  
 Whose burnished plumage to the air is given,  
 How thy bill dips in each luxuriant flower,  
 How thy wing fleets thro' heaven!

Thou seemest to Fancy's eye  
 An animated blossom born in air;  
 Which breathes and bourgeons in the golden sky  
 And sheds its odours there.

Thou seem'st a rainbow hue  
 Touched by the sunbeam into life and light;  
 As cuts thy rosy wing the welkin thro'  
 In its eternal flight.

Thou art not born of Earth!  
 Thy home is in the free and pathless air!  
 The wild flower eglantine bloom'd on thy birth,  
 And threw its fragrance there.

The green and spangled dell,  
 For thee diffuses its sweet scent and hue:  
 Thou drinkest, from the tulips ample bell,  
 The late and early dew.

I love, sweet bird! to see  
 Thy crimson plumage in the morning clear.—  
 Thy gambols,—thy capricious revelry  
 In the thin atmosphere.

How thou art full of life—  
 How art thou joyous thro' thy transient hour—  
 For thee, the morning air with sweets is rife—  
 For thee blooms the May bower.

Go forth, on thy glad way!  
 The Eagle of an hundred years, is not  
 So happy in his towering pride of sway,  
 As thou, in thy brief lot!

## SPRING.

WHILE beauty clothes the fertile vale,  
 And blossoms on the spray,  
 And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale,  
 How sweet the vernal day!

How kind the influence of the skies!  
 Soft show'rs, with blessings fraught,  
 Bid verdure, beauty, fragrance rise,  
 And fix the roving thought.

O let my wond'ring heart confess,  
 With gratitude and love,  
 The bounteous hand that deigns to bless  
 The garden, field, and grove.

That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,  
 Beyond expression kind,  
 Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,  
 To bless the craving mind.

Inspir'd to praise, I then shall join  
 Glad nature's cheerful song;  
 And love and gratitude divine  
 Attune my joyful tongue.

## THE VILLAGE GRAVE-YARD.

'Why is my sleep disquieted?  
 Who is he that calls the dead?'—BYRON.

IN the beginning of the fine month of October, I was traveling with a friend in one of our northern states, on a tour of recreation and pleasure. We were tired of the city, its noise, its smoke, and its unmeaning dissipation; and, with the feelings of emancipated prisoners, we had been breathing, for a few weeks, the perfume of the vales, and the elastic atmosphere of the uplands. Some minutes before the sunset of a most lovely day, we entered a neat little village, whose tapering spire we had caught sight of at intervals an hour before, as our road made an unexpected turn, or led us to the top of a hill. Having no motive to urge a farther progress, and being unwilling to ride in an unknown country

after night-fall, we stopped at the inn, and determined to lodge there.

Leaving my companion to arrange our accommodations with the landlord, I strolled on toward the meeting-house. Its situation had attracted my notice. There was much more taste and beauty in it than is common. It did not stand, as I have seen some meeting-houses stand, in the most frequented part of the village, blockaded by wagons and horses, with a court-house before it, an engine-house behind it, a store-house under it, and a tavern on each side; it stood away from all these things, as it ought, and was placed on a spot of gently rising ground, a short distance from the main road, at the end of a green lane; and so near to a grove of oaks and walnuts, that one of the foremost and largest trees brushed against the pulpit window. On the left, and lower down, there was a fertile meadow, through which a clear brook wound its course, fell over a rock, and then hid itself in the thickest part of the grove. A little to the right of the meeting-house was the grave-yard.

I never shun a grave-yard—the thoughtful melancholy which it inspires is grateful rather than disagreeable to me—it gives me no pain to tread on the green roof of that dark mansion, whose chambers I must occupy so soon—and I often wander from choice to a place, where there is neither solitude nor society—something human is there—but the folly, the bustle, the vanities, the pretensions, the competitions, the pride of humanity, are gone—men are there, but their passions are hushed, and their spirits are still—malevolence has lost its power of harming—appetite is sated, ambition lies low, and lust is cold—anger has done raving, all disputes are ended, all revelry is over, the fellest animosity is deeply buried, and the most dangerous sins are safely confined by the thickly-piled clods of the valley—vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the trump of the archangel, and the voice of God.

I never shun a grave-yard, and I entered this. There were trees growing in it, here and there, though it was not regularly planted; and I thought that it looked better than if it had been. The only paths were those, which had been worn by the slow feet of sorrow and sympathy, as they followed love and friendship to the grave, and this too was well, for I dislike a smoothly rolled gravel-walk in a place *like this*. In a corner of the ground rose a gentle knoll, the

top of which was covered by a clump of pines. Here my walk ended; I threw myself down on the slippery couch of withered pine leaves, which the breath of many winters had shaken from the boughs above, leaned my head upon my hand, and gave myself up to the feelings which the place and the time excited.

The sun's edge had just touched the hazy outlines of the western hills; it was the signal for the breeze to be hushed, and it was breathing like an expiring infant, softly and at distant intervals, before it died away. The trees before me, as the wind passed over them, waved to and fro, and trailed their long branches across the tomb-stones, with a low, moaning sound, which fell upon the ear like the voice of grief, and seemed to utter the conscious tribute of nature's sympathy over the last abode of mortal man. A low, confused hum came from the village; the brook was murmuring in the wood behind me; and, lulled by all these soothing sounds, I fell asleep.

But whether my eyes closed or not, I am unable to say, for the same scene appeared to be before them, the same trees were waving, and not a green mound had changed its form. I was still contemplating the same trophies of the unsparing victor, the same mementos of human evanescence. Some were standing upright; others were inclined to the ground; some were sunk so deeply in the earth, that their blue tops were just visible above the long grass which surrounded them; and others were spotted or covered with the thin yellow moss of the grave-yard. I was reading the inscriptions on the stones which were nearest to me—they recorded the virtues of those who slept beneath them, and told the traveller that they hoped for a happy rising. Ah! said I—or I dreamed that I said so—this is the testimony of wounded hearts—the fond belief of that affection, which remembers error and evil no longer; but could the grave give up its dead—could they, who have been brought to these cold dark houses, go back again into the land of the living, and once more number the days which they had spent there, how differently would they then spend them! and when they came to die, how much firmer would be their hope! and when they were again laid in the ground, how much more faithful would be the tales, which these same stones would tell over them! the epitaph of praise would be well deserved

by their virtues, and the silence of partiality no longer required for their sins.

I had scarcely spoken, when the ground began to tremble beneath me. Its motion, hardly perceptible at first, increased every moment in violence, and it soon heaved and struggled fearfully; while in the short quiet between shock and shock, I heard such unearthly sounds, that the very blood in my heart felt cold—subterraneous cries and groans issued from every part of the grave-yard, and these were mingled with a hollow crashing noise, as if the mouldering bones were bursting from their coffins. Suddenly all these sounds stopped—the earth on each grave was thrown up—and human figures of every age, and clad in the garments of death, rose from the ground, and stood by the side of their grave-stones. Their arms were crossed upon their bosoms—their countenances were deadly pale, and raised to heaven. The looks of the young children alone were placid and unconscious—but over the features of all the rest a shadow of unutterable meaning passed and repassed, as their eyes turned with terror from the open graves, and strained anxiously upward. Some appeared to be more calm than others, and when they looked above, it was with an expression of more confidence, though not less humility; but a convulsive shuddering was on the frames of all, and on their faces that same shadow of unutterable meaning. While they stood thus, I perceived that their bloodless lips began to move, and, though I heard no voice, I knew, by the motion of their lips, that the word would have been—Pardon!

But this did not continue long—they gradually became more fearless—their features acquired the appearance of security, and at last of indifference—the blood came to their lips—the shuddering ceased, and the shadow passed away.

And now the scene before me changed. The tombs and grave-stones had been turned, I knew not how, into dwellings—and the grave-yard became a village. Every now and then I caught a view of the same faces and forms, which I had seen before—but other passions were traced upon their faces, and their forms were no longer clad in the garments of death. The silence of their still prayer was succeeded by the sounds of labor, and society, and merriment. Sometimes, I could see them meet together with inflamed features and angry words, and sometimes I distinguished the outcry of violence, the oath of passion, and the blasphemy of sin.

And yet there were a few who would often come to the threshold of their dwellings, and lift their eyes to heaven, and utter the still prayer of pardon—while others passing by would mock them.

I was astonished and grieved, and was just going to express my feelings, when I perceived by my side a beautiful and majestic form, taller and brighter than the sons of men, and it thus addressed me—'Mortal! thou hast now seen the frailty of thy race, and learned that thy thoughts were vain. Even if men should be wakened from their cold sleep, and raised from the grave, the world would still be full of enticement and trials; appetite would solicit and passion would burn, as strongly as before—the imperfections of their nature would accompany their return, and the commerce of life would soon obliterate the recollection of death. It is only when this scene of things is exchanged for another, that new gifts will bestow new powers, that higher objects will banish low desires, that the mind will be elevated by celestial converse, the soul be imbued with immortal vigor, and man be prepared for the course of eternity.' The angel then turned from me, and with a voice, which I hear even now, cried, 'Back to your graves, ye frail ones, and rise no more, till the elements are melted.' Immediately a sound swept by me like the rushing wind—the dwellings shrunk back into their original forms, and I was left alone in the grave-yard, with nought but the silent stones and the whispering trees around me.

The sun had long been down—a few of the largest stars were timidly beginning to shine, the bats had left their lurking places, my garments were wet with the dew, and I was chilled by the breath of evening. I arose, and returned to the inn.

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#### INTEGRITY, FORTITUDE, AND HOPE.

THE man, whose firm and equal mind  
To solid glory is inclin'd,  
Determin'd will his path pursue,  
And keep the godlike prize in view.

His calm, undaunted, manly breast,  
Of virtue, honor, truth possest,  
Will stem the torrent of the age,  
And fearless tread this mortal stage.

Amidst th' assailing ills of life,  
 Pride, passion, malice, envy, strife;  
 He'll act his part without disguise,  
 Intrepid, gen'rous, just, and wise.

In conscious rectitude secure,  
 This man, unshaken, shall endure  
 Of human woes the num'rous train,  
 Oppression, bondage, sickness, pain.

And when, at last, th' eternal Pow'r  
 Shall fix th' irrevocable hour;  
 That solemn hour which none can fly,  
 Since 'tis decreed that all must die:

Conscious of sov'reign mercy near,  
 Its voice shall banish ev'ry fear,  
 While faith and hope in joys to come,  
 Waft him to realms beyond the tomb.

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#### THE TRUE PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

It is a noble faculty of our nature, which enables us to connect our thoughts, our sympathies, and our happiness, with what is distant in place or time; and, looking before and after, to hold communion at once with our ancestors and our posterity. Human and mortal although we are, we are, nevertheless, not mere insulated beings, without relation to the past or the future. Neither the point of time nor the spot of earth, in which we physically live, bounds our rational and intellectual enjoyments. We live in the past by a knowledge of its history, and in the future by hope and anticipation. By ascending to an association with our ancestors; by contemplating their example and studying their character; by partaking their sentiments, and imbibing their spirit; by accompanying them in their toils; by sympathizing in their sufferings, and rejoicing in their successes and their triumphs,—we mingle our own existence with theirs, and seem to belong to their age. We become their contemporaries, live the lives which they lived, endure what they endured, and partake in the rewards which they enjoyed. And in like manner, by running along the line of future time; by contemplating the probable fortunes of those who are coming after us; by attempting something which may promote their hap-

piness, and leave some not dishonorable memorial of ourselves for their regard when we shall sleep with the fathers,—we protract our own earthly being, and seem to crowd whatever is future, as well as all that is past, into the narrow compass of our earthly existence. As it is not a vain and false, but an exalted and religious imagination, which leads us to raise our thought from the orb which, amidst this universe of worlds, the Creator has given us to inhabit, and to send them with something of the feeling which nature prompts, and teaches to be proper among children of the same Eternal Parent, to the contemplation of the myriads of fellow-beings, with which his goodness has peopled the infinite of space; so neither is it false or vain to consider ourselves as interested or connected with our whole race through all time; allied to our ancestors; allied to our posterity; closely compacted on all sides with others; ourselves being but links in the great chain of being, which begins with the origin of our race, runs onward through its successive generations, binding together the past, the present, and the future, and terminating, at last, with the consummation of all things earthly, at the throne of God.

There may be, and there often is, indeed, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes only a weak pride; as there is also a care for posterity, which only disguises an habitual avarice, or hides the workings of a low and grovelling vanity. But there is, also, a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart. Next to the sense of religious duty and moral feeling, I hardly know what should bear with stronger obligation on a liberal and enlightened mind, than a consciousness of alliance with excellence which is departed; and a consciousness, too, that, in its acts and conduct, and even in its sentiments, it may be actively operating on the happiness of those who come after it. Poetry is found to have few stronger conceptions, by which it would affect or overwhelm the mind, than those in which it presents the moving and speaking image of the departed dead to the senses of the living. This belongs to poetry only because it is congenial to our nature. Poetry is, in this respect, but the handmaid of true philosophy and morality. It deals with us as human beings, naturally reverencing those whose visible connection with this state of being is severed, and who may yet exercise, we know not what sympathy with ourselves;—and when it carries us forward,

also, and shows us the long-continued result of all the good we do, in the prosperity of those who follow us, till it bears us from ourselves, and absorbs us in an intense interest for what shall happen to the generations after us, it speaks only in the language of our nature, and affects us with sentiments which belong to us as human beings.

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#### IN THE DIALECT

*Of Christianity, Usefulness is the measure of Greatness.*

THE decision of our faith on the subject of greatness is conveyed in a few impressive words. When the disciples were contending which should be the greatest, their Master said, 'Whoever would be chief among you, let him be your servant.' Now, by 'servant,' we understand, one who performs a service for another in hope of a reward; and as to his being 'chief,' we understand it as referring to a future life, where they that have been humble on earth shall be exalted, and the proud brought low. But this is a wretched limitation of its meaning. To us, these words seem to be meant as a definition of true glory. Their meaning spreads and deepens beneath our view, and instead of applying to a single relation of human life, they are found to be a guide to human greatness, and a measure for human applause. They show that the things commonly supposed to be high, are not so in reality; and in this new dialect of Christianity, to be respectable, means to be useful, and they that are of most service to others, are actually the chief among men.

We have no doubt that the time will come when usefulness will be the measure of glory, and the amount of energy spent in the service of others, will form the only efficient claim to the admiration of enlightened minds. But now, this matter is but poorly understood. In the common walks of life, men seem ambitious to reach that state where they can be most idle and useless; and they are so weak and blind as to reverence those who injure and destroy them, more than those who endeavor to do them good. To serve others, is counted hardship, humiliation, and self-denial, and men profess to submit to it in the hope of a future reward; but in reality, to serve others is honorable; to do good, though in humble ways, is honorable, and the greatest among men are

those who labor with the greatest powers and the warmest self-devotion in the service of their fellow men.

The doctrine of Christianity on this subject, is that of sense and reason, but it is not the one that prevails in the world. To be able to command the services of others, and render nothing in return; to be able to sit in state, and see others tremble; to be able to let all the faculties of body and mind rest in lazy luxury; to have a right to cumber the ground by a useless existence, is the exalted condition which has inspired most human ambition. And this idle and false impression sprang from savage life. Man, in his wild and unimproving, and therefore his unnatural state, abhors activity of body or mind. Nothing but hunger, necessity, or overpowering passion can rouse the savage to exertion, and when the excitement is over, he rejoices to subside to rest. This, as might be expected, is still the feeling of the uncultivated among civilized men. The savage state is that of war, and as we have inherited its taste for war, we have also borrowed from it our notions of greatness and glory.

Even the ancient prophets, when collecting their ideas of greatness to form the character of God, being obliged to give such representations as men could understand, encouraged and sustained this impression. They adored him simply as a God of power. They thought of him as sitting in the solitude of his unapproachable glory. They had no idea of a being present at all times in all parts of the vast creation, moving and upholding all by his might. They did not know what was truly great. Therefore, they degraded the divine character in reality, while they were exalting it in the eyes of men. Nothing could be more natural than that an error so universal, should lead to excesses; and we conceive that military glory rests on this foundation. If it was not honorable to serve men, it was but one step further to count it honorable to injure and destroy them; and hence it is, that the names of so many who deserved to die for their crimes, are yet floating on the admiring breath of men, their glory measured by the lands they have desolated and filled with mourning, and by the rivers of blood they have caused to flow; and this path of glory leads to a greatness almost equally unfeeling, guilty, and revolting. Such was the empire which crowned the treason to the human race, of the Cæsars of old, and the Napoleons of modern time.

But we take encouragement from the thought that the

world is opening its eyes. There is no longer, among enlightened men at least, so blind and passionate an admiration of these great offenders; and it is hardly necessary to say that when the admiration ceases, the ambition will soon go down. We feel grateful to our religion for opening this new path of distinction, though it is not yet beaten hard by the numbers that have walked therein. The rich man is not so much flattered in his uselessness; the warrior no longer feels as if he could carve out a durable monument with his sword alone; the whole heraldry of destroying spirits are growing dim in the morning light. And since men have learned that those are but poisonous laurels that grow on the field of blood, they are beginning to discover that the divinest spirit on earth is that of the living and dying martyr; the one, pressing forward in the service of his race, with a zeal that no ingratitude can depress and no obstacles withstand; the other 'with a face like an angel's,' lighted up by the serenity within, calmly surrendering his life in lingering waste or sudden torture, to extend the blessings of truth, freedom and happiness, to the less favored among men.

If it be asked upon what foundation we rest this hope that useful intellectual exertion will hereafter be the measure of greatness, we may say, in general terms, upon the improvement of the human race. The military passion and the useless greatness which have so long engrossed ambition, are the vestiges of barbarous times, and in proportion as men grow enlightened, they cut themselves loose from these delusions. We have a familiar example in ancient Greece. The military profession was honorable, it is true, because it was essential to the existence of its little states; but we find the command of armies entrusted to orators and statesmen, to those who had given no proofs of military talent, evidently upon the presumption that the greater implied the less; that men who had displayed abilities of the highest order, could not be wanting in the lower attributes of mind. Such must always be the case, as men grow enlightened. Their admiration, their honors, and all that inspires and rewards exertion is transferred to intellectual achievements, and military exploits are valued only when they come under this description. The hero who directs the operations of some vast campaign, anticipating hostile designs, foreseeing and providing for distant chances, planning the vast machinery which seems wild and purposeless to common eyes, but moves on at last like a

decree of fate to its object through a brilliant list of victories, is revered for the intellectual resources which he discovers; while the one whose claim to renown rests upon fortunate accidents, or unforeseen and successful actions, who manifests only that courage which every man must be supposed to possess till he has proved himself deficient, and which in its best estate belongs at least as much to the body as the mind, sinks to the level of vulgar applause.

It may be a question, whether more decided usefulness meets as yet with its due measure of applause. But the name of Howard is now a title of honor; and that of Wilberforce is one of those by which the age will be remembered. We could mention other living names which the world delights to honor. And we are not sure that he who adds to the treasures of science, enlarges the boundaries of thought, and inspires in others an ambition to cherish and use the intellectual gifts of God, is less a benefactor to his race, than he who removes the immediate pressure of evils. To make known the laws of the Heavens, confers as substantial benefits on the mariner, as building lighthouses or retreats for the shipwrecked along the shore. But our admiration grows warmer, not according to the benefits received, but the dangers and hardships encountered. This is as it should be. For he is the best friend of man, who promotes the happiness of others at the greatest expense of his own.

No one certainly has more to do than the historian, with this great principle of Christianity. He must regard it in order to keep up with his age. All intellectual improvement throws the religion into bolder relief, and shows how plainly it was intended for a living letter; meant to govern, not only in the action of life, but in the more peaceful province of the mind. If he has the least spark of that interest in his race, without which history should not be written, every page will glow with the spirit of religion; not the cold, unsocial, gloomy spirit that too often bears the name, but with the spirit of philanthropy, with an earnest desire to record every benevolent deed with honor, with a heart that burns within him as he writes it down; and he will do all he can to dispel that insane delusion, to prevent that mad suicide of its best interests, which makes the world worship those who fill it with suffering and drench it with blood. This would interest every historian as a curious problem in moral feeling—that men should regard conscience and duty as a re-

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straint which the humble must obey, and the great may break violently through, regarding these offenders, as astronomers once looked on the vagrant orbs that sometimes shoot through the system, treating their disastrous revolutions as subject to no heavenly law; that men, generally so wide awake to sympathy with the oppressed, should on these occasions always take part with the destroyer, follow him with curses neither loud nor deep, cheer him onward in the blaze of his fame, and weep with thoughtful sensibility over his fall.

We express our hope and firm belief, that histories will hereafter be written more in the spirit of Christianity. The religion of Jesus Christ is only another name for improvement. It affords us just measures of the value and importance of all earthly and heavenly things. The historian, who would retain his influence in the ages to come, must employ them, and give up those old standards which the world will sooner or later outgrow. When great violations of duty are no longer invited nor rewarded by misplaced applause, the unholy ambition will also expire for want of that which now feeds its flame; and we wish that those who are now living might not taste of death, till they see usefulness the measure of greatness, and the man who does most in the service of others the most honored among men.

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#### THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

We find in the life of Jesus a union of qualities, which had never before met in any being on this earth. We find imbodied in his example the highest virtues both of active and of contemplative life. We see united in him a devotion to God the most intense, abstracted, unearthly, with a benevolence to man the most active, affectionate and universal.— We see qualities meet and harmonize in his character, which are usually thought the most uncongenial. We see a force of character, which difficulties cannot conquer, an energy which calamity cannot relax, a fortitude and constancy which sufferings can neither subdue nor bend from their purpose; connected with the most melting tenderness and sensibility of spirit, the most exquisite susceptibility to every soft and gentle impression. We see in him the rare union of zeal and moderation, of courage and prudence, of compassion and firmness. We see superiority to the world, without

gloom or severity, or indifference or distaste to its pursuits and enjoyments. In short, there is something in the whole conception and tenor of our Savior's character so entirely peculiar, something which so realizes the ideal model of the most consummate moral beauty; something so lovely, so gracious, so venerable and commanding, that the boldest infidels have shrunk from it overawed, and, though their cause is otherwise desperate, have yet feared to profane its perfect purity. One of the most eloquent tributes to its sublimity, that was ever uttered was extorted from the lips of an infidel. 'Is there any thing in it,' he exclaims, 'of the tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners; what touching grace in his instructions; what elevation in his maxims; what profound wisdom in his discourses; what presence of mind, what skill and propriety in his answers; what empire over his passions! Where is the man, where is the sage, who knows how to act, to suffer and to die, without weakness and without ostentation.—When Plato paints his imaginary just man covered with all the ignominy of crime, and yet worthy of all the honors of virtue, he paints in every feature the character of Christ.—What prejudice, what blindness must possess us to compare the son of Sophroniscus to the son of Mary! How vast the distance between them! Socrates, dying without pain and without ignominy, easily sustains his character to the last; and, if this gentle death had not honored his life, we might have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was any thing more than a sophist. The death of Socrates, philosophizing tranquilly with his friends, is the most easy that one could desire; that of Jesus, expiring in torture, insulted, mocked, execrated by a whole people, is the most horrible that one can fear. Socrates, when he takes the poisoned cup, blesses him who weeps as he presents it; Jesus, in the midst of the most dreadful tortures, prays for his infuriated executioners.—Yes! if the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are wholly divine.'

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AUTUMN.

SWEET Sabbath of the year,  
While evening lights decay,

Thy parting steps methinks I hear  
Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent flowers  
'Tis sad, but sweet, to dwell,  
Where falling leaves and drooping flowers  
Around me breathe farewell.

Along thy sunset skies  
Their glories melt in shade,  
And, like the things we fondly prize,  
Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak  
Thy dying leaves disclose;  
As, on Consumption's waning cheek,  
'Mid ruin, blooms the rose.

Thy scene each vision brings  
Of beauty in decay;  
Of fair and early faded things,  
Too exquisite to stay;—


Of joys that come no more;  
Of flowers whose bloom is fled;  
Of farewells wept upon the shore;  
Of friends estranged or dead;—

Of all that now may seem,  
To Memory's tearful eye,  
The vanished beauty of a dream,  
O'er which we gaze and sigh.

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#### THE DYING RAVEN.

Come to these lonely woods to die alone?  
It seems not many days since thou wast heard,  
From out the mists of spring, with thy shrill note,  
Calling unto thy mates—and their clear answers.  
The earth was brown, then; and the infant leaves  
Had not put forth to warm them in the sun,  
Or play in the fresh air of heaven. Thy voice,  
Shouting in triumph, told of winter gone;  
And prophesying life to the sealed ground,  
Did make me glad with thoughts of coming beauties.



And now they're all around us;—offspring bright  
 Of earth,—a mother, who, with constant care,  
 Doth feed and clothe them all.—Now o'er her fields,  
 In blessed bands, or single, they are gone,  
 Or by her brooks they stand, and sip the stream;  
 Or peering o'er it—vanity well feigned—  
 In quaint approval seem to glow and nod  
 At their reflected graces.—Morn to meet,  
 They in fantastic labors pass the night,  
 Catching its dews, and rounding silvery drops  
 To deck their bosoms.—There, on tall bald trees,  
 From varnished cells some peep, and the old boughs  
 Make to rejoice and dance in the unseen winds.  
 Over my head the winds and they make music;  
 And, grateful, in return for what they take,  
 Bright hues and odors to the air they give.

Thus mutual love brings mutual delight—  
 Brings beauty, life;—for love is life;—hate, death.

*Thou prophet of so fair a revelation,—*  
 Thou who abod'st with us the winter long,  
 Enduring cold or rain, and shaking oft,  
 From thy dark mantle, falling sleet or snow,—  
 Thou, who with purpose kind, when warmer days  
 Shone on the earth, midst thaw and steam, cam'st forth  
 From rocky nook, or wood, thy priestly cell,  
 To speak of comfort unto lonely man,—  
 Didst say to him,—though seemingly alone  
 'Midst wastes and snows, and silent, lifeless trees, •  
 Or the more silent ground,—that 'twas not death,  
 But nature's sleep and rest, her kind repair;—  
 That thou, albeit unseen, did'st bear with him  
 The winter's night, and, patient of the day;  
 And cheered by hope,—instinct divine in thee,—  
 Waitedst return of summer.

More thou saidst,  
 Thou priest of nature, priest of God, to man!  
 Thou spok'st of faith,—than instinct no less sure,—  
 Of spirits near him, though he saw them not:  
 Thou bad'st him ope his intellectual eye,  
 And see his solitude all populous:  
 Thou showd'st him Paradise, and deathless flowers;

And didst him pray to listen to the flow  
Of living waters.

Preacher to man's spirit!  
Emblem of hope! Companion! Comfort!  
Thou faithful one! is this thine end? 'Twas thou,  
When summer birds were gone, and no form seen  
In the void air, who cam'st living and strong,  
On thy broad, balanced pennons, through the winds.  
And of thy long enduring, this the close!  
Thy kingly strength brought down, of storms  
Thou conqueror!

The year's mild, cheering dawn  
Upon thee shone a momentary light.  
The gales of spring upbore thee for a day,  
And then forsook thee. Thou art fallen now;  
And liest amongst thy hopes and promises—  
Beautiful flowers, and freshly-springing blades—  
Gasping thy life out.—Here for thee the grass  
Tenderly makes a bed; and the young buds  
In silence open their fair, painted folds—  
To ease thy pain, the one—to cheer thee, these.  
But thou art restless; and thy once keen eye  
Is dull and sightless now. New blooming boughs,  
Needlessly kind, have spread a tent for thee.  
Thy mate is calling to the white, piled clouds,  
And asks for thee. No answer give they back.  
As I look up to their bright, angel faces,  
Intelligent and capable of voice  
They seem to me. Their silence to my soul  
Comes ominous. The same to thee, doomed bird,  
Silence or sound. For thee there is no sound,  
No silence.—Near thee stands the shadow, Death;—  
And now he slowly draws his sable veil  
Over thine eyes. Thy senses soft he lulla  
Into unconscious slumbers. The airy call  
Thou'lt hear no longer. 'Neath sun-lighted clouds,  
With beating wing, or steady poise aslant,  
Thou'lt sail no more. Around thy trembling claws  
Droop thy wings' parting feathers. Spasms of death  
Are on thee.

Laid thus low by age? Or is't  
All-grudging man has brought thee to this end?

Perhaps the slender hair, so subtly wound  
 Around the grain God gives thee for thy food,  
 Has proved thy snare, and makes thine inward pain.

I needs must mourn for thee. For I—who have  
 No fields, nor gather into garner—I  
 Bear thee both thanks and love, not fear nor hate.

And now, farewell! The falling leaves, ere long,  
 Will give thee decent covering. Till then,  
 Thine own black plumage, which will now no more  
 Glance to the sun, nor flash upon my eyes,  
 Like armor of steeled knight of Palestine,  
 Must be thy pall. Nor will it moult so soon  
 As sorrowing thoughts on those borne from him, fade  
 In living man.

Who scoffs these sympathies  
 Makes mock of the divinity within;  
 Nor feels he, gently breathing through his soul,  
 The universal spirit.—Hear it cry,  
 ‘How does thy pride abase thee, man, vain man!  
 How deaden thee to universal love,  
 And joy of kindred, with all humble things—  
 God’s creatures all!’

And surely it is so.  
 He who the lily clothes in simple glory,  
 He who doth hear the raven’s cry for food.  
 Hath on our hearts, with hand invisible,  
 In signs mysterious, what alone  
 Our hearts may read.—Death bring thee rest, poor bird.

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#### WAR.

CONSIDER the influence of war on the character of those who make it their trade. They let themselves for slaughter, place themselves servile instruments, passive machines in the hands of rulers, to execute the bloodiest mandates, without a thought on the justice of the cause in which they are engaged. What a school is this for the human character? From men trained in battle to ferocity, accustomed to the perpetration of cruel deeds, accustomed to take human life without sorrow or remorse, habituated to esteem an un-

thinking courage a substitute for every virtue, encouraged by plunder to prodigality, taught improvidence by perpetual hazard and exposure, restrained only by an iron discipline which is withdrawn in peace, and unfitted by the restless and irregular career of war for the calm and uniform pursuits of ordinary life; from such men, what ought to be expected but contempt of human rights and of the laws of God? From the nature of his calling the soldier is almost driven to sport with the thought of death, to defy and deride it, and of course, to banish the thought of that retribution to which it leads; and though of all men the most exposed to sudden death, he is too often of all men most unprepared to appear before his judge.

The influence of war on the community at large, on its prosperity, its morals, and its political institutions, though less striking than on the soldiery, is yet baleful. How often is a community impoverished to sustain a war in which it has no interest. Public burdens are aggravated, whilst the means of sustaining them are reduced. Internal improvements are neglected. The revenue of the state is exhausted in military establishments, or flows through secret channels into the coffers of corrupt men, whom war exalts to power and office. The regular employments of peace are disturbed. Industry in many of its branches is suspended. The laborer, ground with want, and driven to despair by the clamor of his suffering family, becomes a soldier in a cause which he condemns, and thus the country is drained of its most effective population. The people are stripped and reduced, whilst the authors of war retrench not a comfort, and often fatten on the spoils and woes of their country.

The influence of war on the morals of society is also to be deprecated. The suspension of industry multiplies want; and criminal modes of subsistence are the resource of the suffering. Commerce, shackled and endangered, loses its upright and honorable character, and becomes a system of stratagem and collusion. In war, the moral sentiments of a community are perverted by the admiration of military exploits. The milder virtues of Christianity are eclipsed by the baleful lustre thrown round a ferocious courage. The disinterested, the benignant, the merciful, the forgiving, those whom Jesus has pronounced blessed and honorable, must give place to the hero, whose character is stained not *only* with blood, but sometimes with the foulest vices, but

all whose stains are washed away by victory. War especially injures the moral feelings of a people by making human nature cheap in their estimation, and human life of as little worth as that of an insect or a brute.

War diffuses through a community unfriendly and malignant passions. Nations, exasperated by mutual injuries, burn for each others' humiliation and ruin. They delight to hear that famine, pestilence, want, defeat, and the most dreadful scourges which Providence sends on a guilty world, are desolating a hostile community. The slaughter of thousands of fellow beings, instead of awakening pity, flushes them with delirious joy, illuminates the city, and dissolves the whole country in revelry and riot. Thus the heart of man is hardened. His worst passions are nourished. He renounces the bonds and sympathies of humanity. Were the prayers, or rather the curses of warring nations prevalent in heaven, the whole earth would long since have become a desert. The human race, with all their labors and improvements, would have perished under the sentence of universal extermination.

But war not only assails the prosperity and morals of a community; its influence on the political condition is threatening. It arms government with a dangerous patronage, multiplies dependents and instruments of oppression, and generates a power, which, in the hands of the energetic and aspiring, endangers a free constitution. War organizes a body of men, who lose the feelings of the citizen in the soldier; whose habits detach them from the community; whose ruling passion is devotion to a chief; who are inured in the camp to despotic sway; who are accustomed to accomplish their ends by force, and to sport with the rights and happiness of their fellow beings; who delight in tumult; adventure, and peril; and turn with disgust and scorn from the quiet labors of peace. Is it wonderful, that such protectors of a state should look with contempt on the weakness of the protected, and should lend themselves base instruments to the subversion of that freedom which they do not themselves enjoy? In a community, in which precedence is given to the military profession, freedom cannot long endure. The encroachments of power at home are expiated by foreign triumphs. The essential interests and rights of the state are sacrificed to a false and fatal glory. Its intelligence and vigor, instead of presenting a bulwark to domestic usurp-

tion, are expended in military achievements. Its most active and aspiring citizens rush to the army, and become subservient to the power which dispenses honor. The nation is victorious, but the recompense of its toils is a yoke as galling as that which it imposes on other communities.

Thus, war is to be ranked among the most dreadful calamities which fall on a guilty world; and, what deserves consideration, it tends to multiply and perpetuate itself without end. It feeds and grows on the blood which it sheds. The passions, from which it springs, gain strength and fury from indulgence. The successful nation, flushed by victory, pants for new laurels; whilst the humbled nation, irritated by defeat, is impatient to redeem its honor and repair its losses.—Peace becomes a truce, a feverish repose, a respite to sharpen anew the sword, and to prepare for future struggles. Under professions of friendship lurk hatred and distrust; and a spark suffices to renew the mighty conflagration. When from these causes, large military establishments are formed, and a military spirit kindled, war becomes a necessary part of policy. A foreign field must be found for the energies and passions of a martial people. To disband a numerous and veteran soldiery, would be to let loose a dangerous horde on society. The bloodhounds must be sent forth on other communities, lest they rend the bosom of their own country.—Thus war extends and multiplies itself. No sooner is one storm scattered, than the sky is darkened with the gathering horrors of another. Accordingly, war has been the mournful legacy of every generation to that which succeeds it. Every age has had its conflicts. Every country has in turn been the seat of devastation and slaughter. The dearest interests and rights of every nation have been again and again committed to the hazards of a game, of all others the most uncertain, and in which, from its very nature, success too often attends on the fiercest courage and the basest fraud.

Such, my friends, is an unexaggerated, and I will add, a faint delineation of the miseries of war; and to all these miseries and crimes the human race have been continually exposed, for no worthier cause, than to enlarge an empire already tottering under its unwieldy weight, to extend an iron despotism, to support some idle pretension, to repel some unreal and exaggerated injury. For no worthier cause, human blood has been poured out as water, and millions of rational and immortal beings have been driven like sheep to the field of slaughter.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.  
 When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.  
 Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track,  
 'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.  
 I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.  
 Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
 From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
 My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.  
 Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;  
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

## BATTLE OF WARSAW.

WHEN leagu'd Oppression pour'd to northern wars  
 Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,  
 Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;  
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,  
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,  
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—  
 Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave.  
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!

By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd  
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;  
Firm pac'd, and slow, a horrid front they form,  
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,  
Revenge or death,—the watchword and reply;  
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—  
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,  
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!  
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,  
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—  
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,  
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—  
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,  
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below;  
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!  
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!  
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,  
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,  
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
And make her arm puissant as your own!  
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return  
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

## INVOCATION TO GRECIAN ENERGY.

GENIUS of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps,  
 Well pleas'd, I follow thro' the sacred paths  
 Of Nature and of Science;—Nurse divine  
 Of generous counsels and heroic deeds!  
 O let the breath of thy extended praise  
 Inspire my kindling bosom to the height  
 Of this untempted theme! Nor be my thoughts  
 Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm  
 Which Hesper sheds along the vernal heaven,  
 I steal, impatient, from the sordid haunts  
 Of strife and low Ambition, and the gloom  
 Of vulgar Superstition, to attend,  
 With hymns, thy presence, in the sylvan shade  
 By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.  
 Descend, propitious, to my favor'd eye!  
 Such in thy mien—thy warm exalted air,  
 As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd, and stung  
 With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth  
 To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;  
 And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,  
 Crouch'd like a slave.

Bring all thy martial spoils,  
 Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs;  
 Thy smiling band of arts; thy godlike sires  
 Of civil wisdom; thy heroic youth,  
 Warm from the schools of glory! Guide my way  
 Thro' fair Lyceum's walk, the olive shades  
 Of Academus,—and the sacred vale,  
 Haunted by steps divine! where, once, beneath  
 That ever-living plantane's ample boughs,  
 Ilissus, by Socratic sounds detain'd,  
 On his neglected urn, attentive, lay;—  
 While Boreas, lingering on the neighboring steep,  
 Withauteous Orithyea, his love tale,  
 In silent awe, suspended: there let me,  
 With blameless hand, from thy unenvious fields  
 Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn  
 My native clime; while far above the flight  
 Of fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock  
 The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join

Thy name thrice honor'd! with the immortal praise  
Of nature;—while to my compatriot youth  
I point the high example of thy sons,  
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

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#### OBSTACLES TO THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

OUR first remark is, that there is great danger of resting satisfied with superficial knowledge. It is the popular impression, that the attainment of knowledge is an extremely easy matter, requiring hardly an effort of the mind, except the mere act of receiving what is offered to its grasp. So much has been said of bringing the great truths of science within the reach of the humblest aspirant, and of making them the common property and blessing of every, even the lowest class, that we begin to imagine the oldfashioned hard study of our gigantic scholars, fit only for a cloistered devotee. We forget that the mind contains within itself the principles of its own development, and requires long and steady efforts of self-discipline to unfold in their beauty and proportion its mighty powers. That knowledge is little worth, in acquiring which the intellect is a mere passive recipient. To make it truly valuable the mind must act upon it with the concentrated energy of its various powers. It may be pleasant enough to dream an hour after dinner among the fantastic imaginings of a wandering fancy, or to doze over the last new novel or poem. It may be an agreeable pastime, and not altogether useless, to listen to a series of popular lectures. But, unless all this results in an increased excitement of the intellect to put forth its powers of action, and find out truth for itself, most of the benefit ends, with the pleasure, at the moment of enjoyment. Truth, knowledge, is too precious a boon to be had merely for the asking, and he who expects to win it on such easy terms, will find himself wofully disappointed. It was patient, unremitted thought, that gave Newton his immeasurable pre-eminence above the loftiest spirits of his time. It was untiring, resistless self-study that enabled Locke to thread his way though the otherwise inextricable mazes of metaphysical speculation. From the original principles of our nature, the conclusion is irresistibly certain, that no real knowledge, no true intellectual eminence, can be attained without hard labor. And happy

is it for us that such is our constitution. It gives security to virtue, and is the most unerring guide to the highest happiness earth has to bestow. Who would exchange the satisfaction derived from the consciousness of having won truth, by long, laborious, and faithful study, the pure and serene delight of gazing upon a beautiful prospect from an eminence he has reached by his own vigorous efforts, for the greatest conceivable mass of untoiled for knowledge, heaped upon the inert intellect, and smothering and deadening its noble faculties beneath the oppressive weight?

Another obstacle to the progress of knowledge, is the waste of time in disputing upon the utility, whether absolute or comparative, of certain kinds of information. We remark, first, that any kind of knowledge, however far removed from what is called, in the cant of the day, *practically useful*, is worthy to employ the labor of a rational being. The object of attaining knowledge is twofold. It promotes the physical happiness, and increases the conveniences and luxuries of the present life, as witnessed in the superiority of the civilized over the savage state; and it tends to elevate our moral and intellectual nature, as instanced in the superiority of the poor man of letters over the wealthy *ignoramus*. These generally, but not always, coincide. In training the mind in a way to act its part well here, and to prepare itself for a higher state of existence, regard must be paid to both these ends. Some kinds of knowledge tend immediately to the promotion of physical comfort, and remotely to intellectual elevation. That these are exceedingly important, we are far from denying. Every new application of scientific truth to the practical arts of life, we hail as a blessing to the whole family of man, and as entitling its author to a place among the benefactors of his age. But the danger is, lest we rest satisfied with the *means* and forget the *end*—lest we limit our aspirations to bodily comfort, leaving out of the question a matter of incomparably higher moment, the happiness of the mind. Wealth is desirable, not in itself—for in itself, a piece of gold is of less value than the same weight of iron; but because it is the means of procuring happiness—not the happiness of the body merely, except so far as that is subservient to the happiness of the soul, but the happiness arising from moral and intellectual dignity. Yet how many spend the precious hours of youth

and manhood to attain a mass of worldly treasure, to be brooded over in an ignorant and cheerless old age.

If, then, the ultimate aim of all knowledge is, or should be, moral and intellectual happiness, we must allow some importance to that knowledge which bears directly upon this kind of happiness; nay, we will go so far as to assert, that it ought to hold the highest place in the education of a rational being. The development of the intellect, the cultivation of the taste, the refining and exalting of the fancy, the exciting an inextinguishable thirst to drink deeper and deeper at the fountains of truth—these are the objects of a truly elevated education. Whatever, in the world about us and the world within us, is presented to the cognizance of our minds, is worthy to be seriously embraced; for thus are we enabled to approach nearer to the source of all truth, the throne of the eternal. The vague use of the word *practical* has led to many absurd conclusions. We hear it applied to one kind of knowledge, and that too, not in reference to an end, but to a means, as if the knowledge, which we have just alluded to, were not equally, nay, more practical, in the high and true sense of that term, as contributing to the elevation of the mind.

In the exact proportion in which the mass of the people become intelligent, will the melancholy perversions of our moral powers be corrected; and in the same proportion that these obstacles to knowledge are removed, will the removal of future obstacles be facilitated. Knowledge alone can display to men the full extent of that liberty with which Christ hath made us free. Knowledge, alone, can teach men to distinguish between the ravings of self-conceited bigotry, and the true impulses of christian zeal; between the indiscriminate denunciations of vulgar fanaticism, and the earnest, yet calm and gentle admonitions of evangelical piety.

Our deep and anxious interest in the progress of knowledge, with which we believe the dearest hopes of humanity are indissolubly linked, has led us to point out what we conceive to be some of the most important obstacles in its way. The voice of history and of reason is with us, when we give to knowledge this pre-eminent importance. The political revolutions of the world, which stand out so glaringly from the pages of history, mournfully remind us of the fate, which has awaited nations as great, as powerful, as majestic, as our own beloved republic, and which may await her too, unless

men learn to follow where true knowledge leads the way. The real interests of our race have been warred with by the stern and destroying passions of conquerors, and the multitude have shouted mad pæans while dragged after their chariot wheels. And as to the history of the church,—what is the lesson taught by her flames of martyrdom, her inquisition, and her almost infernal refinements in cruelty? Is it that the spirit of christian love breathes a divine influence in regions overshadowed by the clouds of ignorance? Is it that our holy faith beams with a more celestial radiance, when the mind, in the purest depths of which that faith serenely dwells, is shrouded in a bewildering mist which the sun of knowledge has not yet pierced? Is the lesson such that we may confidently expect a millenium for christianity without an effort to improve the heart by kindling the light of mind? We answer unhesitatingly, no. The voice of reason is with us. The mind is gifted with powers capable of infinite expansion. The more these powers are called into action and improved by knowledge of whatever sort, the readier must be its comprehension of the sublime truths of religion, the highest and noblest objects of the soul. Let him, then, who would do good service to his country and to his religion, use his utmost to promote the cause of true knowledge, either by contributing to its actual advancement, or by removing the obstacles to its progress.

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#### VINDICATION OF CLASSICAL STUDIES.

OF all the objections to classical literature, that which denounces it as the study not of things but words, is the most superficial objection. There ought to be no bigotry on this subject, and we may grant, that a man may be a proficient in any department of natural science, may even be a model of good writing, like Dr. Franklin, may distinguish himself as a statesman, nay, may charm the world with wisdom, poetry, and nature, like Shakspeare; and like him, too, in the language of Johnson, have ‘small Latin and less Greek:’—but the question is not what can be done in the secret primitive organization of the mind, nor what miracles Providence may work on distinguished intellects. Nobody thinks to make Shakspeares, Franklins, or Washingtons by a more or less judicious course of education. If any one were so sim-

ple, we doubt still whether he would fix on deer-stealing and holding noblemen's carriages at a play house, like Shakspeare; or setting types as a journeyman printer, like Franklin; or surveying with a chain and theodolite, like Washington, as, upon the whole, the best methods, respectively, for training up rivals to those great men. Sir Richard Arkwright was originally a journeyman barber, and followed his trade in a cellar under the name of 'subterraneous shaving.' The greatest proficient in oriental literature, which this country has produced, the late Mr. Harris, was an indifferent copper-plate engraver. Such instances are quoted to prove that a classical education is not necessary to great eminence in useful science, or even to profound literature. But we have strong doubts, whether there is another barber of the day likely to invent a spinning jenny; or another engraver's apprentice, who will make himself master of the Semitic dialects. The question is, what kind of school education is the best for the mass of young, volatile, bright or stupid, docile or froward spirits, who, on the present plan, are put down at the age of eight to the Latin grammar.

But it is said, still, that the study of the languages is the study not of things but words. This, however, is a most narrow discrimination. What becomes of ideas, of thoughts, of feelings, of the art of expression? It may perhaps be assumed, without rashness, that in all free countries, *communication* of mind with mind is the most important object of education of every kind. This communication is effected by written and spoken words, so that this object, so much sneered at, so invidiously contrasted with things, turns out, after all, to be itself the one thing—humanly speaking—needful. It is, indeed, almost beyond the limits of pardonable paradox to have the name of things conferred on hexahedral crystals and asymptotic lines, that always approach and never touch; while the great vehicle of thought and feeling, the band which unites, and the engine which moves all the social combinations of men, is derided as 'words.'

If any one then will grant that, after all, words are among the most important of things, but will still qualify, and say that classical study deals not with words, as the signs of thought, but in a merely grammatical view, we deny altogether the assertion. The study of classical literature, like poetry, like architecture, like statuary, does indeed require a combination of seemingly opposite things, some very high, and

some very humble. An accomplished statuary must, on the one hand, be a good stone-cutter, and on the other, must have a soul filled with all grand and lovely images, and be able to embody ideal beauty. The architect must know what pressure can be put on different sorts of timber, and what kind of mortar will bind strongest and shrink least, and must have also courage to plant his moles against the heaving ocean, and to hang his ponderous domes and gigantic arches in the air; while his taste must be able to combine the rough and scattered blocks of the quarry into beautiful and elegant structures. The poet must know, with a school master's precision, the weight of every syllable and what vowel follows most smoothly on what consonant; at the same time, that he must be inspired with images, with visions, with thoughts, beyond the power of language to do more than shadow forth. This mixture of great and little, seems to be the essential condition of our natures, that lay hold, on the one side of eternal life, and tend, on the other, to dust and ashes. The surgeon must at once have a mind that penetrates the dark recesses of organic life, and be able to hold a lancet in his left hand to cut into the eye. The lawyer must be able to reason from the noblest principles of human duty; and must comprehend at a glance, the mighty maze of human relations, and must, at the same time, be conversant with a tissue of the most arbitrary fictions and artificial technology that ever disgraced a liberal science. The general must be capable alike of calculating for a twelve month in advance the result of a contest, in which all the power, resource, strength, and spirit of two great empires, on land and at sea, enter and struggle; and he must have an eye that can tell how the stone walls and trenched meadows, the barns, and the woods, and cross roads of a neighborhood will favor or resist the motions of a hundred thousand men, scattered over a space of five miles, in the fury of the advance or the agony of flight, covered with smoke, dust, and blood. The merchant must be able to look, at the same moment, at the markets and exchanges of other countries and the other hemisphere, and combine considerations of the political condition, the natural wants, the tastes, and habits of different parts of the world, and he must be very apt at figures, understand book keeping by double entry, and be as willing to look after a quarter chest of tea as a cargo of specie. In like manner, the student of classical literature must be conversant, it is true, with

grammar, prosody, and syntax; he must, as has been ingeniously, though invidiously said, be able to 'conjugate, decline, and derive;' but, on the other hand, he deals more directly than any one else with the finest intellectual processes. He marks the effort of the mind to discriminate and express its most delicate perceptions; he traces the secret source of the pathetic, the sublime, the agreeable, to the deliberate or instinctive choice, now of the phrase, which gathers in the widest circle of associated images, and now of the expression, which presents the leading thought, in its most simple form; and his profession is to be the minister of the soul and understand the whole system, by which the unseen spirit converses with kindred beings and future ages. His science is not the invention of the schools, the dream of literary monks. Tenses and modes, and conjugations were not made within the walls of a library; but by thinking, speaking, and acting men:—by the primitive lawgivers, the pioneers of civilization; by elder bards, poets, and prophets of infant humanity; by the mind of man struggling, through its articulate organs, to converse with other minds. The grammarian came, ages after, found the phenomena, and gave them their names; but to suppose the structure of languages to be the grammarian's work, would be to suppose that Newton made the stars or Werner the mountains.

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GREECE.

HE who hath bent him o'er the dead  
 Ere the first day of death is fled,  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress,  
 —Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,—  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there,  
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
 The langor of the placid cheek,  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
     That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
 Appeals the gazing mourner's heart,

As if to him it could impart  
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
 Yes, but for these and these alone,  
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
 So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
 The first, last look by death reveal'd!  
 Such is the aspect of this shore;  
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start, for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away!  
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth!

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#### RESPECTABILITY

*Independent of one's occupation.*

It is impossible, in our free and liberal forms of government, that respectability should depend on the mode of life, which, among the vast variety of human pursuits, a man has selected for himself. How a man's duty is performed, is the true subject of inquiry. Real respectability is undoubtedly as great, when the moral and intellectual faculties are employed at the bench of the artisan, as in the forum or at the merchant's desk. But public opinion may be influenced by general conduct. If a man, with the energy of a parent's love, insists that to promote his son's interests, he will not permit him to follow his own employment, what is such conduct but the most effectual of all modes of declaring, that there are other avocations more respectable and desirable than his own? That something of this kind has occurred here, is too obvious to require any illustration. Men of most industrious habits have used the success which has crowned their efforts, not in continuing them with the accumulated impulse of experience and practice, and the aid of good judg-

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ment and long observation, but in making an effort at excellence, and for their children, in other professions, sometimes indeed with like favorable results, and sometimes with a failure as lamentable as it is severe. It is to the opinion that any other class of men are more respectable than themselves, which more than any other class the mechanics have themselves encouraged and maintained, that all the causes of complaint are attributable. So long as any other class or employment is more respectable, most certainly it is to be opened to the competition of every man, to whatever portion of the community he may belong. So long as it is *thought* to be more respectable, it should be sought for and adventured on and occupied, by any and every competitor, who may be able to acquire the means of honorably filling it. But why should it be deemed superior? By no innate or natural cause, by no inevitable state of things, but by that public opinion, which they do most to create and assuredly influence, who show their dissatisfaction by removing their children from particular employments as speedily as they may.

If, however, there is not any class in the community, which can properly be called a rich class, is there, it may be asked, any common principle of combination, which takes the affluent from all classes, and unites them in concert and in uniform phalanx, for the preservation or promotion of their peculiar interests, whether separate from their fellow-citizens, or otherwise? This is probably supposed to be the case. Wealth produces certain feelings, habits, and associations, which must, of course, be peculiar to itself. So does health, learning, pleasure, business, any occupation, indeed, or employment in which the happiness of individuals is concerned, or about which their faculties are exerted. The gregarious character of mankind brings them together, and the association, to be useful, must be composed of similar materials. The innocent, and even laudable pleasures of the rich, cannot by possibility be enjoyed but in company with others, having, if not equal, yet like means for the same pursuits. The intercourse of the learned, or the associations of the gay, like those of the young, are governed by the same principles; but they are not an exclusive and cold abstraction from all that are dissimilar, nor a retreat from every thing that has not the same profound thought, or the same buoyant spirits with *itself*. Each maintains a general regard to all, and a familiar acquaintance with some; but he will preserve a more intimate

and cordial and interesting connection with his own particular friends. If this is wrong, it is an error which seems to be inherent in the very nature of man, and to be as justly chargeable on one class of men as another.

If the conduct of individuals or classes extends beyond this, it is undoubtedly censurable. The world offers no vainer spectacle, and our society none more contemptible, than a man proud of his fortune. A haughty and supercilious demeanor, vaunting itself on the possession of extraordinary wealth, which may have been gotten without merit, as it may be lost without blame, is a poor and pitiful exhibition of folly, that merits the contempt it is sure to incur. There may be such instances here, but we think they are too rare, and meet too invariably the censure they deserve, to be in any respect an excuse for ill feelings towards the affluent. The general tone of our society is too uniform, the elevation of the highest is too little above the common level, the strong voice of public opinion is too powerful and impressive, to allow of that irritating and impertinent self-sufficiency, which cannot be exhibited without exciting very general disgust. The affluent do not rise, and do not feel that they rise, into any independence of their fellow men. They are as dependent on their good offices, on their labor, service, attention and care, as if they were not able to pay for it. They can *command* nothing. There are no slaves here to be under the despotism of their pride; there are no classes so subordinate as to be compelled to labor for them but as their inclination directs. The rich can get nothing that they do not purchase; and they can buy nothing, if they accompany their intended purchase, with that aristocratic insolence, which offends the proud feelings of these their equals in every thing but gold. A lofty spirit of freedom pervades all classes of our happy community. There is an atmosphere, under our equal constitution, which brings vigor of mind and consciousness of personal dignity to all who respire it. With the many who breathe this air, the comparatively few rich men are brought daily into contact; and it serves to repress all lordly sentiments of superiority, and makes man 'mild and sociable to man.'

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#### OUR COUNTRY AS ONE AND INDIVISIBLE.

Nothing ought to be a more constant object of attention to the *philosophic* patriot, than to promote with fond care, the

harmonious action upon each other of the parts of that most curiously complicated machine, which is formed out of the combination of our state and national institutions, and which constitutes the most extraordinary phenomenon in the political history of man. For this reason, we esteem it the duty of every true friend of his country's welfare among us to be most prompt and cordial in doing justice to the reputation of the distinguished characters of every state in the confederacy. However natural and however commendable the zeal of bearing testimony to the worth of which our own state has been the cradle and the stage, we ought to study with delight the honorable annals of our sister communities, and pay a hearty tribute to all we find in them of heroism and wisdom, in the field and in the cabinet. This is the dictate not less of justice than of magnanimity; for, after all, the great deeds and the great men of earlier or later years, to which the United States are indebted for their present prosperity, are not so confined to any one quarter, that the aid of all others could, in any degree, have been dispensed with.

In regard to revolutionary merits, a great and honorable controversy has been waged between Virginia and Massachusetts—now both of them somewhat declined from their former pre-eminence in numbers and power—then the leading States of the Union. But it ought, we think, to be conceded on both hands, that in the stern struggle for our liberty, the contest at the time was not so light and promising, that the voice or the arm of one of our champions could have been spared. Every man was essential. Every one, who served his country, did it precious service. There was no such superabundance of power, on our side, that it is fair to divide services into those, which were essential, and those which were subsidiary; into those, with which the cause could have dispensed, and those, without which it would have suffered shipwreck. The humble sexton, who lighted the lamps in Christ Church steeple, on the night of the eighteenth of April; and the honest rustics, who defeated the treacherous project for the surrender of West Point, may, in the series of events, have rendered services as important, as those of Brooks when he leaped the entrenchments at Saratoga, or Lafayette when he stormed the lines at Yorktown.

It is one of the characteristics of a crisis like our Revolution, that it produces an astonishing development of talent and resource, among all classes of the community. It not

only stimulates the energy of many cultivated minds, but it elevates out of common life innumerable individuals, who, in more tranquil periods, are lost to all but the duties and calls of physical existence. This is the admirable resource, with which Providence provides a family of its children, whom it designs to raise up into an independent and prosperous people. They are commonly doomed, through much tribulation, to enter into the heaven of liberty and right. An exceeding sharpness of oppression, either in principle or fact, must drive them to resistance; and strong agonies of privation, of effort, of perplexity, and of care must bind their wandering counsels and divided interests into a band of strength and fortitude. Their leaders must sacrifice all the calm enjoyments and safety of home, and embark on a most troubled ocean of affairs with the gibbet in view; the poor soldiers must march with bleeding feet over icebound fields to disaster; and all the ordinary paths of life must be shut up before the rising generations of both sexes. The great and almost fatal calamities of such a state of things are no doubt the immediate cause of that astonishing development of energy, both in deed and counsel, which marks a great political crisis, and which marked our revolutionary era more signally perhaps than any other in history. It certainly would not have been in the power of all the cabinets and armies of Europe, at that period, to show more business talent of the first order, than was displayed in these then insignificant colonies. The honorable testimony which Lord Chatham bore to the character of the state papers, which came from Philadelphia, was equally due to our military organization, considering the poverty of our means, and to our diplomatic negotiations, considering our political weakness. Neither is it fair to set all this down to the mere redeeming influence of the purity and disinterestedness of character of the men of those days. That generation, like this, was human, was frail. We had parties; we had narrow interests; we had traitors. And the revolution was brought about by the steady, business-like efficiency of a host of able men, formed by the exigency of the times, seizing with wonderful aptness the right way of doing things; struggling against all kinds of obstacles, and finally conquering, not as the heroes of romance do, by the interposition of miraculous power, but by the superiority of wisdom, fortitude, and resource.

If, in this harvest of great men, all parts of the country

were not equally productive, none was signally barren; and the just rights of none to the gratitude of posterity ought to be undervalued. Delicacy and generosity, moreover, require that the tribute of praise should be fully and handsomely bestowed, beyond the circle of State partialities, and that we should even exercise a patriotic curiosity in asking, who were great men in other States, that sat in council with our own fathers.

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EXTRACT

*From a Discourse delivered October 1825, in commemoration of the landing of William Penn.*

IN the crucible of liberty, all the languages of Europe have been melted into one. In the temple of toleration, all religions have been sanctified. The forests of a continent have been weeded with sturdy hands, till its wilds have become the ways of pleasantness, and the paths of peace. With stout hearts and apt genius, the ocean has been tamed till it is part of the domain.

Plenty empties her full horn into the lap of tranquillity. Commerce fetches riches from every latitude. The earth and mountains are quick with inexhaustible productions. Domestic industry contributes its infinite creations. Poetry; history, architecture, sculpture, painting, and music, daily add their memorials. Yet these are as nothing. *Vix ea nostra voco*—enjoyments scarcely acknowledged—all local advantages would be disregarded, if they were not recommended by the religious, social, and political principles we enjoy with them.

Let us cultivate, and vindicate, and perpetuate this country, not only by the power and sympathies of heroic exploits, but by the nobler attractions of all the arts of peace. Ours is the country of principles, not place; where the domestic virtues reign, in union with the rights of man; where intense patriotism is the natural offspring of those virtues and rights; where love of country is a triple tie, to birthplace, to state, and to union, spun in the magic woof that binds calculation to instinct. Aloof, erect, unmeddling, undaunted, it neither envies nor fears, while justly estimating, the splendid and imposing ascendancy of the continent it sprung from. It sends on every gale to Europe the voice, not of defiance or hostility, but of an independent hemisphere of freemen.

It sends to Asia the riches of commerce, and the Gospel with healing on its wings. It sends to Africa the banner spangled with stars, to awe the tyrant and protect the slave. It sends to all benighted quarters of the globe, the mild but divine radiance of an irresistible example. It invites the oppressed of all nations and degrees, from dethroned monarchs and banished princes, to fugitive peasants and destitute laborers, to come and rest within these borders.

May the sciences and refinements which embellish and enlighten, the charities that endear, and the loyalty that ennoble, forever flourish here on the broad foundations of peace, liberty, and intelligence. And among increasing millions of educated, moral, and contented people, may the disciples of Penn, Franklin, and Washington, meet together in frequent and grateful concourse, to render thanksgivings to the Almighty for the blessings we enjoy by his dispensation.

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SONNET TO WILLIAM TELL.

CHAINS may subdue the feeble spirit, but thee,  
 TELL, of the iron heart! they could not tame;  
 For thou wast of the mountains; they proclaim  
 The everlasting creed of Liberty.  
 That creed is written on the untrampled snow,  
 Thundered by torrents which no power can hold,  
 Save that of God, when he sends forth his cold,  
 And breathed by winds that through the free heaven blow.  
 Thou, while thy prison walls were dark around,  
 Didst meditate the lesson Nature taught,  
 And to thy brief captivity was brought  
 A vision of thy Switzerland unbound.  
 The bitter cup they mingled, strengthened thee  
 For the great work to set thy country free.

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ADDRESS

*Delivered in the City of Washington, on the 22d of Feb. 1832, the Centennial Birth-day of GEORGE WASHINGTON; by DANIEL WEBSTER.*

I RISE, gentlemen, to propose to you, the name of that great man, in commemoration of whose birth, and in honor of whose character and services, we have here assembled.

I am sure that I express a sentiment common to every one present when I say, that there is something more than ordinarily solemn and affecting in this occasion.

We are met to testify our regard for him, whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone, amid the storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

We perform this grateful duty, gentlemen, at the expiration of a hundred years from his birth, near the place so cherished and beloved by him, where his dust now reposes, and in the capital which bears his own immortal name.

All experience evinces, that human sentiments are strongly affected by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them, feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished still hovered around, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country

may be well suspected which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow either with power in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is immaterial. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstasy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the master pieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them. The voluntary outpouring of the public feeling made to-day, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices to-day, bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the Father of his country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision; as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington, and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by

which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders; and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth be true; if, indeed, it were designed by Providence that the proudest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theatre of the western world; if it be true that

‘The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;  
Time’s noblest offspring is the last’—

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene be appropriately opened; how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater acuteness of ingenuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character, it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and with a freedom and strength, before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, in foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

## ADDRESS CONTINUED.

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington, that, having been intrusted in revolutionary times with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made, on a large scale, to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution, and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy, existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country, of different climates, interests and habits, and of various sects and sentiments of the Christian religion. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect, the principle of representation, or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory. By the benignity of Providence, this experiment, so full of interest to us and to our posterity for ever, so full of interest to the world, in its present generation, and in all its generations to come, was suffered to commence under the guidance of Washington. Destined for this high career, he was fitted for it by wisdom, by virtue, by patriotism, by discretion, by whatever can inspire confidence in man toward man. In entering on the untried scenes, early disappointment, and the premature extinction of all hope of success, would have been certain, had it not been that there did exist throughout the country, in a most extraordinary degree, an unwavering trust in him whose hand held the helm of affairs.

I remarked, gentlemen, that the whole world was and is interested in the result of this experiment. And is it not so? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true, that at this moment the career which this government is running, is among the most attractive objects to the civilized world? Do we deceive ourselves, or is it true, that at this moment, that love of liberty and that understanding of its true principles, which

are flying over the whole world, as on the wings of all the winds, are really and truly of American origin?

At the period of the birth of Washington, there existed in Europe, no political liberty, in large communities, except the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious revolution of 1688. Every where else, despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon sceptre, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration existed in that nation, which was America's first ally. The King was the state, the King was the country, the King was all. There was one King, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned; and the rest were all subjects, with no political right, but obedience—all above was intangible power, all below quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chambers shows us how human sentiments on these subjects have changed. A minister had spoken of the 'King's subjects.' 'There are no subjects,' exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, 'in a country where the people make the King.'

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from heaven, it has gone forth and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health, as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force, with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable, as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted, as well as feared. In short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government, is a vision, for the contemplation of theorists; or a truth, established, illustrated, and brought into practice, in the country of Washington.

Gentlemen, for the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun—for all the unborn races of mankind, we

seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror—nor fit to be imitated; but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great *western sun* be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray, to glimmer even, on the darkness of the world?

Gentlemen, there is no danger of our overrating, or overstating the important part which we are now acting in human affairs. It should not flatter our personal self-respect, but it should reanimate our patriotic virtues, and inspire us with a deeper and more solemn sense both of our privileges and of our duties. We cannot wish better for our country, nor for the world, than that the same spirit which influenced Washington may influence all who succeed him; and that that same blessing from above which attended his efforts, may also attend theirs.

The principles of Washington's administration are not left doubtful. They are to be found in the constitution itself—in the great measures recommended and approved by him—in his speeches to congress, and in that most interesting paper, his farewell address to the people of the United States. The success of the government under his administration, is the highest proof of the soundness of their principles. And, after an experience of thirty-five years, what is there which an enemy could condemn—what is there which either his friends, or the friends of the country, could wish to have been otherwise? I speak, of course, of great measures and leading principles.

In the first place, all his measures were right in intent. He stated the whole basis of his own great character, when he told the country, in the homely phrase of the proverb, that honesty is the best policy. One of the most just and most striking things ever said of him, is, that *'he changed mankind's idea of political greatness.'* To commanding talent, and to success, the common elements of such greatness, he added a disregard of self, a spotlessness of motive, a steady submission to every public and private duty, which threw far into the shade the whole crowd of vulgar great. The object of his regard was the whole country. No part of it was enough to fill his enlarged patriotism. His love of glory, so far as that

may be supposed to have influenced him at all, spurned every thing short of general approbation. It would have been nothing to him, that his partisans or his favorites outnumbered, or outvoted, or outmanaged, those of other leaders. He had no favorites—he rejected all partisanship; and, acting honestly for the universal good, he deserved, what he has so richly enjoyed, the universal love.

His principle it was, to act right, to trust the people for support; his principle it was not, to follow the lead of sinister and selfish ends, and to rely on the little arts of party delusion to obtain public sanction for such a course. Born for his country, and for the world, he did not give up to party what was meant for mankind. The consequence is, that his fame is as durable as his principles, as lasting as truth and virtue themselves. While the hundreds whom party excitement, and temporary circumstances, and casual combinations, have raised into transient notoriety, sink again, like their bubbles, bursting and dissolving into the great ocean, Washington's fame is like the rock, which bounds that ocean, and at whose feet its billows are destined to break harmlessly for ever.

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#### ADDRESS CONTINUED.

THE maxims upon which Washington conducted our foreign relations were few and simple. The first was, an entire and indisputable impartiality towards foreign states. He adhered to this rule of public conduct, against very strong inducements to depart from it, and when the popularity of the moment seemed to favor such a departure. In the next place, he maintained true dignity, and unsullied honor, in all communications with foreign states. It was among the high duties devolved upon him, to introduce our new government into the circle of civilized states, and powerful nations. Not arrogant or assuming, with no unbecoming or supercilious bearing, he yet exacted for it, from all others, entire and punctilious respect. He demanded, and he obtained at once, a standing of perfect equality for his country, in the society of nations; nor was there a prince or potentate of his day, whose personal character carried with it, into the intercourse with other states, a greater degree of respect and veneration.

He regarded other nations only, as they stood in natural

relations to us. With their internal affairs, their political parties and dissensions, he scrupulously abstained, from all interference, and, on the other hand, he spiritedly repelled all such interference by others with us or our concerns. His sternest rebuke, the most indignant measure of his whole administration, was aimed against such an attempted interference. He felt it as an attempt to wound the national honor, and resented it accordingly.

The reiterated admonitions in his farewell address, show his deep fears, that foreign influence would insinuate itself into our councils, through the channels of domestic dissension, and obtain a sympathy with our own temporary parties. Against all such dangers, he most earnestly entreats the country to guard itself. He appeals to its patriotism, to its respect, to its own honor, to every consideration connected with its welfare and happiness, to resist, at the very beginning, all tendencies toward such connection of foreign interests, with our own affairs. With a tone of earnestness no where else found, even in his last affectionate farewell advice to his countrymen, he says—'Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence,—I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens,—the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government.'

Lastly, on the subject of foreign relations, Washington never forgot that we had interests peculiar to ourselves. The primary political concerns of Europe, he saw, did not affect us. We had nothing to do with her balance of power, her family compacts, or her successions to thrones. We were placed in a condition favorable to neutrality, during European wars, and to the enjoyment of all the great advantages of that relation. 'Why, then,' he asks us, 'why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?'

Indeed, gentlemen, Washington's farewell address is full of truths, important at all times, and particularly deserving consideration at the present. With a sagacity which brought the future before him; he saw and pointed out the dangers that even at this moment most imminently threatens us. I hardly know how a greater favor of that kind could now be

done to the community than by a renewed and wide diffusion of that admirable paper, and an earnest invitation to every man in the country to peruse and consider it. Its political maxims are invaluable; its exhortation to love of country and to brotherly affection among citizens, touching; and the solemnity with which it urges the observance of moral duties, and impresses the power of religious obligation, gives to it the highest character of truly disinterested, sincere, parental advice.

The domestic policy of Washington found its pole-star in the avowed objects of the constitution itself. He sought so to administer that constitution, as to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty. These were objects interesting in the highest degree, to the whole country, and his policy embraced the whole country.

Among his earliest and most important duties; was the organization of the government itself, the choice of his confidential advisers, and the various appointments to office. This duty, so important and delicate, when a whole government was to be organized, and all its offices for the first time filled, was yet not difficult to him; for he had no sinister ends to accomplish, no clamorous partisans to gratify, no pledges to redeem, no object to be regarded, but simply the public good. It was a plain, straight forward matter—a mere honest choice of good men, for the public service.

His own singleness of purpose, his disinterested patriotism were evinced by the selection of his first cabinet, and by the manner in which he filled the courts of justice, and other places of high trust. He sought for men fit for offices; not for offices which might suit them. Above personal considerations, above local considerations, above party considerations, he felt that he could only discharge the sacred trust which the country had placed in his hands, by a diligent inquiry after real merit, and conscientious preference of virtue and talent. The whole country was the field of his selection. He explored that whole field, looking only for whatever it contained most worthy and distinguished. He was, indeed, most successful, and he deserved success, for the purity of his motives, the liberality of his sentiments, and his enlarged and manly policy.

*Washington's administration established the national credit,*

made provision for the public debt, and for that patriotic army whose interests and welfare were always so dear to him; and by laws wisely framed, and of admirable effect, raised the commerce and navigation of the country, almost at once, from depression and ruin, to a state of prosperity. Nor were his eyes open to these interests alone. He viewed with equal concern its agriculture and manufactures, and so far as they came within the regular exercise of the powers of this government, they experienced regard and favor.

It should not be omitted, gentlemen, even in this slight reference to the general measures and general principles of the first President, that he saw and felt the full value and importance of the judicial department of the government. An upright and able administration of the laws, he held to be indispensable to public happiness and public liberty. The temple of justice, in his judgment, was a sacred place, and he would profane and pollute it who should assign any to minister in it, not spotless in character, not incorruptible in integrity, not competent by talent and learning, not fit objects of unhesitating trust.

Among other admonitions, Washington has left us, in his last communication to his country, an exhortation against the excesses of party-spirit. A fire not to be quenched, he yet conjures us not to fan and feed the flame. Undoubtedly, gentlemen, it is the greatest danger of our system, and of our time. Undoubtedly, if that system should be overthrown, it will be the work of excessive party-spirit, acting on the government, which is dangerous enough, or acting in the government, which is a thousand times more dangerous—for government, then, becomes nothing but organized party; and in the strange vicissitudes of human affairs, it may come at last, perhaps, to exhibit the singular paradox of government itself being in opposition to its own powers, at war with the very elements of its own existence. Such cases are hopeless. As men may be protected against murder, but cannot be guarded against suicide, so government may be shielded from the assaults of external foes, but nothing can save it, when it chooses to lay violent hands on itself.

## ADDRESS CONCLUDED.

FINALLY, gentlemen, there was in the breast of Washington one sentiment so deeply felt, so constantly uppermost, that no proper occasion escaped without its utterance. From the letter which he signed, in behalf of the convention, when the constitution was sent out to the people, to the moment when he put his hand to that last paper, in which he addressed his countrymen, the union, the union was the great object of his thoughts. In that first letter, he tells them that to him, and his brethren of the convention, union is the greatest interest of every true American; and in that last paper he conjures them to regard that unity of government, which constitutes them one people, as the very palladium of their prosperity and safety, and the security of liberty itself. He regarded the union of these states, not so much one of our blessings, as the great treasure-house which contained them all. Here, in his judgment, was the great magazine of all our means of prosperity; here, as he thought, and as every true American still thinks, are deposited all our animating prospects, all our solid hopes for future greatness. He has taught us to maintain this government, not by seeking to enlarge its powers, on the one hand, nor by surrendering them on the other; but by an administration of them, at once firm and moderate, adapted for objects truly national, and carried on in a spirit of justice and equity.

The extreme solicitude for the preservation of the union, at all times manifested by him, shows not only the opinion he entertained of its usefulness, but his clear perception of those causes which were likely to spring up to endanger it, and which, if once they should overthrow the present system, would leave little hope of any future beneficial re-union. Of all the presumptions indulged by presumptuous man, that is one of the rashest, which looks for repeated and favorable opportunities for the deliberate establishment of a united government over distinct and widely extended communities. Such a thing has happened once in human affairs, and but once: the event stands out as a prominent exception to all ordinary history; and unless we suppose ourselves running into an age of miracles, we may not expect its repetition.

Washington, therefore, could regard, and did regard, nothing as of paramount political interest, but the integrity of

the Union itself. With a united Government, well administered, he saw we had nothing to fear; and without it, nothing to hope. The sentiment is just, and its momentous truth should solemnly impress the whole country. If we might regard our country as personated in the spirit of Washington; if we might consider him as representing her, in her past renown, her present prosperity, and her future career, and as in that character demanding of us all, to account for our conduct; as political men, or as private citizens, how should he answer him, who has ventured to talk of disunion and dismemberment? Or, how should he answer him, who dwells perpetually on local interests, and fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? How should he answer him, who would array State against State, interest against interest, and party against party, careless of the continuance of that *unity of Government which constitutes us one People*.

Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present Government.—While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life, capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest. But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties; it would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions.—It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself hereafter, in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome. If disastrous war sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder Capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall re-construct the fabric of demolished

Government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of Constitutional Liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites National sovereignty with State rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Colloseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them, than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of Constitutional American Liberty.

But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that Gracious Being who has hitherto held our country, as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the virtue and intelligence of the People, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example. Let us hope that that fear of Heaven, which expels all other fear, and that regard to duty, which transcends all other regard, may influence public men and private citizens, and lead our country still onward in her happy career. Full of these gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the end of that century which is now commenced. A hundred years hence, other disciples of Washington will celebrate his birth, with no less of sincere admiration than we now commemorate it. When they shall meet, as we now meet, to do themselves and him that honor, so surely as they shall see the blue summits of his native mountains rise in the horizon; so surely as they shall behold the river on whose banks he lived, and on whose banks he rests, still flowing to the sea; so surely may they see, as we now see, the flag of the Union floating on the top of the capitol; and then, as now, may the sun in his course visit no land more free, more happy, more lovely, than this our own Country.

Gentlemen, I propose—

THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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MOUNT WASHINGTON.

MOUNT of the clouds, on whose Olympian height  
The tall rocks brighten in the ether air;  
And spirits from the skies come down at night,

To chant immortal songs to Freedom there!  
 Thine is the rock of other regions; where  
 The world of life which blooms so far below  
 Sweeps a wide waste: no gladning scenes appear,  
 Save where, with silvery flash, the waters flow  
 Beneath the far off mountain, distant, calm, and slow.

Thine is the summit where the clouds repose,  
 Or, eddying wildly, round thy cliffs are borne;  
 When Tempest mounts his rushing car, and throws  
 His billowy mist amid the thunder's home!  
 Far down the deep ravines the whirlwinds come,  
 And bow the forest as they sweep along;  
 While, roaring deeply from their rocky womb;  
 The storms come forth—and, hurrying darkly on,  
 Amid the echoing peaks, the revelry prolong!

And, when the tumult of the air is fled,  
 And quenched in silence all the tempest flame,  
 There come the dim forms of the mighty dead,  
 Around the steep which bears the hero's name.  
 The stars look down upon them— and the same  
 Pale orb that glistens o'er his distant grave,  
 Gleams on the summit that enshrines his fame,  
 And lights the cold tear of the glorious brave—  
 The richest, purest tear, that memory ever gave!

Mount of the clouds, when winter round thee throws  
 The hoary mantle of the dying year,  
 Sublime, amid thy canopy of snows,  
 Thy towers in bright magnificence appear!  
 'Tis then we view thee with a chilling fear  
 Till summer robes thee in her tints of blue;  
 When, lo! in softened grandeur, far, yet clear,  
 Thy battlements stand clothed in heaven's own hue,  
 To swell as Freedom's home on man's unbounded view!

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#### THE CONSTANCY

*Of Nature contrasted with the Changes in Human Life.*

How like eternity doth nature seem  
 To life of man—that short and fitful dream!  
 I look around me;—no where can I trace

Lines of decay that mark our human race.  
 These are the murmuring waters, these the flowers  
 I mused o'er in my earlier, better hours,  
 Like sounds and scents of yesterday they come.  
 Long years have past since this was last my home!  
 And I am weak, and toil-worn is my frame;  
 But all this vale shuts in is still the same:  
 'Tis I alone am changed; they know me not:  
 I feel a stranger—or as one forgot.

The breeze that cooled my warm and youthful brow,  
 Breathes the same freshness on its wrinkles now.  
 The leaves that flung around me sun and shade,  
 While gazing idly on them, as they played,  
 Are holding yet their frolic in the air;  
 The motion, joy, and beauty still are there—  
 But not for me!—I look upon the ground:  
 Myriads of happy faces throng me round,  
 Familiar to my eye; yet heart and mind  
 In vain would now the old communion find.  
 Ye were as living, conscious beings, then,  
 With whom I talked—but I have talked with men!  
 With uncheered sorrow, with cold hearts I've met;  
 Seen honest minds by hardened craft beset:  
 Seen hope cast down, turn deathly pale its glow;  
 Seen virtue rare, but more of virtue's show.

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#### EVENING ODE,

*Composed on an evening of extraordinary splendor and beauty.*

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
 With flying haste, I might have sent  
 Among the speechless clouds, a look  
 Of blank astonishment;  
 But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
 And sanctify one closing day,  
 That frail Mortality may see,—  
 What is?—ah no, but what can be!  
 Time was when field and watery cove  
 With modulated echoes rang,  
 While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
 Their vespers in the grove;

Or ranged like stars along some sovereign height,  
 Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
 Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,  
 Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
 From hill or valley, could not move  
 Sublimar transport, purer love,  
 Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—  
 The shadow—and the peace supreme!

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
 And solemn harmony pervades  
 The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
 And penetrates the glades.  
 Far-distant images draw nigh,  
 Called forth by wonderous potency  
 Of beamy radiance, that imbues  
 Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues!  
 In vision exquisitely clear,  
 Herds range along the mountain side;  
 And glistning antlers are described;  
 And gilded flocks appear.  
 Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve!  
 But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
 Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
 That this magnificence is wholly thine!  
 —From worlds not quickened by the sun  
 A portion of the gift is won;  
 An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
 On ground which British shepherds tread!

And, if there be whom broken ties  
 Afflict, or injuries assail,  
 Yon hazy ridges to their eyes,  
 Presents a glorious scale,  
 Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
 To stop—no record hath told where!  
 And tempting fancy to ascend,  
 And with immortal Spirits blend!  
 —Wings at my shoulder seem to play;  
 But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
 On those bright steps that heaven-ward raise  
 Their practicable way.  
 Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad  
 And see to what fair countries ye are bound!

And if some Traveler, weary of his road,  
 Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,  
 Ye Genii! to his covert speed;  
 And wake him with such gentle heed  
 As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
 Bestowed on this transcendent hour!

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
 Were wont to stream before my eye  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy.

This glimpse of glory, why renewed?  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude;  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams.  
 Dread Power! whom peace and calmness serve  
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From Thee if I would swerve,  
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light,  
 Felt early lost, and fruitlessly deplored;  
 Which at this moment on my waking sight  
 Appears to shine; by miracle restored!  
 My soul though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth;  
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendor fades,  
 And night approaches with her shades.

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#### FREEDOM, AND THE MEANS OF ITS PRESERVATION.

FREEDOM, in every form, of every kind, is a transcendent privilege. Freedom of mind is a glorious gift. It is a blessing beyond all price, and beyond all power of language to express. We are ready to say that no man can surpass us, and that no man can instruct us, in the unutterable sense of its value. It is a good which nothing can transcend but the use of it. That dominion in the mind, that holy retreat from violence, oppression, and wrong; that place in the soul where freedom is, with its wide and boundless range of uncontrolled thoughts, with no power to govern in it but truth and right, with no presence to be worshiped but the presence of the divinity,—it is the chosen dwelling-place of our most precious thoughts. But then, it is a 'holy place,' and to be en-

tered with trembling. It is like the flaming Mount of old, glorious indeed, but sending out awful voices to warn the rash intruder. It is dangerous, because it is glorious. Freedom of mind, like every exalted trust, like lofty intellect, immense wealth, and vast dominion, should inspire a solicitude, care, and fidelity, proportionate to the magnitude of the trust. And so it is with the freedom of a people. Our sympathies are with it; they are with it far abroad in every land where its air is breathed, and its soil is moistened with the dews of heaven. We go along, in our enthusiasm, with those who have labored and suffered in its holy cause. Our hearts are with them, when they put on buckler and sword as its last defence. Our hearts are with them, when in the 'red field' they seal their devotion to it, in sacrifices of blood. But God forbid that what is so dearly bought, should be negligently kept. Let it be no matter of idle boast or vain parade. Let it not be celebrated with a merely childish and boisterous exultation. Those who have fought, should ponder. We cannot go along with panegyric and shout and holiday felicitations, without any consideration or sobriety. It does not become the dignity and manliness of free citizens, to look with idle admiration upon their institutions, as children do upon the show and glitter of a military parade, never considering the anarchy and distress to which it may easily be turned. These are 'childish things,' which it becomes a wise people to 'put away.' A free people must reflect, must understand their privileges, and must solemnly and virtuously resolve to preserve them, or in that fearful poise between good and evil where liberty places them, they will inevitably fall into evil, disorder, and destruction.

We would lay solemn charge upon the conscience of every voter at our elections. Let him remember that he is performing the first duty of a freeman, and that God and his country demand an honest and an unprejudiced suffrage. Let him remember that if he is governed by selfish interest and passion, if he gives up his individual judgment and conscience to a party, if he listens to the bribery of any personal fear or hope, he is forsworn and perjured at the very altar of liberty. He has sold his very birthright, and he ought to be the slave in form, that he makes himself in reality, and some other man, of nobler and freer soul, albeit compelled to bow before the throne of a despot, deserves his privilege.

We would address ourselves, if our words could reach

them, to men who are high in office. The inquiry often presses itself on our minds, and with unfeigned solicitude, whether the distinguished men in this country are looking with a sober sense of their duty and a deep feeling of their responsibility, to the great experiment, to which they are contributing so much to bring to a happy or a fatal issue. There may be those among them to whom all talk about their duties would pass for nothing better than cant. May God deliver this country from many such! If there ever were men to whom duty should be a serious word, who should tremble at their responsibility to God and men, they are the leading statesmen, orators, and teachers, whether religious or political, of this nation. If we could address them, we would say, 'No men ever enjoyed such an opportunity as is given to you, for accomplishing the best hopes of patriotism and philanthropy. Solon, Aristides, Demosthenes, the Fabii, Cato, and Cicero, had no such materials to work with as you have in the intelligence and virtue of this free people. To all human view, the last great experiment of republican freedom that is likely to be tried for ages, is passing under your guidance. The eyes of the world are upon you. Ages that have passed in the noble strife for liberty, ages of patriot tears and blood, call upon you, and unborn generations echo the call to you, to be faithful to the solemn trust. For God's sake, and for your country's, let us say, let us intreat you, hear the call. The happiness of one family is a sacred charge. What then must be the happiness of millions through unknown periods! With these multitudes, it is not too serious to say, you must yet bow low before the seat of Almighty justice. And then, when the dazzling world, with all its splendid honors, has passed away, one word of benediction from that throne of eternal truth and honor, shall be more than all the wreaths, the titles, the offices, the distinctions, that the world can heap upon you.'

In every view, indeed, that we can take of liberty and its institutions, we shall find that they press down upon the mass of the people as an individual trust; and if freedom is anything valuable, it must be by becoming an individual good. Liberty ordains no lofty titles, and builds no magnificent palaces for the exclusive possession of the few. It is a blessing for all, or it is no blessing. Its sole advantage consists in its permitting all to pursue their own good, their own happiness; and if they do not pursue it, of what avail is the

boasted gift? It is quite enough our boast; let it be more our blessing. If it is only a boast, it will cease in any valuable sense to exist. We are free from political oppression; and yet it may be that we are in bondage to the fear or hatred or envy of one another, in bondage to ambition, to revenge, or to avarice. We live in a land of freedom; but how many are slaves to sensuality, slaves to wicked companions, slaves to negligently accumulated debt. Here are no walls, indeed, raised by tyranny to hide its victims from the day, no prison vaults to be the graves of the living, no dungeons, from which the cry of suffering innocence can never be heard. But vice has its victims, who are shut out from the light of day, from the respect of society; vice has its lone dungeons, in which not the innocent are chained down, but in which innocence itself is lost; its grave, for the living, for whom it were better if they were dead.

And if these things go on, and proceed from one step to another, from bad maxims to worse indulgences, then will that liberty, which, to such, exist only in form and is no longer a blessing,—then will it be to the country no longer a blessing, and ere long, it will cease to exist even in form. Let the tide of luxury and immorality rise higher and higher, let the barriers of public virtue be broken down, let the good old disinterestedness, and the generous patriotism of our fathers, give way to universal selfishness, political corruption, and base office-seeking; let mighty parties arise, which are grounded on no other principle than the love of office, or let parties arise and grow upon sectional disputes and jealousies, and this very generation may not pass away till all these things which we fear, are accomplished; yes, we who read these things with whatever indifference or incredulity, may find that the language of warning was the language of prophecy, that the language of warning has become the language of history.

We do not expect that the possibility of this catastrophe will now be regarded with any serious apprehension. And yet we do none the less fear because of this security, but the more. No people, in calm times and a settled order of things, ever looked for their downfall. Immorality gains slowly and imperceptibly upon a people. The signs of the coming tempest steal silently over the heavens. The change passes so gradually that men do not see it. So it has been with every people; and when the catastrophe has come, it has come in flood and storm and thunder.

We hear much of the *spirit of this age*; but it seems more an object to dwell with exultation on the tendencies of the public mind at this day, than to point out the *duties of the age*. We believe, indeed, that the present epoch promises more than any former period in the long continued experiment upon human nature, because christianity is in the field, more free and unfettered than it ever was before; because knowledge is in the field; because 'the schoolmaster,' as has been said with a pertinence and emphasis that have converted the saying into a proverb, because 'the schoolmaster is abroad,' upon the field of this great trial; and if men can become free, wise, and religious, it may be hoped that they will become so now.

But to conduct this experiment to a successful issue, will require exertions—yes, and qualities, on the part of its friends, which they can never too highly appreciate. And we cannot leave the subject without offering two or three remarks, in a broad view, to all who have the real improvement of the world at heart, on what we think ought to be the spirit of these times.

A wakeful heed and foresight are first of all demanded of the age; a consciousness of the part which this generation has to act, a solemn impression of our duties to future times. This should be no theme merely for fancy to embellish, or for rhetoric to adorn. It should be a great and impressive conviction. The men who are to take part in the work of bringing this momentous trial to a happy result, and every man may do something, must feel that patriots, prophets, and confessors had never a greater. They must not sleep upon their post. They must be awake and on the alert, and watch the signs of the times. This is no affair of political management, of commercial monopoly, of relief to the manufacturing interests, of internal improvements, of national administration, save all these bear upon the great end. These are 'signs of the sky and the earth' in comparison. No; but the great question is, whether the people of this country, and of England and of France and Germany and Russia, shall be wiser, more virtuous, religious, and happy races of men, fifty years hence, than they now are. It is not whether general wealth and luxury shall advance; they will advance,—but whether governments shall become more just, mild, and paternal, whether schools and universities shall be more effective instruments for training the mind; whether cities shall be

purified from their iniquities and vices, and families shall be well ordered, virtuous, pious, and happy; whether churches shall become purer, and knowledge shall increase, and righteousness shall exalt the nations. And to this question, we repeat, all men and minds, and books written at this day, and journals and associations and communities, should be awake.

In the next place, we would entreat all the advocates of this cause, to be sober; to think and speak and write and act with perfect sobriety. We want no Utopian schemes in aid of this cause. All visionary theories, fanciful speculations about perfectibility, extravagant measures, violent innovations, propositions without evidence, and proposals without reasonableness, and zeal without knowledge, and faith without works, must retire from this cause and let it alone. This, at least, must be the theory of the age; and we must come as near it as possible. In truth we want sober men. And we would that men would use all their trusts and privileges with more sobriety; that they would enter into school committees, political offices, and the learned professions, and into all the courses of trade and business, with a more thoughtful consideration of the part they are acting in relation to the moral welfare of mankind. We could easily show that the very transaction of business is a weighty trust in this respect; and that at this very moment, the eagerness for gain, hazardous speculation, pecuniary embarrassment—yes, that debt all over this country, threatens more moral evil to the next generation, than any other cause that can be named. The men of business as well as men of study, actors as well as authors, on this present stage, men with families, with children looking to them for education, with trusts of every nature, must be sober; must be sober, as feeling that the next age will depend upon what they think, and do, and are.

We do not know what is to be the state of things in this land and in Christendom fifty years hence; but we know that if men go on heedlessly, if all pursue their own immediate and selfish ends, without regard to the general good and the coming result, if none take thought for the signs of the times, that the experiment will be involved in infinite peril. We know that if political elections, and judicial proceedings, and the principles of trade, become thoroughly selfish and corrupt, if good institutions decline, if the sabbath is trodden under foot, and public worship is neglected, and

there is no concert or co-operation for good and holy ends—we know that the hope, we had almost said, the last hope of the world, will be whelmed in ‘the tide of human passions, competitions, and vices.’

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#### RECREATION.

BUSINESS and recreation are the two great departments of life to which the principles of morality apply. Between these two departments, however, the public conscience is apt to make discriminations which can hardly be defended. It is much more strict with regard to the sins of amusement, than with regard to the sins of business. And this strictness, we think, is much misplaced, for several reasons; first, because the heinousness of transgressions is not to be determined by the sphere in which they take place—the utility of business is not to screen, the frivolity of pleasure is not to enhance the appropriate faults of either; secondly, because the department of business is much larger than that of recreation, and is on that account more important in a moral view; thirdly, because the sins of business, among the body of the people, are far greater than those of amusement; and fourthly, because the national propensity here, is, with some justice, marked as leaning to avarice rather than to voluptuousness. This mistake of the public conscience is a most serious evil, because it amounts with many to an almost total suspension of that faculty with regard to the whole conduct of their lives. Many are committing perfect abominations in business, who, at the same time, take great credit to themselves for their opposition to amusements.

We think it is the duty of the Christian moralist to keep his eye upon both of these spheres of human pursuit. We are about to call the attention of our readers, in the present discussion, to the minor department. Let them remember, however, that it is a fair portion of life; of that life which God has given for serious purposes, and all of whose employments, whether grave or gay, are conspiring to the formation of a character which is the great and momentous result. Futurity is thus to answer for our pleasures as truly as for our labors or our devotions. In views of the subject, however, that come short of that solemn reference, it has strong claims to attention. We have long regarded recreations as

standing in a relation of great importance to social and national happiness and morality—far greater than is usually attached to it. We can by no means confound the importance of the subject, with the levity of its title; or the effects of recreation, with the trivial aspects, under which it presents itself to superficial observation.

Purification, as we judge, is the work at which good men should labor, with regard to things which are wrong only in the abuse. If they adopt any other principle, we know not where they are to stop, till they have swept away alike, all human recreations and employments. The work which the Christian moralist has to do with society, is not to send forth indiscriminate denunciations, but to point out evils and dangers—is not to destroy and overwhelm, but to correct and reform.

We wish our readers, and our youthful readers especially, to reflect on this subject, to consider the proper end of recreation, the just place it has in the order of life, the subservience which is required of it, to the great purpose of life, its strict connection with duty, and the close discriminations of conscience with which it is to be pursued. We wish them to consider recreation, not as something to be stolen, or partaken of as if it were a guilty pleasure, not as something to be connived at and kept out of the sight of conscience—but as something to be fairly, openly, and honorably enjoyed, so far as it is right, and no farther—something to be subjected, like every other part of life, to the test of sober reason and enlightened purity. We desire, that the strictest principles and maxims of religion may be applied by them to their amusements, as much as to any thing else they engage in; that their watchfulness, their Christian fidelity, their prayers, may extend as much to these, as to the graver cares of business and occupation.

There is a feeling, too commonly prevailing, we fear, even in well regulated minds, that recreation is a kind of neutral ground in life, that reflection and religion have nothing to do with it, that to include it in our prayers, to speak of entering into it with the fear of God, would be a kind of sacrilege. It is considered by some as an escape from reflection. It is sometimes called, in a questionable sense, we suspect, 'a relaxation from duty.' Some are attached to it under the very notion, perhaps, that there is no religion, no unwelcome seriousness in it. It is, moreover, apt to be valued for itself alone.

It is not only no part of duty, but no preparation for it. It is used for its own sake, and is therefore, often carried to such excess as to unfit, rather than prepare the mind for the more substantial pursuits of life. Now, against these notions of recreation, as utterly useless, or utterly frivolous, and especially as alien to religion, we must object with plainness, and we cannot help doing so with earnestness. Amusement, pursued with such notions, is what no religious man can, or ought to approve. And we repeat, therefore, as an observation that may open to us more just, enlarged and liberal ideas, that recreation is a part of the order of life, a part of the ordination of Providence. 'To every thing there is a season,' says the Wisdom of Solomon; 'and a time to every purpose under the heavens; a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance.' He must mean, if this is the language of Solomon, and if it is the language of some other person in the dialogue, it is still true, that there is a time for every lawful purpose; a time ordained in the plan of Providence. It is sometimes asked—'Could you do such and such things, if you were going to die, this week or this day?' The question may be put, if any one pleases, but it is nothing to the purpose. That is not the time for amusement, nor for many other things that are proper in the midst of life and health.

But still there is a time for recreation. It is an appointment for our nature as truly as the more solemn behest that calls us to die. If we possessed the nature of angels, we might not need it. But the constitution of our bodies and the frame of our minds are both imperfect. Neither can bear perpetual labor. We have before referred to this as an irresistible impulse, and an unavoidable necessity; but we now argue that it is an evident ordination of Providence.

The same thing is taught to us in the bounties of Providence. They are not confined to our absolute wants. They are multiplied in a thousand gratuitous favors. They cluster, not in the substantial products only, but in the delicate and rich fruits of the earth. They relieve us in the vicissitude, they regale us in the bloom and fragrance of the seasons. Heaven has not confined us to mere labor, nor stinted us to mere supply. The arm of Providence is stretched out, not only to sustain the feeble and helpless, but to succor the weary and to guide the languid into the paths of recreation. It causes us to lie down in green pastures. It leads us be-

side the still waters. It restores the soul that is bowed down and heavy through manifold cares.

If, then, recreation is demanded by the constitution of our nature, if it is provided for in the system of life, if heaven designed amusement for us no less than business, let us not snatch it with haste, or with tumult of the spirits; let us not pursue it with doubts and misgivings; let us embrace the offered relief, so it be lawful, with a calm mind and a clear conscience.

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SUBJECT CONTINUED.

BUT what kind of amusements may be safely recommended?

None, it should be answered, which will necessarily injure ourselves; none which demand the banishment from our minds, of the great purposes and duties, and of the solemn destination of human life; none, moreover, which must be enjoyed at the expense of others' peace or welfare; none, therefore, whose essential food is vanity, whose sole object is a selfish gratification, or whose highest success is a triumph over ignorance or indigence, over any defects of sense, beauty or fortune, which may be attached to our associates. We are allowed no pleasures, which surrender the birthright of intellect that heaven has bestowed upon us, and degrade us to the condition of brutes; nor any degree of sensual indulgence that will obscure the clearness of our conceptions or enfeeble the vigor of our faculties. We are allowed no pleasures that assail the honor or peace, the conscience or virtue of our neighbor.

Nor are we obliged to resort to such for entertainment.—we are not driven to the company of those who sit late at the wine, or of those who are chained to the gaming board; and who, though they call it pleasure, are working out a harder task than that of the slave at the oar. We are not compelled to enter the lists with those votaries of fashion whose illustrious ambition it is to rival each other in splendid dresses or equipages, or those votaries of sport, whose glorious enthusiasm hangs upon the whip and spur. There are pleasures, simple, pure and rational, which tread lightly upon the bosom of the earth, and leave no stain upon the fair works of God—pleasures, which need not the aid of bustle or show to set them off—which are noiseless, because they are full of ea-

tisfaction. They are abroad in the green fields of summer. They are pleasures that build their sanctuary amidst the scenes of home. They wander in the regions of knowledge and literature and taste. They linger in the interviews of friendship, and friendly conversation. They waken and echo to the harmonies of music. Of such pleasures, nature and life and society are full.

Without further particularizing, we shall add one or two *general* remarks, on the kind of recreations that may be recommended. One is, that they should be suited to our character, circumstances, pursuits, and period of life. We should consider what our minds can bear, what our condition can afford, what our pursuits require, and what becomes our age. The gay in heart should beware of frivolity; the feeble in virtue, of fascination; the scrupulous, of wounding their conscience; the rash and careless, of forgetting it. The poor should not rival the expenditures of the rich, the opulent should remember the lessons of temperance, and the embarrassed in their affairs should not forget the claims of justice in the demands of fashion. And as to the pursuits of life, it might be a good rule, to aim at some *contrast* between our occupations and amusements. The sedentary and studious need activity and exercise; and they are bound, as a sacred duty, to seek them. On the other hand, it seems not expedient that those who spend their days in active labors, should habitually spend their evenings in bustling amusements—that their business and their leisure should alike carry them abroad; for, then, where shall the body find relief, or the mind improvement? For the active and industrious, Providence seems to appoint intellectual entertainment, the cultivation of taste, reading, as appropriate recreations; and, indeed, if they would not lose the intellectual in the corporal nature, if they would improve their minds, if they would grow in knowledge, these resorts are as necessary as they are appropriate. At least it is certain that one's own family should have the most of his leisure, whose business commonly takes him from it. It may be some such person to whom this subject, perhaps, will seem to have no application. 'I have no concern with recreation,' may be his reflection, as he turns over these pages,—'and when it is said, that all men must have amusement, I, at least, am an exception. I spend the day about my business, and pass the evening quietly with my family.' Yes, but this is his recreation, kindly provided to relieve the toils of life.

Recreation is not necessarily gaiety or trifling. And let it be suggested to such an one, whether he might not add to his evening pleasures, some intellectual entertainment, the reading of history, or the acquisition of general information, or the perusal of some works of religious direction and excitement, and thus contribute to his own best improvement and happiness, and show his gratitude and respect for the noblest, the intellectual, the spiritual gifts of God. Does not the mind demand so much, in comparison with the outward part for which he is ever laboring?

Another general remark on the kind of amusements to be pursued, is, that they should be as far as possible *domestic*. This, indeed, has been in some measure implied, but it needs particular consideration. It is an unfortunate notion with which young persons are too often suffered to grow up, that amusement is not to be found at home. It is identified, in many minds, with going abroad, with dress, and tumult and publicity. This state of mind is, perhaps, too obvious, too well understood to need further illustration; but it is at the same time, too serious an evil to be passed over lightly. Every relaxation of attachment to home, is the loosening of another of the ties that bind the heart to all its virtuous, worthy and kind affections. Home is the scene of our most substantial duties, of our best feelings, of our discipline and preparation for the mansions of heaven. He whose home is dull and irksome is either a very unfortunate or a very depraved man. Let us beware, then, how this impression steals upon the minds of our children. Let their principal and most pleasing amusements be found within our own dwelling. The sports of childhood and youth, reading, music, &c.—these are domestic pleasures; and so may be others which they commonly seek elsewhere, and to which large assemblies are thought to be necessary. Let us take care that they think not, that the most enviable happiness is abroad. Let innocent and rational entertainment be familiar to them. Let them not say, as if it were a strange thing, ‘We have had a happy day, or a happy evening at home.’ Give them the domestic virtues, and they will have begun well; but if these are neglected, the very basis of rectitude and purity is wanting.

## SUBJECT CONCLUDED.

THE first general danger of recreation is that of vitiating and perverting the mind. This applies especially to some of the more public and popular amusements of the day, to the recreations of large parties and assemblies. The youth is there ushered into notice, and exposed to the dangers either of attention or neglect, both of which may do equal injury. In the one case a hurtful vanity may be awakened; in the other, a no less hurtful envy. The good and kind affections may be sacrificed for a matter of dress, or of etiquette. The simplicity of the character may be lost in a love of admiration. An odious and ugly affectation may deform the manners and deprave the mind. But what is worse than all this, there is danger of a miserable, slavish and sinful bondage to the world's opinions and fashions. It is too often forgotten, amidst scenes of fascinating amusement, that life has any higher object, that the chasms of inward virtue and piety are brighter than all outward show; it is too often forgotten, that there is a great and good Being ever with us, whose favor is better than life and all its pleasures. Fashion erects its shrine and calls its blind and deluded votaries, and they bow down with a homage as base and idolatrous as if they worshiped an image. Opinion reigns over the crowds, that throng the places of fashionable recreation; and many there are, who are more anxious to please their fellow beings, than to please their Maker; who would shrink more from violating the etiquette of the world, than the command of the Almighty. The curse or blight of temptation never descends more awfully or more fatally, than when it thus comes amidst smiles and gaiety, amidst the forms of civility and fashion, and the sounds of music and pleasure. A being on whom the law of fashion has done its work, who lives only in the opinion of others and in an outward show—a being such as Chesterfield has described, with a repetition and detail that are sickening and loathsome, notwithstanding the unequalled ease and spirit of his language—a being actuated by only one desire, and that, to please—by only one care, and that for the exterior of life—such a being, whether man or woman, is as utterly, though not as visibly, degraded from the rank of humanity as the sensualist or the profligate; and if sensuality

and profligacy do not set their mark upon such an one, it will only be—because they are not the fashion!

Another danger attending amusements is that of *excess*. We too commonly gain from education the false and injurious idea, that business is the drudgery, and that amusements are the pleasures of life. Hence we rush into the latter with eagerness; we are liable to be engrossed in them—to pursue them, not as a subordinate, but the principal enjoyment, and thus to pursue them to excess and exhaustion. Hence, also, anxious and agitating preparation, late hours, and dull mornings, to the prejudice alike of comfort, health, and business. We cannot help speaking particularly of excessive and unseasonable appropriations of *time* to the purposes of recreation. The order of nature is repose in the night season, and invigorated action in the daytime. But to turn night into day, to make recreation or what ought to be such, a wearisome toil, and to give the hours proper for application, to sleep or to dull languor, is to break the harmonies of Providence. We ought to look at this subject as rational beings, conscious that life was given for great and valuable purposes, and desirous so to arrange its employments and pleasures, as best to accomplish its true designs. There is a time for everything; there is a seasonable appropriation to be made of our time, for amusements. But it cannot ordinarily, we think, be very long. Three hours, we suspect, is as much time as most persons can spend together with profit and interest. If there is spirited conversation during that time it will exhaust; if mere and light amusement, it is enough.

The suggestion here made does not apply, perhaps, to what are called fashionable circles; and indeed where evening parties are very frequent, the hours allotted do not usually, it is probable, run much beyond the time specified. But there is another view of the waste of time, applying particularly to the habits of our cities, which carries it up to a much larger amount. Few of our young *men* in this country, it is true, are exonerated from the necessity of attending to some kind of business. It has not been possible yet to form here a *class* of those, whose lives are devoted to 'killing time,' under the notion of seeking pleasure. Far distant be the day when such shame on manhood shall be seen among us! This may seem to be rather a serious opening for a suggestion with regard to persons of the other sex—and we do not intend to be so serious with them. But we ask, and leave

it to others to answer, whether, with morning calls and evening parties, with late rising and the languors of exhaustion, with the cares of the wardrobe and the toilet, life is not, in one way and another, nearly consumed, by many, upon amusements?—whether, with some, the splendors and gaieties of social exhibition and pleasure—we speak of the young—do not, either in preparation or enjoyment, form the very business, anxiety, fear, hope, and object of life? Our question is asked, and we are aware that others can answer it better than ourselves. But we do say, that those whom Providence has exempted from the toils and cares which weigh upon many of their less favored sisters, are bound to give some decided evidence of superior intellectual accomplishment. Whether they do, we again leave others to judge, being ourselves grave men, little experienced in matters of this sort. We can moralize, however, and this is what we are doing. And we must take upon us, in this character, to say to fathers and mothers, that, if a fair portion of the leisure time of their daughters, is not devoted to the cultivation of their minds, and that too, by some higher means than novel reading, no christian law can warrant the course they are pursuing. We might ask, indeed, if such a question did not carry its own answer, whether those to whom God has given leisure and means, should not do something to alleviate human want and misery—something to smooth the neglected pillow of sickness, to cheer the cold and desolate abodes of suffering poverty, to still the cries of half-famished children, and soothe the anguish that none will pity or care for—something to claim kindred for them with that noble band of devoted females, the Sisters of Charity.

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#### INCOMPREHENSIBILITY OF GOD.

'I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him.'

WHERE art thou?—THOU! Source and Support of all  
That is or seen or felt; Thyself unseen,  
Unfelt, unknown,—alas! unknowable!  
I look abroad among thy works—the sky,  
Vast, distant, glorious with its world of suns,—  
Life-giving earth,—and ever-moving main,—  
And speaking winds,—and ask if these are Thee!  
The stars that twinkle on, the eternal hills,

The restless tide's outgoing and return,  
 The omnipresent and deep-breathing air—  
 Though hailed as gods of old, and only less—  
 Are not the Power I seek; are thine, not Thee!  
 I ask Thee from the past; if in the years,  
 Since first intelligence could search its source,  
 Or in some former unremembered being,  
 If such, perchance, were mine—did they behold Thee?  
 And next interrogate futurity—  
 So fondly tenanted with better things  
 Than e're experience owned—but both are mute;  
 And past and future, vocal on all else,  
 So full of memories and phantasies,  
 Are deaf and speechless here! Fatigued, I turn  
 From all vain parley with the elements;  
 And close mine eyes, and bid the thought turn inward.  
 From each material thing its anxious guest,  
 If, in the stillness of the waiting soul,  
 He may vouchsafe himself—Spirit to spirit!  
 O Thou, at once most dreaded and desired,  
 Pavilioned still in darkness, wilt thou hide thee?  
 What though the rash request be fraught with fate,  
 Nor human eye may look on thine and live?  
 Welcome the penalty! let that come now,  
 Which soon or late must come. For light like this  
 Who would not dare to die!

Peace, my proud aim,  
 And hush the wish that knows not what it asks.  
 Await his will, who hath appointed this,  
 With every other trial. Be that will  
 Done now, as ever. For thy curious search,  
 And unprepared solicitude to gaze  
 On Him—the Unrevealed—learn hence, instead,  
 To temper highest hope with humbleness.  
 Pass thy novitiate in these outer courts,  
 Till rent the veil, no longer separating  
 The holiest of all—as erst, disclosing  
 A brighter dispensation; whose results  
 Ineffable, interminable, tend  
 E'en to the perfecting thyself—thy kind—  
 Till meet for that sublime beatitude,  
 By the firm promise of a voice from heaven  
 Pledged to the pure in heart!

## OF PREJUDICES CALLED RELIGIOUS.

THERE is nothing more humbling than the history of prejudices, when they have ceased to awaken any feeling; and among all human prejudices, none have been more unreasonable or lasting than such as bear the name of religion. In ordinary life it is sad enough to see them separate men and keep them asunder, thus resisting the social feeling which is one of the most important elements of our nature. We feel that there must be a want of generosity in the breast that harbors and defends them, and that nothing can be done for moral or intellectual improvement till they are done away.— But such prejudices grow alarming when they come armed with the authority of numbers. Then truth lies browbeaten and still, leaving its wrongs to be redressed by the reformer, Time. The prejudice passes from breast to breast, and from generation to generation. Though in the hearts of a few it was an obstinate and passive affection, in the hearts of many it grows savage, bloodthirsty, and revengeful. It soon forgets its first humble pretensions, and will not be satisfied till it bends the world to its power. Then prison doors begin to grate upon their hinges, and scaffolds to run with blood; no excellence can atone for some trifling mistake in opinion; man appears like an evil spirit exulting in the ruin he has made. Many a page of history is red as scarlet with its registry of religious prejudices, leading on to the worst of crimes. But we do wrong to call these religious prejudices. There is no religion in the matter. Men form opinions of religious subjects, as well as all others. These opinions are no more sacred than any other; they are often formed with even less deliberation. They are called religious, not because they are inspired by religion, but because they supply the place of religious principles and feeling. Men are constantly saying to themselves, Any thing but obedience—any thing but duty. We will believe the most positive contradictions; we will be converted, once for all, if that will answer; we will do any thing and submit to any thing, sooner than this weary, heart-breaking and hopeless labor of constantly regarding the divine will. And when they see this channel of prejudice open, one in which their passions may flow without censure, they seize the opportunity and indulge them to the heart's desire, under the name of religion.—

Thanks to the growing light of the world, men are now beginning to discover, that, while conviction may make them firm in their own opinions, it is only selfishness that makes them interfere with those of others. Not only is this persuasion breaking down the barricades of different christian factions,—it reaches even to Jews, and beyond them to infidels, by teaching us, that, if we complain of the opinions of others, we are bound to examine our own. This process, if conducted with tolerable fairness, never fails to show, that, if it is certain that others are in the wrong, it is equally certain that we are not the persons who can safely cast the stone.

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SUMMER WIND.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drank  
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;  
There is no rustling in the lofty elm  
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade  
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint  
And interrupted murmur of the bee,  
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again,  
Instantly on the wing. The plants around  
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize  
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops  
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.  
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,  
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,  
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light  
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,  
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—  
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops  
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air  
With a reflected radiance, and make turn  
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie  
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,  
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,  
Retains some freshness; and I woo the wind  
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,  
Gentle and voluble spirit of the air?  
O come and breathe upon the fainting earth  
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves  
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,

The pine is bending his proud top, and now,  
Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak  
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!  
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!  
The deep distressful silence of the scene  
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds  
And universal motion. He is come,  
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,  
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings  
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,  
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice  
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs  
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,  
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,  
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves  
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew  
Were on them yet; and silver waters break  
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

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#### EDUCATION, HOW AFFECTED BY CIRCUMSTANCES.

You engage for your child masters and tutors at large salaries; and you do well, for they are competent to instruct him: they will give him the means, at least, of acquiring science and accomplishments; but in the business of education, properly so called, they can do little for you. Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings you express; these will educate him;—the society you live in will educate him; your domestics will educate him; above all, your rank and situation in life, your house, your table, your pleasure grounds, your hounds and your stable will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw him from the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. You speak of *beginning* the education of your son. The moment he was able to form an idea, his education was already begun; the education of circumstances—insensible education—which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent. This education goes on at

every instant of time; it goes on like time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be. Maxims and documents are good precisely till they are tried, and no longer; they will teach him to talk, and nothing more. The *circumstances* in which your son is placed will be even more prevalent than your example, and you have no right to expect him to become what you yourself are, but by the same means. You, that have toiled during youth, to set your son upon higher ground, and to enable him to begin where you left off, do not expect that son to be what you were,—diligent, modest, active, simple in his tastes, fertile in resources. You have put him under quite a different master. Poverty educated you; wealth will educate him. You cannot suppose the result will be the same. You must not even expect that he will be what you now are; for though relaxed perhaps from the severity of your frugal habits, you still derive advantage from having formed them; and, in your heart, you like plain dinners, and early hours, and old friends, whenever your fortune will permit you to enjoy them. But it will not be so with your son: his tastes will be formed by your present situation, and in no degree by your former one.

Do we see a father who is diligent in his profession, domestic in his habits, whose house is the resort of well informed intelligent people—a mother whose time is usefully filled, whose attention to her duties secures esteem, and whose amiable manners attract affection? Do not be solicitous, respectable couple, about the moral education of your offspring! do not be uneasy because you cannot surround them with the apparatus of books and systems; or fancy you must retire from the world to devote yourselves to their improvement. In your world they are brought up much better than they could be under any plan of factitious education which you could provide for them: they will imbibe affection from your caresses; taste from your conversation; urbanity from the commerce of your society; and mutual love from your example. Do not regret that you are not rich enough to provide tutors and governors, to watch his steps with sedulous and servile anxiety, and to furnish him with maxims, it is morally impossible he should act upon when grown up. Do you not see how seldom this over culture

produces its effect, and how many shining and excellent characters start up every day, from the bosom of obscurity, with scarcely any care at all?

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EXTRACT

*From WASHINGTON's Farewell Address to his Countrymen.*

IN looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances somewhat dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism,—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans, by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing prayers, that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration, in every department, may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation, and so prudent a use, of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption, of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contem-

plation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanence of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former, and not dissimilar occasion.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness—these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all, religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and novel example too of a people always

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guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that *they will* control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of empires. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur, to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for that solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far, in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and the world. To myself the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least BELIEVED myself to be guided by them.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert and mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this, as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst

of my fellow citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government,—the ever favorite object of my heart,—and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

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#### THE DUTIES OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

THE paramount duty of an American citizen, is, to put in requisition every possible means for elevating universally the intellectual and moral character of the people.

When we speak of intellectual elevation, we would not suggest that all our citizens are to become able linguists, or profound mathematicians. This, at least for the present, is not practicable; it certainly is not necessary. The object at which we aim will be attained, when every man is familiarly acquainted with what are now considered the ordinary branches of English education. The intellectual stores of one language are then open before him; a language in which he may find all the knowledge that he shall ever need to form his opinions upon any subjects on which it shall be his duty to decide. A MAN WHO CANNOT READ, let us always remember, IS A BEING NOT CONTEMPLATED BY THE GENIUS OF OUR CONSTITUTION. Where the right of suffrage is extended to all, he is certainly a dangerous member of the community who has not qualified himself to exercise it. But on this part of the subject I need not enlarge. The proceedings of our general and state legislatures already furnish ample proof that the people are tremblingly alive to its importance. We do firmly believe the time to be not far distant, when there will not be found a single citizen of these United States, who is not entitled to the appellation of a well informed man.

But supposing all this to be done, still only a part and by far the least important part of our work will have been accomplished. We have increased the power of the people, but we have left it doubtful in what direction that power will be exerted. We have made it certain that a public opinion will be formed; but whether that opinion shall be healthful or destructive, is yet to be decided. We have cut out channels by which knowledge may be conveyed to every individual of our mighty population; it remains for us, by means of those very channels, to instil into every bosom an unshaken reverence for the principles of right. Having gone thus,

far, then, we must go farther; for you must be aware that the tenure by which our liberties are held can never be secure, unless moral keep pace with intellectual cultivation. This leads us to remark in the second place, that our other and still more imperious duty is, to cultivate the moral character of the people.

On the means by which this may be effected, I need not detain you. We have in our hands, a book of tried efficacy; a work which contains the only successful appeal that was ever made to the moral sense of man; a book which unfolds the only remedy that has ever been applied with any effect to the direful maladies of the human heart. You need not be informed that I refer to the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

As to the powerful, I had almost said miraculous effect of the sacred scriptures, there can no longer be a doubt in the mind of any one on whom fact can make an impression. That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil and social relations; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common parent; that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficient in the science of self government; and finally, that they teach him to aspire after conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalting, more suited to his nature than any other, which this world has ever known; are facts incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstration of mathematics. Evidence in support of all this can be brought from every age in the history of man, since there has been a revelation from God on earth. We see the proof of it every where around us. There is scarcely a neighborhood in our country where the Bible is circulated, in which we cannot point you to a very considerable portion of its population, whom its truths have reclaimed from the practice of vice, and taught the practice of whatsoever things are pure and honest and just and of good report.

That this distinctive and peculiar effect is produced upon every man to whom the gospel is announced, we pretend not to affirm. But we do affirm, that besides producing this

special renovation to which we have alluded, upon a part, it in a most remarkable degree elevates the tone of moral feeling throughout the whole of a community. Wherever the Bible is freely circulated, and its doctrines carried home to the understandings of men, the aspect of society is altered; the frequency of crime is diminished; men begin to love justice, and to administer it by law; and a virtuous public opinion, that strongest safeguard of right, spreads over a nation the shield of its invisible protection.

To sum up in a few words what has been said. If we would see the foundations laid broadly and deeply, on which the fabric of this country's liberties shall rest to the remotest generations; if we would see her carry forward the work of political reformation, and rise the bright and morning star of freedom over a benighted world, let us elevate the intellectual and moral character of every class of our citizens, and especially let us imbue them thoroughly with the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

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EXTRACT FROM 'THE AGES'

Has Nature, in her calm majestic march,  
Faltered with age at last? does the bright sun  
Grow dim in heaven? or, in their fair blue arch,  
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,  
Less brightly? when the dew-lipped Spring comes on,  
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky  
With flowers less fair than when her reign begun?  
Does prodigal Autumn, to our age, deny  
The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?

Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth  
In her fair page; see, every season brings  
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;  
Still the green soil, with joyous living things,  
Swarms, the wide air is full of joyous wings,  
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep  
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings  
The restless surge. Eternal Love doth keep  
In his complacent arms, the earth, the air, the deep.

Will then the merciful One, who stamped our race  
With his own image, and who gave them sway

O'er earth, and the glad dwellers on her face,  
 Now that our flourishing nations far away  
 Are spread, where'er the moist earth drinks the day,  
 Forget the ancient care that taught and nursed  
 His latest offspring? will he quench the ray  
 Infused by his own forming smile at first,  
 And leave a work so fair all blighted and accursed?

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give  
 Hope of yet happier days whose dawn is nigh.  
 He who has tamed the elements, shall not live  
 The slave of his own passions; he whose eye  
 Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,  
 And in the abyss of brightness dares to span  
 The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,  
 In God's magnificent works his will shall scan—  
 And love and peace shall make their paradise with man.

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#### ELOQUENCE, CRITICISM AND TASTE.

ELOQUENCE, like government, is designed for the people, and ought to be fitted to them. And as we should have little opinion of the constitution which, however beautiful philosophers might think it in theory, could not after a fair trial command the affections of the great body of the people; so we should think that style of oratory, to say the least of it, very useless, which could produce no effect, but upon a few minds, which had been formed by peculiar studies. But this no more proves that the people are the best judges of eloquence, than it proves that they are the best politicians. We protest against the merits of a speech being estimated by the number of times the orator is interrupted by applause or by the round and unqualified opinion which ignorant men may pronounce of its excellence. But then we have no doubt that the real effect which the orator produces upon a common audience, his permanent success in accomplishing his objects, may be considered the true measure of his eloquence, though it is not always a safe one; since his success is frequently assisted or retarded by circumstances foreign to the merit of his address. When we speak of his success, we take it for granted that the object of the orator is, not to excite noise and laughter, but to produce conviction on a given subject, or to inculcate particular opinions, or to impel his

hearers to a particular course of conduct. And when this is the case, we assert that the style of address best suited to his purpose is precisely that which correct taste would most approve. If then, what is meant, by calling the common people the best judges of eloquence, is merely that real eloquence, will never fail of commanding their admiration: nay, if more is meant, that nothing will produce so strong and deep an effect upon any assembly as good sense and correct taste, then we not only assent to the proposition, but we are ready to maintain its truth. Indeed how can it be otherwise? Criticism, by which the canons of taste are collected, must regard the operation of particular qualities in the works of art, on those faculties and passions, which nature has bestowed upon all men in common. If it does less than this; if it confines its observations to the operations of such qualities upon minds; which have been refined by art, until nature has lost its influence with them; then the criticism itself is unsound, and its deductions not to be regarded. It is true, perhaps, that the public taste may become so perverted, the public mind so contaminated and debased, as to have lost its capacity of relishing real beauty or sublimity when offered to it. But this at worst can happen only when public morals shall have reached their lowest point of degradation; and when this happens, it will be of little use to inquire which is the best style of eloquence; as the bar, the popular assembly, and the senate will before that time have ceased to be the theatres of free discussion.

But still the memory of our readers may suggest instances in which it may seem that equal, or even deeper effect, has been produced by false taste, than could have been produced by real eloquence. These facts, however, will probably admit an explanation, without our being driven to such a conclusion. There may be a great deal of eloquence mixed up with what is false and meretricious, a great deal of vigor and strength with what is coarse and vulgar, a great deal that is wild and beautiful with what is forced, unnatural, and conceited. Now the mob are not very discriminating; when they admire or condemn, it is for the whole. They are however upon ordinary occasions more disposed to approbation, than to censure; and where there is any thing really calculated to produce effect, they will not resist its operation, because it is accompanied with what is superfluous or tawdry. But it is not so with men of a certain degree of refinement.

Their palate is too nice not to discover the mixture, and they are perhaps too often disposed rather to reject the whole, than to swallow the bad for the sake of the good. We do not say that this is correct; but that this fastidiousness is the natural result of a partial cultivation, there can be no doubt. Thus it is certain that very great and important effect is produced by field preachers, whom the majority of the educated would call vulgar and illiterate. But the truth is, such men generally possess some of the most important requisites of real eloquence; and with all their coarseness they exhibit a vigor of conception, a strength of language, and an earnestness of manner, which wiser men would do well to acquire. But will any one pretend that the same vigor and strength would be less powerful if it were likewise graceful; or that the same earnestness would not be at least equally attractive, if it were accompanied with purity of language and correctness of thought?

There is another fact worthy of attention. Men of education generally form for themselves an ideal standard of excellence, by which they are very apt to measure the merits of a particular performance. But it is not so with the mass; these latter, when they listen to a speech, are glad to be pleased at any rate, and, provided it affords them amusement or excitement, they seldom think of making comparisons, or of entering into an inquiry, whether the occasion did not allow the speaker to produce an effect of a different or a higher kind. But although satisfied, for the time, with what has but little merit, and perhaps many positive faults, it does not follow that they would not have been more deeply and permanently affected with such a performance, as would likewise have commanded the approbation of men of more intellectual refinement. We might find illustration of the truth of these remarks, every time we attend the theatre. If in the beginning of a piece, a second rate performer appears, whatever may be his affectation, however unnatural his measured enunciation, and imperfect his conception of his part, yet if he possess a fine voice, a handsome figure, and a tolerable degree of spirit and animation in his bad acting, the majority of the audience will applaud and appear as they really are, perfectly satisfied. And if no better acting were presented, they would go home warm in their approbation of what they had seen. But let another actor of genius and of more taste appear, and the late favorite sinks into neglect; he struts and

rants almost unnoticed; and by the deep silence which at one moment fills the house, and the enthusiasm with which, at the next, the applauses are poured forth, it may be seen how much deeper and more real is the interest now felt.

But how happens it then, especially since the common people are more disposed to applaud than to condemn, that we so often hear orations and sermons, which are thought good by men of education, but to the merits of which other men are totally blind? We answer, that it must be owing to some fault, generally it is true to some negative fault, in the style or structure of the piece. Dulness, for instance, is what a mixed audience will never tolerate; and it is almost the only sin which an orator may not sometimes commit with impunity. But, notwithstanding the style of an oration may be rather dull and jejune, yet if it contains sensible and sound thought, and is besides critically correct, men of refinement will often vouchsafe it their approbation. But they would not pretend that there was eloquence in the piece; nor ought they to be surprised, that men, to whom mental exertion is not habitual, do not find a recompense for dulness of manner, in mere correctness of thought. But besides this, a style may not only be correct, but highly polished; and yet be but poorly fitted for oratory. An oration, for instance, written in the manner of Dugald Stewart, would, even if listened to, produce no effect upon a mixed audience. This is not because his style wants ornament; nor because it is used in treating of profound subjects. We frequently hear arguments at the bar upon subjects fully as perplexed, founded on the most hidden principles of human nature or of civil society, composed too in a style of chaste and even severe oratory, which nevertheless command the most fixed attention of every part of the audience. But it is, that such a style, as that just mentioned, admirable as it is in its place, is really defective, when considered in reference to the purposes of the orator. It wants fulness; it does not give the connecting links in the chain of thought, as they ought to be given in a spoken address; it leaves too much to be supplied by the hearer. In the hands of the orator, therefore, it would be an obscure style, without implying an obscurity in his own mind. It should be recollected too, that there ought to be a difference in the structure, as well as in the style, of a piece which is intended to be spoken, and one which is intended only for the eye of the reader. It is owing to a forgetfulness

of this difference, that many very sensible written orations fail of producing any important effect. A very great portion of those performances which we hear from the pulpit are mere essays. A man chooses a subject, and sits down to write whatever he thinks important, of, about, or connected with that subject; the consequence is that if his hearers follow him in his course of thought, they discover no definite point to which his remarks were directed, and the discourse is only remembered by one or two more striking observations, which are left floating in the mind, and of course are soon lost. But when a man starts for the purpose of *proving* particular truths, or of producing particular impressions, he will naturally give a close texture and an unity to his discourse. His hearers, if he make himself intelligible, will discover a direction and an object in what he says; and although he should deal out no gaudy sentences to be remembered by themselves, yet the impression produced by the whole will remain, and with it much of the general course of thought by which that impression was produced.

We believe, then, that in every instance, where good sense and taste have failed of producing their just effect, the failure may be accounted for without supposing that the people require false declamation. Real eloquence—such as men of taste may admire—is never disregarded but under the most extraordinary circumstances; and nothing else is ever certain of producing a real and permanent effect. If a man's ambition is to be satisfied with the momentary applauses of the vulgar, applause which any good rope-dancer might rob him of, why let him collect a few sounding epithets, and as much unnatural imagery as he can, and 'spout forth a little frothy water on a gaudy day, and remain silent all the rest of the year.' But let him not expect that even the multitude will cede to him the influence or the permanent reputation of an orator. We have no wish to proscribe ornament or to recommend a cold style of address. All the ardor which a man naturally imbibes from his subject, all the ornament which sets easily and gracefully about him, is correct, and it is useful. And we confess that we should be glad to see more of such warmth in the oratory of this part of the country; and that we think the style of such of our public speakers, as are above the use of false ornament, is not unfrequently too cold and phlegmatic. But we have no wish to see *even this* changed for that artificial swell and frothy decla-

mation, which is fashionable in some other sections of the country. We have spent more time in these remarks, than we should have done, did we not know, though their truth may not be denied in words, how often they are disregarded in practice, even by men of just pretensions to taste. And that it is but too common for such men, in appearing before the people, to do it with an internal conviction, that they must adopt a style, of which upon other occasions they would be ashamed.

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#### THE CHARACTER OF AN HISTORIAN.

HISTORY, according to the ancients, is one of the muses, and it is her duty no less than that of the others to give pleasure while she gives instruction. The mere enumeration of important events, however correct and circumstantial, is not history, nor has the annalist, the chronologist, or the antiquary any claim to be called an historian. He, who aspires to this name, must not only state great achievements truly and particularly, display the characters and motives of those who performed them, and trace their consequences; he must arrange and connect the facts recorded by him, which are but the fragments of history, in such a manner that they may illustrate each other, and clothe them in a simple and dignified style, thus rendering them one uniform and beautiful whole. He must not only dare to utter no falsehood and fear to utter no truth, but must catch with the eye and describe with the pen of the poet those general features and striking peculiarities, which characterise and identify the scenes of his narrative or the actors in them; and recalling them, as it were, into existence, place them living and moving before us. Though perfectly impartial towards all persons, he is not to be indifferent to the moral qualities of actions or their influence on the happiness of men, nor to relate in one unvarying tone of apathy the triumph of justice, and that of guilt, the self-devotion of disinterested patriotism, and the recklessness of ambition; but should appeal to the feelings as boldly, though not in the same manner as the poet or the orator; and exhibit animated models of character and impressive lessons of conduct.

## INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE INTO A WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learnt a truth, which needs  
Experience more than reason, that the world  
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast known  
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares  
To tire thee of it,—enter this wild wood,  
And view the haunts of nature. The calm shade  
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze,  
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm  
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here  
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,  
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse  
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,  
But not in vengeance. Misery is wed  
To guilt. And hence these shades are still the abodes  
Of undissembled gladness; the thick roof  
Of green and stirring branches is alive  
And musical with birds, that sing and sport  
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,  
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,  
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade  
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam  
That waked them into life. Even the green trees  
Partake the deep contentment: as they bend  
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky  
Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.  
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy  
Existence, than the winged plunderer  
That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,  
The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,  
That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,  
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,  
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,  
Breathe fixed tranquility. The rivulet  
Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed  
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,  
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice  
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,  
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren  
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,  
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,  
Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass  
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

## MORAL GOODNESS

*Essential to the highest excellence of Poetry.*

Too much of what is most admired as poetry, in all ages, forces us to insist on a distinction between what merely shows the richness of the poet's fancy and his possession of true poetical power. We maintain that the object of poetry, as well as of all other arts, is to give pleasure and do good to man. The poet, who writes however skilfully on topics or in a style calculated to corrupt the reader's heart; the sculptor, who makes a marble statue, displaying the greatest perfection of sculpture, but exhibiting a loathsome object; the painter, who prostitutes the most masterly pencil to base, mean and wicked representations, have all shown themselves respectively to be not merely defective in moral goodness, but unacquainted with the first secret of their art. They have committed the same error, which an architect would do, who should construct a temple with a lofty dome in noble proportions, but in such a manner that the first time the sanctuary was thrown open, its walls would fall and crush a thousand men. Were this want of skill, he would be pursued as an imposter; were it intentional, as a monster.

In poetry, as in the two other arts usually named with it, and as in eloquence, which in many respects resembles it, we hold, that purity of feeling and goodness of design are of the essence of the art; and that he who wants them, wants, not something better than the talent to awaken admiration, but wants the talent to awaken the highest poetical admiration. We know that whenever critic or moralist begins to touch upon the duty of poets to serve the cause of goodness, and undertakes to point his artillery against licentious poetry; the offending bards are apt to sneer or smile at what is said, as a sort of official cant of customary ethics. We do not, however, wish to fall into this strain, though we take it there is such a thing as virtue, notwithstanding the exclamation of Brutus to the contrary; and though we regard it as equally certain that, if there is such a thing, it is good to promote and bad to resist and discourage it; and that it is necessarily mere cant to maintain these propositions. This we hold to be just; but we would say something a little different here, viz. that on philosophical principles a good spirit and good feelings are essential to poetry, *as an art*; they

belong to it technically: they are essential to its greatest possible excellence; that, though poetry is not good in proportion as it shows them, it is bad in proportion as it shows the want of them; and this, not morally but critically speaking. It is these, which unlock the fountain of tears, cause the blood to thrill, and the flesh to creep with delight,—which make the heart beat quick with a thousand varied emotions; and these are the highest effects of poetry and eloquence.

It is true, bad men may write poetry, which, in some degree, will produce some of these effects. *But then bad men* are not totally bad; few—none are so bad as not to possess some of the purest and best feelings. Honor, in some sense or other, love of parents and of children, admiration of courage, of disinterestedness; susceptibility of being won, soothed, and disarmed by unwearied, patient, long-suffering tenderness and care;—these exist in almost every one likely to be applauded as a poet. On these strong, deep virtues, much of what is pathetic in poetry might rest.

Again, when we admire as poetry what is notoriously vicious and bad, we often admire nothing but wit; and wit and poetry are very different things. We suspect this to be the attractive quality in most of the licentious poetry, which, in past and present days, has gained a high reputation in the world. Now, though poetry is used in such a wide acceptance, in common parlance, that wit in verse would be included under it, yet certainly it is not poetry in any strict sense of terms. We are perfectly willing it should be called so; nor do we aim at any prudish nicety in the use of language. But we only protest against the attempt to prove that poetry may be licentious, because wit may be.

This is no new doctrine in principle, for the ancient schools of rhetoric taught that 'none but a good man could be an orator,' that is, a perfect orator. There may be much fine speaking, graceful gesture, ingenious argument, and extensive learning, without moral goodness. And these go very far toward the composition of an orator; especially where the mass of the auditors may be no better than he who addresses them. But still it is true that all these qualities would appear to greater advantage and produce greater effect, if they were moved and inspired by a strong sense of sterling conscious worth. The reason why, in schools of oratory, less may be said on this point—or would be said if we had

any such schools—is, that goodness is a thing beyond the schools to teach. Though a part of the orator's apparatus of power, though the mightiest spring in the engine, with which he heaves the mass of society; he must acquire it by other discipline than that of his books or his masters.

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HYMN TO DEATH.

Oh! could I hope the wise and pure in heart  
Might hear my song without a frown, nor deem  
My voice unworthy of the theme it tries,—  
I would take up the hymn to Death, and say  
To the grim power, the world has slandered thee  
And mocked thee. On thy dim and shadowy brow  
They place an iron crown, and call thee king  
Of terrors, and the spoiler of the world,  
Deadly assassin, that strik'st down the fair,  
The loved, the good—that breath'st upon the lights  
Of virtue set along the vale of life,  
And they go out in darkness. I am come,  
Not with reproaches, nor with cries and prayers,  
Such as have stormed thy stern insensible ear  
From the beginning. I am come to speak  
Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept  
Thy conquests and may weep them yet again:  
And thou from some I love wilt take a life  
Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell  
Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee  
In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,  
Meet is it that my voice should utter forth  
Thy nobler triumphs: I will teach the world  
To thank thee.—Who are thine accusers?—Who?  
The living!—they who never felt thy power,  
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch  
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand  
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,  
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—  
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace,  
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off  
His fetters, and unbarred his prison cell?  
Raise then the Hymn to Death. Deliverer!  
God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed.

And crush the oppressor. When the armed chief,  
The conqueror of nations, walks the world,  
And it is changed beneath his feet, and all  
Its kingdoms melt into one mighty realm—  
Thou, while his head is loftiest, and his heart  
Blasphemes, imagining his own right hand  
Almighty, sett'st upon him thy stern grasp,  
And the strong links of that tremendous chain  
That bound mankind are crumbled: thou dost break  
Sceptre and crown, and beat his throne to dust.  
Then the earth shouts with gladness, and her tribes  
Gather within their ancient bounds again.  
Else had the mighty of the olden time,  
Nimrod, Sesostris, or the youth who feigned  
His birth from Lybian Ammon, smote even now  
The nations with a rod of iron, and driven  
Their chariot o'er our necks. Thou dost avenge,  
In thy good time, the wrongs of those who know  
No other friend. Nor dost thou interpose  
Only to lay the sufferer aslee,  
Where he who made him wretched troubles not  
His rest—thou dost strike down his tyrant too.  
Oh, there is joy when hands that held the scourge  
Drop lifeless, and the pitiless heart is cold.  
Thou too dost purge from earth its horrible  
And old idolatries;—from the proud fanes  
Each to his grave their priests go out, till none  
Is left to teach their worship; then the fires  
Of sacrifice are chilled, and the green moss  
O'er creeps their altars; the fallen images  
Cumber the weedy courts, and for loud hymns,  
Chaunted by kneeling crouds, the chiding winds  
Shriek in the solitary aisles. When he  
Who gives his life to guilt, and laughs at all  
The laws that God or man has made, and round  
Hedges his seat with power, and shines in wealth,—  
Lifts up his atheist front to scoff at heaven,  
And celebrates his shame in open day,  
Thou, in the pride of all his crimes, cut'st off  
The horrible example. Touched by thine.  
The extortioner's hard hand foregoes the gold  
Wrung from the o'er-worn poor. The perjurer,  
Whose tongue was lithe, e'en now, and voluble

Against his neighbor's life, and he who laughed  
 And leaped for joy to see a spotless fame  
 Blasted before his own foul calumnies,  
 Are smit with deadly silence. He, who sold  
 His conscience to preserve a worthless life,  
 Even while he hugs himself on his escape,  
 Trembles, as, doubly terrible, at length,  
 Thy steps o'ertake him, and there is no time  
 For parley—nor will bribes unclench thy grasp.  
 Oft, too, dost thou reform thy victim, long  
 Ere his last hour. And when the reveller,  
 Mad in the chase of pleasure, stretches on,  
 And strains each nerve, and clears the path of life  
 Like wind, thou point'st him to the dreadful goal,  
 And shak'st thy hour-glass in his reeling eye,  
 And check'st him in mid course. Thy skeleton hand  
 Shows to the faint of spirit the right path  
 And he is warned, and fears to step aside.  
 Thou set'st between the ruffian and his crime  
 Thy ghastly countenance, and his slack hand  
 Drops the drawn knife. But, oh, most fearfully  
 Dost thou show forth heaven's justice, when thy shafts  
 Drink up the ebbing spirit—then the hard  
 Of heart and violent of hand restores  
 The treasure to the friendless wretch he wronged.  
 Then from the writhing bosom thou dost pluck  
 The guilty secret; lips, for ages sealed,  
 Are faithless to the dreadful trust at length,  
 And give it up; the felon's latest breath  
 Absolves the innocent man who bears his crime;  
 The slanderer, horror smitten, and in tears,  
 Recalls the deadly obloquy he forged  
 To work his brother's ruin. Thou dost make  
 Thy penitent victim utter to the air  
 The dark conspiracy that strikes at life,  
 And aims to whelm the laws; ere yet the hour  
 Is come, and the dread sign of murder given.

Thus, from the first of time, hast thou been found  
 On virtue's side; the wicked, but for thee,  
 Had been too strong for the good; the great of earth  
 Had crushed the weak for ever. Schooled in guile  
 For ages, while each passing year had brought  
 Its baneful lesson, they had filled the world

With their abominations; while its tribes,  
 Trodden to earth, embruted, and despoiled,  
 Had knelt to them in worship; sacrifice  
 Had smoked on many an altar, temple roofs  
 And echoed with the blasphemous prayer and hymn:  
 But thou, the great reformer of the world,  
 Tak'st off the sons of violence and fraud  
 In their green pupilage, their lore half learned—  
 Ere guilt has quite o'errun the simple heart  
 God gave them at their birth, and blotted out  
 His image. Thou dost mark them, flushed with hope,  
 As on the threshold of their vast designs  
 Doubtful and loose they stand, and strik'st them down.

Alas, I little thought that the stern power  
 Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me thus  
 Before the strain was ended. It must cease—  
 For he is in his grave who taught my youth  
 The art of verse, and in the bud of life  
 Offered me to the muses. Oh, cut off  
 Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,  
 Ripened by years of toil and studious search  
 And watch of nature's silent lessons, taught  
 Thy hand to practise best the lenient art  
 To which thou gavest thy laborious days,  
 And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth  
 Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes  
 And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill  
 Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale  
 When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou  
 Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have  
 To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope  
 To copy thy example, and to leave  
 A name of which the wretched shall not think  
 As of an enemy's, whom they forgive  
 As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou  
 Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—  
 Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep  
 Of death is over, and a happier life  
 Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

Now thou art not—and yet the men whose guilt  
 Has wearied heaven for vengeance—he who bears  
 False witness—he who takes the orphan's bread,

And robs the widow—he who spreads abroad  
Polluted hands in mockery of prayer,  
Are left to cumber earth. Shuddering I look  
On what is written, yet I blot not out  
The desultory numbers—let them stand  
The record of an idle reverie.

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#### THE GREAT DISTINCTION OF A COUNTRY.

THE great distinction of a country is, that it produces superior men. Its natural advantages are not to be disdained. But they are of secondary importance. No matter what races of animals a country breeds. The great question is, does it breed a noble race of men. No matter what its soil may be. The great question is, how far is it prolific of moral and intellectual power. No matter how stern its climate is, if it nourish force of thought and virtuous purpose. These are the products by which a country is to be tried, and institutions have value only by the impulse which they give to the mind. It has sometimes been said, that the noblest men grow where nothing else will grow. This we do not believe, for mind is not the creature of climate or soil. But were it true, we should say, that it were better to live among rocks and sands, than in the most genial and productive region on the face of the earth.

As yet, the great distinction of a nation on which we have insisted, has been scarcely recognised. The idea of forming a superior race of men has entered little into schemes of policy. Invention and effort have been expended on matter, much more than on mind. Lofty piles have been reared; the earth has groaned under pyramids and palaces. The thought of building up a nobler order of intellect and character, has hardly crossed the most adventurous statesman. We beg that we may not be misapprehended. We offer these remarks to correct what we deem a disproportioned attention to physical good, and not at all to condemn the expenditure of ingenuity and strength on the outward world. There is a harmony between all our great interests, between inward and outward improvements; and by establishing among them a wise order, all will be secured. We have no desire to shut up man in his own spiritual nature. The mind was made to act on matter, and it grows by expressing itself in material

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forms. We believe, too, that in proportion as it shall gain intellectual and moral power, it will exert itself with increased energy and delight on the outward creation; will pour itself forth more freely in useful and ornamental arts, will rear more magnificent structures, and will call forth new beauties in nature. An intelligent and resolute spirit in a community, perpetually extends its triumphs over matter. It can even subject to itself the most unpromising region. Holland, diked from the ocean, Venice, rising amidst the waves, and New England, bleak and rock bound New England, converted by a few generations from a wilderness into *smiling fields* and opulent cities, point us to the mind as the great source of physical good, and teach us that in making the culture of man our highest end, we shall not retard, but advance the cultivation of nature.

The question which we most solicitously ask about this country, is, what race of men it is likely to produce. We consider its liberty of value, only as far as it favors the growth of men. What is liberty? The removal of restraint from human powers. Its benefit is, that it opens new fields for action, and a wider range for the mind. The only freedom worth possessing, is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect, and virtues. The savage makes his boast of freedom. But what is its worth? Free as he is, he continues for ages in the same ignorance, leads the same comfortless life, sees the same untamed wilderness spread around him. He is indeed free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other, and worse chains bind him. The very privation of civil government, is in effect a chain; for, by withholding protection from property, it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the melioration of his lot. Progress, the growth of power, is the end and boon of liberty; and without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom.

We are the more earnest in enlarging on these views, because we feel that our attachment to our country must be very much proportioned to what we deem its tendency to form a generous race of men. We pretend not to have thrown off national feeling; but we have some stronger feelings. We love our country much, but mankind more. As men and Christians, our first desire is to see the improvement of human nature. We desire to see the soul of man, wiser, firmer, nobler, more conscious of its imperishable treasures, more

beneficent and powerful, more alive to its connection with God, more able to use pleasure and prosperity aright, and more victorious over poverty, adversity, and pain. In our survey of our own and other countries, the great question which comes to us, is this; Where and under what institutions are men most likely to advance? Where are the soundest minds and the purest hearts formed? What nation possesses in its history, its traditions, its government, its religion, its manners, its pursuits, its relations to other communities, and especially in its private and public means of education, the instruments and pledges of a more resolute virtue and devotion to truth, than we now witness? Such a nation, be it where it may, will engage our warmest interest. We love our country, but not blindly. In all nations we recognise one great family, and our chief wish for our native land, is, that it may take the first rank among the lights and benefactors of the human race.

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#### IMPORTANCE OF A NATIONAL LITERATURE.

By a national literature, we understand the expression of a nation's mind in writing. It is the action of the most gifted understandings on the community. It throws into circulation through a wide sphere the most quickening and beautiful thoughts, which have grown up in men of laborious study or creative genius. It is a much higher work than the communication of a gifted intellect in discourse. It is the mind giving to multitudes whom no voice can reach, its compressed and selected thoughts, in the most lucid order and attractive forms which it is capable of inventing. In other words, literature is the concentration of intellect for the purpose of spreading itself abroad and multiplying its energy.

Such being the nature of literature, it is plainly among the most powerful methods of exalting the character of a nation, of forming a better race of men. In truth, we apprehend that it may claim the first rank among the means of improvement. We know nothing so fitted to the advancement of society, as to bring its higher minds to bear upon the multitude; as to establish close connections between the more and less gifted; as to spread far and wide the light which springs up in meditative, profound, and sublime understandings. It is the ordinance of God, and one of his most benevolent laws,

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that the humane race should be carried forward by impulses which originate in a few minds, perhaps in an individual; and in this way the most interesting relations and independences of life are framed. When a great truth is to be revealed, it does not flash at once on the race, but dawns and brightens on a superior understanding, from which it is to emanate and to illumine future ages. On the faithfulness of great minds to this awful function, the progress and happiness of men chiefly depend. The most illustrious benefactors of the race have been men, who, having risen to great truths, have held them as a sacred trust for their kind, and have borne witness to them amidst general darkness, under scorn and persecution, perhaps in the face of death. Such men, indeed, have not always made contributions to literature, for their condition has not allowed them to be authors; but we owe the transmission, perpetuity, and immortal power of their new and high thoughts, to kindred spirits, which have concentrated and fixed them in books.

The quickening influences of literature need not be urged on those who are familiar with the history of modern Europe, and who of course know the spring given to the human mind by the revival of ancient learning. Through their writings the great men of antiquity have exercised a sovereignty over these later ages, not enjoyed in their own. It is more important to observe, that the influence of literature is perpetually increasing; for, through the press and the spread of education, its sphere is indefinitely enlarged. Reading, once the privilege of a few, is now the occupation of multitudes, and is to become one of the chief gratifications of all. Books penetrate every where, and some of the works of genius find their way to obscure dwellings, which, a little while ago, seemed barred against all intellectual light. Writing is now the mightiest instrument on earth. Through this, the mind has acquired a kind of omnipresence. To literature we then look, as the chief means of forming a better race of human beings. To superior minds, which may act through this, we look for the impulses by which their country is to be carried forward. We would teach them, that they are the depositaries of the highest power on earth, and that on them the best hopes of society rest.

We are aware that some may think, that we are exalting intellectual above moral and religious influence. They may tell us, that the teaching of moral and religious truth, not by

philosophers and boasters of wisdom, but by the comparatively weak and foolish, is the great means of renovating the world. This truth we indeed regard as 'the power of God unto salvation.' But let none imagine, that its chosen temple is an uncultivated mind, and that it selects as its chief organs, the lips of the unlearned. Religious and moral truth is indeed appointed to carry forward mankind; but not as conceived and expounded by narrow minds, not as darkened by the ignorant, not as debased by the superstitious, not as subtilized by the visionary, not as thundered out by the intolerant fanatic, not as turned into a drivelling cant by the hypocrite. Like all other truths, it requires for its full reception and powerful communication, a free and vigorous intellect. Indeed, its grandeur and infinite connections demand a more earnest and various use of our faculties than any other subject. As a single illustration of this remark, we may observe, that all moral and religious truth may be reduced to one great and central thought, Perfection of Mind; a thought which comprehends all that is glorious in the Divine nature, and which reveals to us the end and happiness of our own existence.

We believe, that a literature, springing up in our own country would bear new fruits, and, in some respects, more precious fruits, than are elsewhere produced. We know that our hopes may be set down to the account of that national vanity, which, with too much reason, is placed by foreigners among our besetting sins. But we speak from calm and deliberate conviction. We are inclined to believe, that, as a people, we occupy a position, from which the great subjects of literature may be viewed more justly than from those which most other nations hold. Undoubtedly we labor under disadvantages. We want the literary apparatus of Europe; her libraries, her universities, her learned institutions, her race of professed scholars, her spots consecrated by the memory of sages, and a thousand stirring associations, which hover over ancient nurseries of learning. But the mind is not a local power. Its spring is within itself, and under the inspiration of liberal and high feeling, it may attain and worthily express nobler truth than outward helps could reveal.

The great distinction of our country, is, that we enjoy some peculiar advantages for understanding our own nature. Man is the great subject of literature, and juster and profounder views of man may be expected here, than elsewhere.

In Europe, political and artificial distinctions have, more or less, triumphed over and obscured our common nature. In Europe, we meet kings, nobles, priests, peasants. How much rarer is it to meet *men*; by which we mean, human beings conscious of their own nature, and conscious of the utter worthlessness of all outward distinctions, compared with what is treasured up in their own souls. Man does not value himself as man. It is for his blood, his rank, or some artificial distinction, and not for the attributes of humanity, that he holds himself in respect. The institutions of the old world all tend to throw obscurity over what we *most need* to know, and that is, the worth and claims of a human being. We know that great improvements in this respect are going on abroad. Still the many are too often postponed to the few. The mass of men are regarded as instruments to work with, as materials to be shaped for the use of their superiors. That consciousness of our own nature, which contains, as a germ, all noble thoughts, which teaches us at once self-respect and respect for others, and which binds us to God by filial sentiment and hope, this has been repressed, kept down by establishments founded in force; and literature, in all its departments, bears, we think, the traces of this inward degradation. We conceive that our position favors a juster and profounder estimate of human nature. We mean not to boast, but there are fewer obstructions to that moral consciousness, that consciousness of humanity, of which we have spoken. Man is not hidden from us by as many disguises as in the old world. The essential equality of all human beings, founded on the possession of a spiritual, progressive, immortal nature, is, we hope, better understood; and nothing, more than this single conviction, is needed to work the mightiest changes in every province of human life and of human thought.

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#### HINDOO HYMN.

To the spirit of God, called Naravana, i. e., 'moving on the water.'  
*Gen. i. 2.*

SPRIT of spirits! Who through every part  
 Of space expanded and of endless time,  
 Beyond the stretch of laboring thought sublime,  
 Badst uproar into beauteous order start;  
 Before Heaven was, Thou art,

Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above,  
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,

Thou sat'st alone; till through thy mystic love  
Things unexisting to existence sprung,  
And grateful descant sung:—

What first impell'd thee to exert thy might?

Goodness unlimited. What glorious light  
Thy power directed? Wisdom without bound.  
What proved it first? O! guide my fancy right.

Oh, raise from cumbrous ground

My soul, in rapture drown'd;  
That fearless it may soar on wings of fire,  
For thou who only know'st, thou only canst inspire.

Omniscient Spirit! whose all-ruling power  
Bids from each sense bright emanations beam;  
Glow in the rainbow; sparkles in the stream;  
Smiles in the bud; and glistens in the flower,  
That crowns each vernal bower;

Sighs in the gale; and warbles in the throat  
Of every bird that hails the bloomy spring,  
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,

Whilst envious artists touch the rival string,

Till rocks and forests ring;

Breathes in rich fragrance from the sandal grove,  
Or where the precious musk-deer playful rove,

In dulcet juice from clustering fruits distils,  
And burns salubrious in the tasteful clove;  
Soft banks and verd'rous hills

Thy present influence fills;

In air, in floods, in caverns, woods and plains,  
Thy will enlivens all; thy sovereign spirit reigns.

Blue crystal vault and elemental fires

That in ethereal fluid blaze and breathe;

Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreath,  
This pensile globe with intertwisted gyres;  
Mountains, whose radiant spires

Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies

And blend their emerald hues with sapphire light,  
Smooth meads, and lawns, that glow with varying dyes,  
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,

Hence!—vanish from my sight—

Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows!

My soul absorbed, one only Being knows,  
 Of all perceptions one abundant source,  
 Whence every object every moment flows;  
 Suns hence derive their force,  
 Hence planets learn their course:—  
 But suns and fading worlds I view no more;  
 God only I perceive:—God only I adore.

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## HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR.

THE sad and solemn night  
 Has yet her multitude of cheerful fires;  
 The glorious hosts of light  
 Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires:  
 All through her silent watches, gliding slow,  
 Her constellations come, and round the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star  
 To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they:  
 Through the blue fields afar,  
 Unseen they follow in his flaming way:  
 Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,  
 Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,  
 Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them set.  
 Alone, in thy cold skies,  
 Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,  
 Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,  
 Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,  
 Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air,  
 And eve, that round the earth  
 Chases the day, beholds thee watching there;  
 There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls  
 The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye,  
 The deeds of darkness and of light are done;  
 High towards the star-lit sky  
 Towns blaze—the smoke of battle blots the sun—  
 The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud—  
 And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud.

On thy unaltering blaze  
 The half-wreck'd mariner, his compass lost,  
 Fixes his steady gaze,  
 And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast;  
 And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night,  
 Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,  
 Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,  
 Did in thy beams behold  
 A beauteous type of that unchanging good,  
 That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray  
 The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

#### THE FLYING FISH,

*An Emblem of Christian Virtue.*

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing  
 O'er the blue wave at evening spring,  
 And give those scales, of silver white,  
 So gaily to the eye of light,  
 As if thy frame were form'd to rise  
 And live amid the glorious skies;  
 O! it has made me proudly feel  
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal  
 Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest  
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,  
 But takes the plume that God has given,  
 And rises into light and heaven!

But when I see that wing so bright  
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,  
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,  
 And sink into the waves again,  
 Alas! the flattering pride is o'er:  
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar;  
 But erring man must blush to think,  
 Like thee, again, the soul may sink!

O virtue! when thy clime I seek,  
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak;  
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,  
 With brine still dropping from its wing,

Just sparkle in the solar glow,  
 And plunge again to depths below.  
 But when I leave the grosser throng,  
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,  
 Let me, in that aspiring day,  
 Cast every lingering stain away,  
 And, panting for thy purer air,  
 Fly up at once and fix me there.

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THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown  
 and sere.

Heap'd in the hollows of the grove, the wither'd leaves lie  
 dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the  
 jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy  
 day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately  
 sprung and stood,

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of  
 flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.  
 The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November  
 rain

Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perish'd long ago,  
 And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer  
 glow;

But on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,  
 And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty  
 stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague  
 on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade  
 and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days  
     will come,  
 To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,  
 When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the  
     trees are still,  
 And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
 The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late  
     he bore,  
 And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no  
     more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,  
 The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side:  
 In the cold moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the  
     leaf,  
 And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;  
 Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of  
     ours,  
 So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

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#### THE VALUE OF ASSOCIATIONS.

THE value of associations is to be measured by the energy, the freedom, the activity, the moral power which they encourage and diffuse. In truth, the great object of all benevolence, is, to give power, activity, and freedom to others. We cannot, in the strict sense of the word, *make* any being happy. We can give others the *means* of happiness, together with motives to the faithful use of them; but on this faithfulness, on the free and full exercise of their own powers, their happiness depends. There is thus a fixed, impassable limit to human benevolence. It can only make men happy through themselves, through their own freedom, and energy. We go further. We believe, that God has set the same limit to his own benevolence. He makes no being happy, in any other sense than in that of giving him means, powers, motives, and a field for exertion. We have here, we think, the great consideration to guide us in judging of associations. Those are good which communicate power, moral and intellectual action, and the capacity of useful efforts, to the persons who form them, or to the persons on whom they act. On the other hand, associations which in any degree impair or re-

press the full action of men's powers, are so far hurtful.— On this principle, associations for restoring to men health, strength, the use of their limbs, the use of their senses, especially of sight and hearing, are highly to be approved, for such enlarge men's powers; whilst charitable Associations which weaken in men the motives to exertion, which offer a bounty to idleness, or make beggary as profitable as labor, are great calamities to society, and peculiarly calamitous to those whom they relieve. On the same principle, associations which are designed to awaken the human *mind*, to give to men of all classes a consciousness of their intellectual powers, to communicate knowledge of a useful and quickening character, to encourage men in thinking with freedom and vigor, to inspire an ardent love and pursuit of truth,—are most worthy of patronage; whilst such as are designed or adapted to depress the human intellect, to make it dependent and servile, to keep it where it is, to give a limited amount of knowledge, but not to give impulse and an onward motion to men's thoughts,—all such associations, however benevolent their professions, should be regarded as among the foes and obstructions to the best interests of society.— On the same principle, associations aiming to purify and ennoble the character of a people, to promote true virtue, a rational piety, a disinterested charity, a wise temperance, and especially aiming to accomplish these ends by the only effectual means, that is, by calling forth men's own exertions for a higher knowledge of God and duty, and for a new and growing control of themselves,—such institutions are among the noblest; whilst no encouragement is due to such as aim to make men religious and virtuous by paralyzing their minds through terror, by fastening on them a yoke of opinions or practises, by pouring upon them influences from abroad which virtually annihilate their power over themselves, and make them instruments for others to speak through, and to wield at pleasure. We beg our readers to carry with them the principle now laid down in judging of associations; to inquire how far they are fitted to call forth energy, active talent, religious inquiry, a free and manly virtue.

## EARLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

MUCH has been said of late on the topic of education; and improvements are continually making in the adaptation of elementary instruction particularly to the infant mind. Yet there is one most important branch of instruction, which still seems enveloped in difficulty and darkness. The best mode of imparting religious and moral truth to children in their earliest years, is yet a subject of an anxious inquiry. There must be a way, and there is undoubtedly a way, to bring up our children in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.' But what that way is, we believe is as yet as unsettled a question in intellectual and moral science as has ever been proposed. There cannot be one more interesting. For that there has been a general failure in giving children such religious impressions as exert a happy influence on their hearts and conduct, we think the experience of almost every one will bear witness. The cause of this failure may be a profitable subject of inquiry; and if it be found to exist in erroneous notions generally prevalent, an exposure of these errors is the first step towards the discovery we are so anxious to attain.

The whole bearing of the religious instruction of children, is, and ever has been, rather to keep them from sinning, than to inspire them with motives to virtue, and to aid them in its acquisition. This has given the subject its sombre and unlovely aspect to them; and the whole system of associations must be changed, before it can become a grateful one to the heart of a child. Most of us can remember, that our earliest religious impressions were the gloomiest we ever knew; utterly repugnant to our nature, ruinous to all our innocent enjoyments; and we have longed to deliver our own children from similar perversions. But how to make them feel religious sanctions without occasioning this distaste, has been a source of anxious, and we might almost say, fruitless experiment; nor have we received much assistance from the sermons, theories, and numberless other attempts to make the matter more easy.

To us it appears, that the grand difficulty lies at the very starting point. As we have intimated, the aim from the beginning should be, not to lay the foundation of religion in its terrors to evil doers, but in its encouragements and re-

wards to those who do well. That its efficacy would thus be diminished, no one who has had any acquaintance with children, can suppose. For while all the ardor of their spirits is at once aroused by a motive which strikes them agreeably, it is but a sullen or unwilling, far indeed from a joyous obedience, which they ever give to a threatened punishment.

One of the first opportunities that a parent has, to communicate the idea of God to her child, is suggested by the child itself. Among its earliest delights are *flowers*. It reaches with avidity towards a blossom, and when possessed, tears it in pieces with what seems to us senseless folly, and we wonder, that, desiring it so much, it values it so little. But the child is wiser in his generation than we, and takes his enjoyment of the flower in the only way it can yield him pleasure. By and by he holds it in his hand for a long time, or sticks it in his shoes, or frolics about, wearing it as an enviable decoration. But soon a new capacity begins to dawn, and he says, who made this flower? It is well if in our answer we can confine ourselves to the suggestion of wisdom intimated by the question, and when again he demands, who is God? refrain from such a description of his works as shall overawe the little mind of the being that is now to receive its first impression. How natural to say—he made the sun and moon and the sky, the earth and every thing you can see! And yet how injudicious! since at no age is the idea of inconceivable power unattended by dread. No; let the rose content us; it is enough. You may satisfy his curiosity to know how he made it, without being able to satisfy your own. Tell him that God made him; and he made the rose to give him pleasure. That he made it grow out of the ground; for God can do such things, though men and women cannot. Show him the beautiful color of the blossom, and tell him that no man could paint it so; but that God puts all these colors in the air, and that there he makes them shine on the leaves and flowers, just as he thinks it best for their beauty, giving to some flowers one color and to others another. Tell him, too, that he gives the flowers their different odors, just as he gives them their colors, and does it all to please us. The material world furnishes the child with his first wonders, and furnishes you with ample materials for giving him pleasing impressions of its Maker. Aim at nothing further until this is done. It will prove the best

foundation of filial love. And though it seem to you but a glimpse of his least magnificent attribute, and conveyed in language all unworthy of the subject, yet you may recollect that it is all the child can comprehend, and that it is a ray of that light, however feeble, which shall shine more and more unto the perfect day.

It is manifest that the religious teaching of our children needs only to be subjected to a rational consideration, to become easy and efficient. And it is time to give it a chance to act on the human character, and accomplish the work whereunto it was sent. Must it be the very last subject to be delivered from the errors of former ages? Certain it is, that, until it is rightly inculcated in childhood and youth, it will never have its true influence on individuals or society. Alas! where is the heart that is subject to the pervading light of christianity? It does but touch the mountain tops, and glance an occasional doubtful beam upon the vallies. Many are the deep ravines which never felt its cheering warmth, many the deep forests which lift an impervious barrier to its rays, and great the extent of fallow ground not yet laid open to its quickening influence.

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#### THE PHYSICAL, ORGANIC AND MORAL LAWS.

TRUE philosophy unfolds the design of final causes with a calm and humble wisdom. It finds the Creator every where, and always acting in wisdom and power. It traces the highest benevolence of intention, where the first aspect showed no apparent purpose, or one that seemed to tend to misery; offering new inducements to learn the first and last lesson of religion, and the ultimate attainment of human wisdom—resignation to the will of God. In vindicating his ways to men, it declares that so long as we do not understand the laws of our being and so long as we transgress them, either ignorantly, or wilfully and unconsciously, misery to ourselves must just as certainly follow as that we can neither resist nor circumvent them; and that the Omnipotent has forged every link of the chain, that connects our own unhappiness with every transgression of the laws of our nature.

We find ourselves making a part of an existing universe which neither ignorance, nor wisdom, doubting, nor confidence can alter. If we know the order, of which we are the

subjects, and conform to it, we are happy. If we ignorantly, or wilfully transgress it, the order is in no degree changed, or impeded. It moves irresistibly on, and the opposition is crushed. How wisdom and benevolence are reconcilable with the permission of this ignorance and opposition, in other words, why partial evil exists in God's universe, it is not my object to inquire. The inquiry would not only be fruitless, but would in no degree alter the fact, that what we call evil does exist. It is enough for us to know, that, as far as human research has reached, or can reach, the more profoundly we investigate the subject, the more clearly are *design*, *wisdom* and *benevolence* discoverable. Beyond our ken, right reason, guided by humility, would infer, that where we cannot trace the impress of these attributes, it is not because they are not discoverable, but because our powers are not equal to the discovery. If we had a broader vision, and were more fully acquainted with the relations of all parts of God's universe, the one to the other, and all the reasons of the permanent ordinances of his government, we should be able to understand the necessity of partial evil to the general good; we should understand, why it rains on the waste ocean, when drought consigns whole countries to aridity and desolation; in a word, why ignorance, transgression, misery and death have a place in our system.

All that we now know is, that the natural laws of this system are universal, invariable, unbending; that physical and moral tendencies are the same all over our world; and we have every reason to believe, over all other worlds. Wherever moral beings keep in harmony with these laws, there is no instance, in which happiness is not the result. Men never enjoy health, vigor, and felicity in disobedience to them. The whole infinite contrivance of every thing above, around, and within us, appears directed to certain benevolent issues; and all the laws of nature are in perfect harmony with the whole constitution of man.

I shall not enter upon the subtle controversies of moral philosophers, as to the fundamental principle of moral obligation, whether it is expediency, the nature of things, or the will of God? In my view, these are rather questions about words, than things. The nature of things is a part of the will of God; and expediency is conformity to this unchanging order. An action derives its moral complexion from being conformed to the will of God, and the nature of things;

and whatever is so conformed, is expedient; consequently all the different foundations of morals, when examined, are found to be precisely the same.

My notions of morality are, that it is conformity to the physical, organic and moral laws of the universe. Some will choose to call it expediency; others, the will of God; and others still, the constitution of things. These views, when reduced to their elements, are the same, call them by what names we may. We may obviously divide these laws into three classes. The first series we call physical laws, or those which act upon the material universe, and upon ourselves as a part of that universe. The second we call organic, or those which regulate the origin, growth, well-being and dissolution of organized beings. The last, denominated moral, act chiefly on the intellectual universe. They are founded on our relations to the sentient universe and God.

We infer from analogy, that these laws always have been, are, and always will be, invariably the same; and that they prevail alike in every portion of God's universe. We so judge, because we believe the existing order of things to be the wisest and the best. We know that the physical laws actually do prevail alike in every part of our world, and as far beyond it, as the highest helps of astronomy can aid our researches into the depths of immensity. Is it not probable, that if we could investigate the system, as far as the utmost stretch of thought, we should find no point, where the laws of gravity, light, heat and motion do not prevail; where the sentient beings are not restricted to the same moral relations, as in our world? Wherever the empire of science has extended, we note these laws equally prevalent, in a molecule and a world, and from the lowest order of sentient beings up to man. The arrangement of the great whole, it should seem, must be a single emanation from the same wisdom and will, perfectly uniform throughout the whole empire. What an impressive motive to study these laws, and conform to them, is it to know, that they are as irresistible, as the divine power, as universal, as the divine presence, as permanent as the divine existence;—that there is no evading them, that no art can disconnect misery from transgressing them, that no change of place or time, that neither death, nor any transformation which our conscious being can undergo, will, during the revolutions of eternity, dispense any more with the

necessity of observing these laws, than during our present transitory existence in clay!

I need not dwell a moment upon the proofs of the absolute identity of the physical laws. No one need be told, that a ship floats, water descends, heat warms, and cold freezes, and that all physical properties of matter are the same over the globe. We shall only show by a few palpable examples, that our system is arranged in conformity to the organic laws. Every discovery in the kingdom of animated nature develops new instances.

In the tropical regions, the muscular energy is less, in proportion as the natural fertility of the soil is greater. In colder latitudes muscular energy is increased; and ruder elements, and a more sterile nature, proportion their claims accordingly. In arctic regions no farinaceous food ripens. Sojourners in that climate find, that bread and vegetable diet do not furnish the requisite nutriment; that pure animal food is the only sustenance that will there maintain the tone of the system, imparting a delightful vigor and buoyancy of mind. Strange as it may seem, to conform to this necessity, these dreary countries abound in infinite numbers and varieties of animals, fowls and fishes. The climate favors the drying and preserving of animal food, which is thus prepared to sustain the inhabitants, when nature imprisons the material creation in chains of ice, and wraps herself up in her mantle of snow. Thus, if we survey the whole globe, the food, climate and other circumstances will be found accommodated to the inhabitants; and they, as far as they conform to the organic laws, will be found adapted to their climate and mode of subsistence.

In all positions man finds himself called upon, by the clear indications of the organic laws, to take that free and cheerful exercise, which is calculated to develop vigorous muscular, nervous and mental action. The laborer digs, and the hunter chases for subsistence; but finds at the same time health and cheerfulness. The penalty of the violation of this organic law by the indulgence of indolence is debility, enfeebled action, both bodily and mental, dyspepsia with all its horrid train, and finally death. On the other hand, the penalty of over exertion, debauchery, intemperance, and excess of every species, comes in other forms of disease and suffering. These laws, though not so obviously and palpably so, are as invariable and inevitable, as those of attraction, or magnetism; and

yet the great mass of our species, even in what we call enlightened and educated countries, do not recognize and obey them. It is in vain for them, that from age to age, the same consequences have ensued, as the eternal heralds of the divinity, proclaiming to all people, in all languages, that his laws carry their sanctions with them. One of our most imperious duties, then, is to study these laws, to make ourselves conversant with their bearing upon our pursuit of happiness, that we may conform to them. When we have become acquainted with their universality and resistless power, we shall indulge no puerile hope that we may enjoy the present gratification of infringing them, and then evade the ultimate consequences. We shall as soon calculate to change condition with the tenants of the air and the waters, as expect to divert any one of them from its onward course.

He then is wise, who looks round him with a searching eye to become fully possessed, without the coloring of sophistical wishes and self-deceiving expectation, of the actual conditions of his being; and who, instead of imagining, that the unchangeable courses of nature will conform to him, his ignorance, interests or passions, shapes his course so as to conform to them. He will no more expect, for example, that he can indulge his appetites, give scope to his passions, and yield himself to the seductions of life, and escape without a balance of misery in consequence, than he would calculate to throw himself unhurt, from a mountain precipice.

So far as regards himself, he will study the organic laws, in reference to their bearing upon his mind, his health, his morals, his happiness. He will strive to be cheerful; for he knows that it is a part of the constitution of things, that cheerfulness tends to physical and mental health. He will accustom himself to exercise, and will avoid indolence, because he understands that he was formed to be an active being, and that he cannot yield to his slothful propensities, without forfeiting the delightful feeling of energy, and the power to operate upon events, instead of being passively borne along by them. He will be active, that he may feel conscious power. He will rise above the silent and invisible influence of sloth, and will exult in a feeling of force and self-command, for the same reasons that the eagle loves to soar aloft, and look upon the sun; because a sensation of power, and a sublime liberty are enjoyed in the flight. He will be temperate in the gratification of his appetites and

passions, because he is aware, that every excessive indulgence strikes a balance of suffering against him, which he must discharge soon, or late; and helps to forge a chain of habit, that will render it more difficult for him to resist the next temptation to indulgence. He will rise early from sleep, because nature calls him to early rising, in all her cheerful voices, in the matin song of birds, the balmy morning freshness and elasticity of the air, and the renovated cry of joy from the whole animal creation. He will do this, because he has early heard complaints from all sides of the shortness of life, and because he is sensible, that he who *rises every day* two hours before the common period, will prolong the ordinary duration of life by adding six years of the pleasantest part of existence. He will rise early, because next after the intemperate, no human being offers a more unworthy spectacle, than is presented by the man, who calls himself rational and immortal, who sees before him a greater amount of knowledge, duty and happiness, than he could hope to compass in a thousand years; and who yet turns himself indolently from side to side, during the hours of the awakening of nature, enjoying only the luxury of a savage or a brute, in a state of dozing existence little superior to the dreamless sleep of the grave. I test the character of a youth of whom I wish to entertain hope, by this criterion. If he can nobly resist his propensities, if he can act from reason against his inclinations, if he can trample indolence under foot, if he can always make the effort to show the intellectual in the ascendant over the animal being, I note him as one, who will be worthy of eminence, whether he attain it or not.

In a word, there is something of dignity and intellectual grandeur in the aspect of the young, who live in obedience to the organic and moral laws, which commands at once that undefined, and almost unconscious estimation and respect, which all minds involuntarily pay to true greatness. Such was the image of the poet, when he delineated the angel *severe in youthful beauty*; and such that of the Mantuan, when he compares Neptune rebuking and hushing the winds, to a venerable man, allaying by his words of peace, the uproar of an infuriated populace.

## THE TENDENCY OF THE SCIENCE OF MIND.

THE study of the powers and limits of the understanding, and of the sources of evidence in external nature and ourselves, instead of either forming or favoring a tendency to scepticism, is the surest, or rather the only mode, of removing the danger of such a tendency. That mind may soon doubt even of the most important truths, which has never learned to distinguish the doubtful from the true. But to know well the irresistible evidence on which truth is founded, is to believe in it, and to believe in it forever.

Nor is it from the danger of scepticism only, that a just view of the principles of his intellectual constitution tends to preserve the philosophic inquirer. It saves him, also from that presumptuous and haughty dogmatism, which, though free from doubt, is not, therefore, necessarily free from error; and which is, indeed, much more likely to be fixed in error than in truth, where the inquiry, that precedes conviction, has been casual and incomplete. A just view of our nature as intelligent beings, at the same time that it teaches us enough of our strength to allow us to rest with confidence on the great principles, physical, moral, and religious, in which alone it is of importance for us to confide, teaches us also enough of our weakness, to render us indulgent to the weakness of others. We cease to be astonished that multitudes should differ from us; because we know well, that while nature has made a provision for the universal assent of mankind to those fundamental physical truths, which are essential to their very existence, and those *fundamental truths* of another kind, which are equally essential to their existence as subjects of moral government, she has left them, together with principles of improvement that ensure their intellectual progress, a susceptibility of error without which there could be no progression; and while we almost trace back the circumstances which have modified our own individual belief, we cannot but be aware, at the same time, how many sources there are of prejudice, and, consequently, of difference of opinion, in the various situations in which the multitudes, that differ from us, have been placed. To feel anger at human error, says an ancient philosopher, is the same thing as if we were to be angry with those who *stumble in the dark*,—with the deaf for not obeying our command,—

with the sick,—with the aged,—with the weary. That very dulness of discernment, which excites at once our wonder and our wrath, is but a part of the general frailty of mortality; and the love of our errors is not less inherent in our constitution than error itself. It is this general constitution which is to be studied by us, that we may know with what mistakes and weaknesses we must have to deal, when we have to deal with our fellow men; and the true art, therefore, of learning to forgive *individuals*, is to learn first how much we have to forgive *to the whole human race*.

How much of the fury of the persecuting spirit of darker ages would have been softened and turned into moderation, by juster views of the nature of man, and of all the circumstances on which belief depends! It appears to us so very easy to believe what we consider as true,—or, rather, it appears to us so impossible to disbelieve it,—that, if we judge from our own momentary feelings only, without any knowledge of the general nature of belief, and of all the principles in our mental constitution by which it is diversified, we very naturally look on the dissent of others as a sort of wilful and obstinate contrariety, and as an insulting denial of a right of approbation, which we consider ourselves, in these circumstances, as very justly entitled to claim. The transition from this supposed culpability to the associated ideas of pains and penalties, is a very natural one; and there is, therefore, a sufficient fund of persecution in mere ignorance, though the spirit of it were not, as it usually is, aggravated by degrading notions of the divine Being, and false impressions of religious duty. Very different are the sentiments which the science of mind produces and cherishes. It makes us tolerant, not merely by showing the absurdity of endeavoring to overcome, by punishment, a belief which does not depend on suffering; but which may remain, and even gather additional strength, in imprisonment, in exile, under the axe, and at the stake. The absurdity of every attempt of this kind it shows indeed; but it makes us feel, still more intimately, that *injustice* of it, which is worse than absurdity,—by shewing our common nature, in all the principles of truth and error, with those whom we would oppress; all having faculties that may lead to truth, and tendencies of various kinds which may mislead to error, and the mere accidental and temporary difference of power being, if not the greatest at least the most obvious circumstances, which, in all ages, has distinguished the persecutor from the persecuted.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand,  
Presume thy bolts to throw;  
Or deal damnation round the land,  
On all I judge thy foe!

If I am right,—thy grace impart,  
Still in the right to stay;  
If I am wrong,—O, teach my heart,  
To find the better way.

Such is the language of devout philosophy. No proud assertion of individual infallibility,—no triumph over the consequences in others, of a fallible nature, which ourselves partake in common,—but the expression of feelings more suited to earthly weakness,—of a modest joy of belief, which is not less delightful for the humility that tempers it; and of a modest sorrow for the seeming errors of others, to which the consciousness of our own nature gives a sympathy of warmer interest. The more important the subject of difference, the *greater*, not the *less*, will be the indulgence of him who has learned to trace the source of human error,—of error, that has its origin not in our weakness and imperfection merely, but often in the most virtuous affections of the heart,—in that respect for age, and admiration of virtue, and gratitude for kindness received, which make the opinions of those whom we love and honor seem to us, in our early years, as little questionable, as the virtues which we love to contemplate, or the very kindness which we feel at every moment beaming on our heart, in the tender protection that surrounds us. That the subjects on which we may differ from others, are *important to happiness*, of course implies, that it is no slight misfortune to *have erred*; and that the mere error, therefore, must be already too great an evil to require any addition from our individual contempt or indignation, far less from the vengeance of public authority,—that *may* be right, in the opinions which it conceives to be insulted by partial dissent; but which *must* be wrong, in the means which it takes to avenge them. To be sincerely thankful for truths received, is, by the very nature of the feeling, to be sensible how great a blessing those have lost who are deprived of the same enjoyment; and to look down, then, with insolent disdain, on the unfortunate victim of error, is, indeed, to render contemptible,—as far as it is in our feeble power to render it contemptible,—not the error which we despise, but the *truth which allows us to despise it*.

THE WAR-HORSE. *Job.*

HAST thou given the horse strength?  
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?  
Hast thou taught him to bound like the locust?  
How terrible the noise of his nostrils!  
He paweth in the valley; he exulteth in his strength,  
And rusheth into the midst of arms.  
He laugheth at fear; he trembleth not,  
And turneth not back from the sword.  
Against him rattleth the quiver,  
The glittering spear, and the lance.  
With rage and fury he devoureth the ground;  
He standeth not still, when the trumpet soundeth.  
He saith among the trumpets, Aha! aha!  
And snuffeth the battle afar off;  
The thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

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THE WRETCHEDNESS OF THE WICKED. *Job.*

BEHOLD! the light of the wicked shall be put out,  
And the flame of his fire shall not shine.  
Light shall become darkness in his tabernacle,  
And his lamp over him shall be extinguished,  
The steps of his strength shall be straitened,  
And his own counsel shall cast him down.  
He is brought into the net by his own feet,  
And he walketh upon toils.  
The springe layeth hold of him by the heel,  
And the snare holdeth him fast.  
A net is secretly laid for him on the ground,  
And a trap for him in the pathway.  
Terrors assail him on every side,  
And pursue him at his heels.  
His strength is wasted by hunger,  
And ruin is present at his side.  
His limbs are consumed;  
Yea, his limbs are devoured by the first-born of death.  
His confidence is torn away from his tabernacle,  
And he is brought before the king of terrors;  
Terror dwells in the tabernacle, no longer his,

Brimstone is scattered upon his habitation.  
His roots below are dried up,  
And his branches above are withered.  
His memory perisheth from the earth,  
And he hath no name in the street.  
He is thrust from light into darkness,  
And driven out of the world.  
He hath no son, nor kinsman amongst his people,  
Nor survivor in his dwelling place.  
They, that come after him shall be amazed at his fate,  
As they of his own time were struck with horror.  
Such is the dwelling of the unrighteous man;  
Such is the place of him that feareth not God.

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THE JUSTICE AND THE POWER OF GOD. *Job.*

BEHOLD, God is exalted by his power;  
What potentate is like him?  
Who hath prescribed to him his way?  
Or who can say to him, 'Thou hast done wrong.'  
Forget not to magnify his work,  
Which men celebrate with songs.  
All mankind gaze upon it;  
Mortal, behold it from afar.  
Behold, God is great; we cannot know him,  
Nor search out the number of his years.  
Lo, he draweth up the drops of water,  
Which form rain from his vapor;  
The clouds pour it down,  
And distil it upon man in abundance.  
Who can understand the spreading of his clouds,  
And the rattling of his pavilion?  
Behold, he spreadeth around himself his light,  
And he covereth the bottom of the sea.  
By these he punisheth nations,  
And by these he giveth food in abundance.  
In both hands he holds the lightning;  
He commissions it against an enemy;  
He makes known his purpose against man,  
And the herds and plants of the earth.

At this my heart trembleth,  
And is moved out of its place.  
Hear, O hear the sound of his voice,  
And the noise, which issueth from his mouth.  
He sendeth it through the whole heavens,  
And his lightning to the ends of the earth.  
After it a voice roareth,  
He thundereth with the voice of his majesty,  
And restraineth not the tempest, when his voice is heard.  
God thundereth marvelously with his voice;  
Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.  
For he saith to the snow, 'Be thou on the earth';<sup>1</sup>  
Likewise to the rain, even the rains of his might.  
He sealeth up the hand of every man,  
That all his laborers may acknowledge him.  
Then the beasts go into dens,  
And abide in their caverns.  
Out of the south cometh the whirlwind,  
And cold out of the north.  
By the breath of God ice is formed,  
And the broad waters are made solid.  
He causeth the clouds to descend in rain,  
And his lightning scattereth the mists.  
He leadeth them about by his wisdom,  
That they may execute his commands throughout the world;  
Whether he cause them to come for punishment,  
Or for his earth, or for mercy.

Give ear unto this, O Job!  
Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.  
Dost thou know when God ordained them,  
And caused the lightning of his cloud to flash?  
Dost thou understand the balancing of the clouds,  
The wondrous works of him that is perfect in wisdom?  
How thy garments become warm,  
When he maketh the earth sultry by his south wind?  
Canst thou like him spread out the sky,  
Firm like a molten mirror?  
Teach us what we shall say to him,  
For we cannot address him by reason of darkness.  
If I speak, will it be told him?  
Verily if a man speak to him, he will be consumed.

Men cannot look upon the light,  
When it is bright in the skies,  
When the wind hath passed over them, and made them clear,  
And a golden splendor cometh from the firmament,—  
But with God is terrible majesty!  
The Almighty, we cannot find him out;  
He is excellent in power and justice,  
Perfect in righteousness, but he giveth no account of his doings.  
Therefore let men fear him,  
Whom none of the men of wisdom can behold.

Then spake Jehovah to Job out of the whirlwind, and said:  
Who is this that darkeneth my counsels by words without  
knowledge?

Gird up thy loins like a man;  
I will ask thee, and answer thou me.  
Where wast thou, when I laid the foundations of the earth?  
Declare, since thou hast such knowledge!  
Who fixed its dimensions, since thou knowest!  
Or who stretched out the line upon it!  
Upon what were its foundations fixed?  
And who laid its corner stone,  
When the morning stars sang together,  
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Hast thou ever commanded the morning,  
Or caused the day-spring to know its place,—  
That they should lay hold of the ends of the earth,  
And shake the wicked out of it?  
It is changed as wax by the seal;  
And all things stand forth as in rich apparel.  
But from the wicked their light is withheld,  
And the high raised arm is broken.

Hast thou penetrated to the springs of the sea,  
And walked through the recesses of the deep?  
Have the gates of death been disclosed to thee,  
And hast thou seen the gates of the shadow of death?  
Hast thou discovered the breadth of the earth?  
Declare, since thou knowest it all!

Where is the way to the abode of light?  
And darkness, where is its dwelling place,  
That thou mayest lead each of them to its boundary,  
And know the paths to its mansion?  
Surely thou knowest! for thou wast then born!  
*And the number of thy years is great!*

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Hast thou entered the storehouses of the snow,  
Or seen the treasures of the hail?  
Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,  
Against the day of battle and war.

Where is the way, by which light is distributed,  
And the east wind let loose upon the earth?  
Who hath prepared a channel for the rain,  
And a path for the glittering thunderbolt,  
To give rain to the land without an inhabitant,  
To the wilderness, where is no man;  
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground,  
And cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth?

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades,  
Or loosen the bands of Orion?  
Canst thou lead forth Mazzaroth in its season,  
Or guide Arcturus with his sons?  
Knowest thou the ordinances of the heavens?  
Hast thou appointed their dominion over the earth?  
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,  
So that abundance of waters will cover thee?  
Canst thou send forth lightnings? Will they go?  
Will they say to thee, 'Here we are?'  
Who hath imparted understanding to clouds?  
And given to meteors intelligence?  
Who numbereth the clouds in wisdom?  
And who poureth out the bottles of heaven,  
When the dust is formed into a solid mass,  
And the clods cleave fast together?

Canst thou hunt prey for the lioness,  
Or satisfy the hunger of the young lions,  
When they couch in their dens,  
And lie in wait in the thicket?  
Who provideth for the raven his food,  
When his young ones cry unto God,  
While they wander about without food?

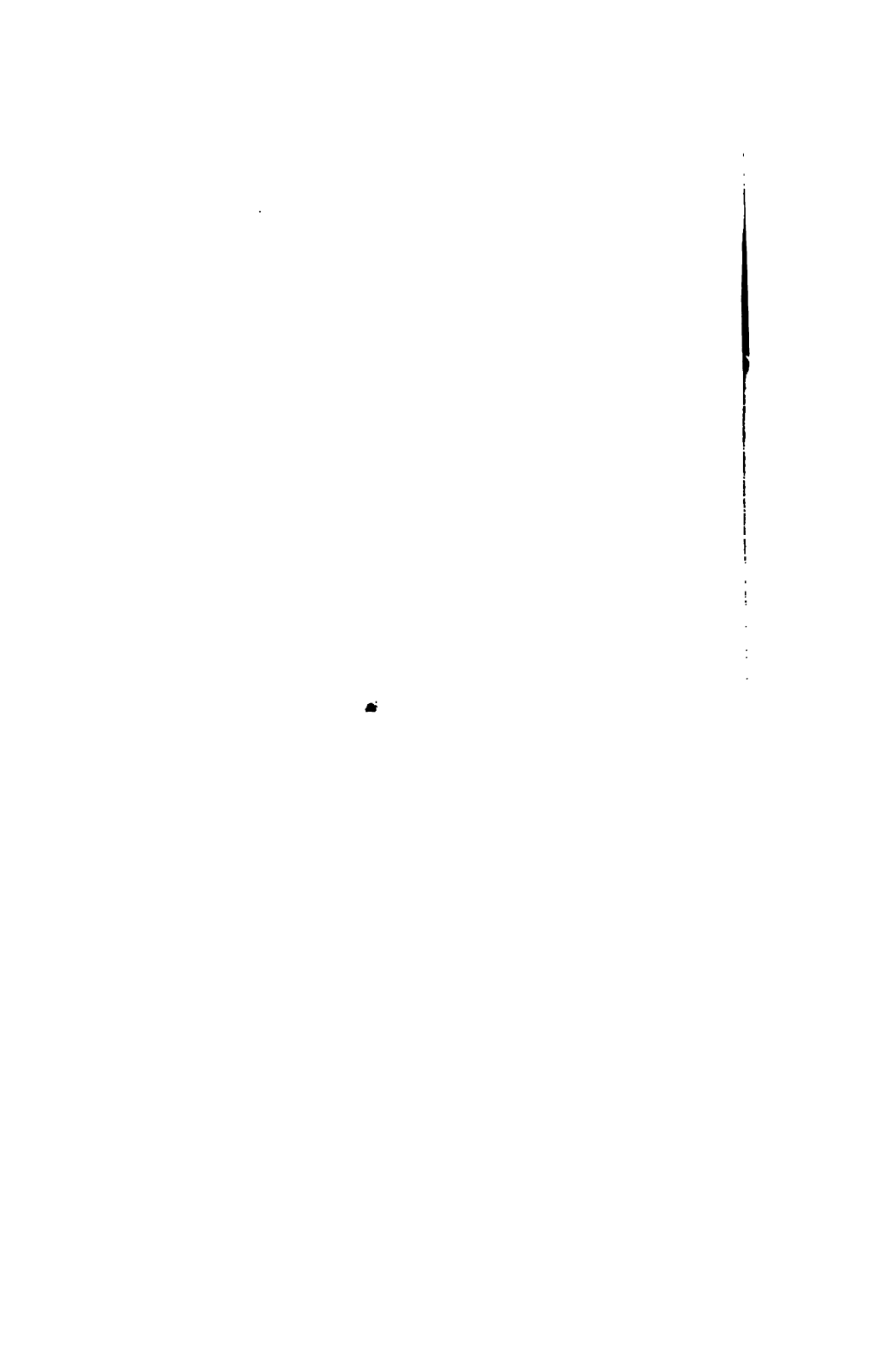
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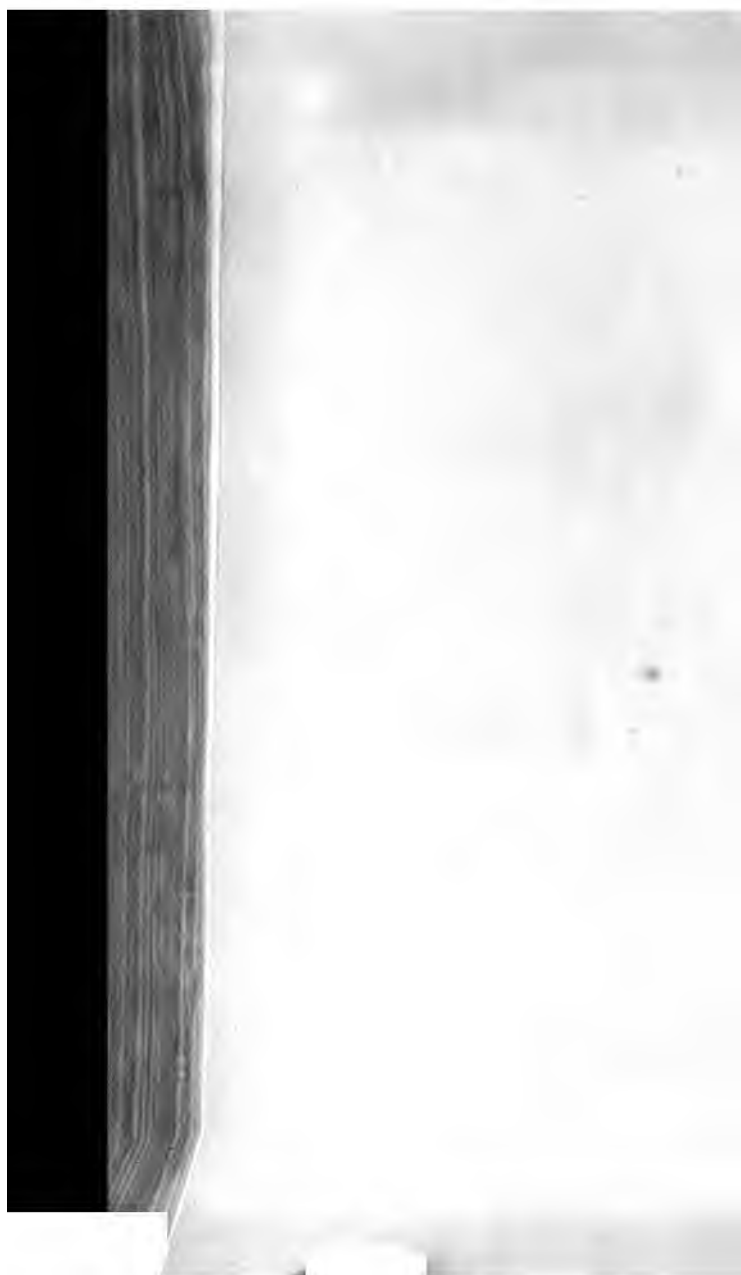












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